

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

THE DEPARTURE.

(See Engraving.)

"O, it is such a hard life, and so full of danger! I hope you will make up your mind to stay at home, after this voyage. You could find something to do on shore; I know you could," said Emma, sobbing.

"It is a hard life," said Harry, "no doubt about that. But it makes a man of me. I am not a bit afraid of hard labor, not I. I am able seaman this trip. I may be mate, next. None of your pity, sister, for me. I have chosen my profession, and I'll not desert it. What would become of commerce, if tender mothers and sisters had their way?"

"But Commerce might afford her trusty servants better food, and more comfortable quarters on board. They deserve it."

"Very true, and good sailors are scarce, because they are not properly cared for. But an intelligent sailor has a better chance to rise, for that very reason,

Emma. I shall be captain some day, and then I will not live on salt junk, I promise you; nor shall my crew either, if I can help it."

"You are likely to rise, if God preserves your life, Harry. But did not Ned begin with as fair a prospect as you? And he is before the mast still, and now he never comes home to see his mother. He is ashamed to show his red, bloated face."

"Tobacco and grog, Emma, are worse than rocks and gales of wind; they destroy more likely fellows, I promise you, than were ever wrecked by the elements. But I was laughed at, even by the Captain, because I had given my word to you and mother never to use them. They said a man could not be a sailor without them."

"But are not you a sailor, I want to know?"

"They have rather dropped that, now that I am no longer a green hand. But I did sometimes want a little comfort, when I was wet, and cold, and tired; a good cup of coffee, or tea, such as any man may get on land, when he needs it."

"Could you not make friends with the steward?"

"O, I'm not going to pet myself! Only it should be a matter of course, and there are *some* captains — Well, never mind. They are getting the anchor up, and I must be off."

"I have the comfort of thinking you have a good chest of clothes, all in order, to the last button. And don't be afraid of petting yourself, pray. You have new, warm baize shirts; I made them, — they are not slop-work, to rip at the first pull."

"Good, but you cannot beat *me* at sewing, I promise you."

"I have found very ingenious patching upon some of your things, to be sure. I have renewed your stock of needles and thread, brightened your rusty shears, and had them ground, and I have filled up your button-box. Ah, Harry, you will think of me sometimes!"

"I hope you will remember me, Emma, in your prayers. Good-by." And with a kiss the brother and sister parted.

Some weeks after, Emma, in studying the ship-news in the newspaper, saw a brief announcement that the ship Anna Mary had been abandoned at sea. The Anna Mary was the ship in which her brother had sailed. Poor Emma could not have her mother's sympathy in her grief and suspense, for she lay very ill. Any agitation might prove fatal to her.

The wind whistled drearily about the house, and roared in the chimneys, that night. The rain beat against the windows with a sullen, dismal sound, which made the stillness within the sick-room more oppressive to the heart of the watcher. The sick woman moaned in her sleep, and murmured the name of Harry. Emma stepped lightly to the bedside, and tenderly raised the pillow, changing the position of the sleeper, without disturbing her. It seemed to her as she did so that a dark shadow passed away from the pale features. The expression of pain and anxiety was gone. A sweet, calm smile rested upon the lips; the brows and the closed eyes were beautiful in their expression of peace. "She is better," said Emma; "she is relieved from pain."

And she softly withdrew to the easy-chair by the fireside, and with a sigh of fatigue fell back into it. Where, where was Harry, the only brother and only son? Emma fell asleep, and dreamed that he was alone upon the vast ocean. The black waves did not roar like the surf upon the beach, but swelled mountain-high, and the form of her brother, dimly seen, lashed upon a plank, now rose upon the whitened crest, now sunk out of view in the deep hollow. "Harry, dear Harry! O that I could reach to save you!" she cried in her troubled sleep; and from the dark water came a voice, faint, and mingled with the whistling of the wind: "Emma, fear not for me. *You* cannot help me, but one Friend is with me; in the depths of the sea shall his hand lead me, and his right hand shall hold me."

The dream was broken by a knocking at the house door. Who could be asking shelter at midnight? She was startled and afraid; but she would not shrink from the duty of opening the door to a benighted and storm-beaten traveller. She pulled back the bolt with trembling fingers; there stood a man in an oil-cloth coat and sou'wester, dripping as if he had just risen from the sea. It was Harry, and the bound which brought him to her side upon the mat showed him to be strong and hearty as ever. One boisterous shout of gladness, and then his voice sunk to a whisper. "My poor mother is no better, then?" he said, for his quick eye had perceived his sister's anxious glance towards the stairs.

"There has been a change within an hour. Perhaps—I dare not say there is hope, Harry; still, perhaps—"

"A change!" repeated Harry, wildly.

"I mean a change from suffering to sweet, calm rest. I hope our voices have not waked her."

Harry made no answer to his sister's advice, that he should take off his damp clothing and go to bed. "It will be better that she should not see you till the quiet night's rest is secured. She could not sleep after the excitement of meeting."

With a serious, sad gaze into Emma's face, Harry put his arm round her, and, supporting her tenderly, went softly up the stairs. He lingered a moment outside, as Emma entered the still, warm, cheerful room. "Is she gone? Am I not to see my dear mother once more, living?" he said to himself.

"Harry! Did I dream, or who was it I heard?" said the voice he had feared was hushed for ever.

"He is here; he was picked up at sea by a home-bound vessel," said Emma, keeping Harry back with her hand, as he came lightly behind her. "To-morrow you will see him."

"I shall see the dawn of an eternal day;—no morrow on earth, my children," she said, with a happy smile. "I thank God that in his good providence both are here to receive my last blessing."

The hardy sailor trembled, and could not restrain his deep, strong sobs; but Emma laid her cheek upon the cold, white hand which clasped hers, with a look of solemn joy.

"Life is beautiful,—all my sorrows, all my trials,—more beautiful as I look back in gratitude, than when in youth I looked forward with hope. Love your God, and it will be so with you, in the last

hour. Let no trouble overcome your faith in him. If you wander, return to him, and he will abundantly pardon. I have gone astray, often; but I humbly believe he accepts the intention of my life. I have aimed to be his servant. I have loved his service. He gives me joy and peace now. Harry, will you too be his servant?"

"As long as I live," sobbed Harry.

"And you, my daughter?"

"I will, dear mother," said Emma, solemnly.

"I know not but I may yet be permitted to watch over you, a guardian angel."

"We will think of you as always near us."

"Now leave me, that my last thoughts may be a prayer."

They sat down to watch, but neither of them knew when the last breath was drawn.

EDITOR.

NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.

My dear young friends, I most sincerely wish you a happy New Year, and I am desirous to do something to render this year *truly* a blessed one. You will, no doubt, receive a great many gifts, and a great many kind wishes. But they alone cannot make you really happy. It must depend upon yourselves,—upon the state of your own hearts and characters. You might be made miserable by indulging in wrong feelings, or ill temper, before the

end of this very first day, in spite of all that has been done for you, and all the tokens and expressions of affection you have received.

It is very common for both grown people and children to begin the year with general resolutions of improvement. They satisfy themselves in this way, and think they cannot fail of growing better in growing older. But indefinite resolves do very little good. It is better to fix upon some one fault to which you feel yourself to be peculiarly liable, and determine to correct that. Pause at the commencement of this year, and look back over the last. Consider in what respects you have been most prone to go wrong. If you cannot tell, ask your parents, or some judicious friend, to point them out to you.

It is very likely, for instance, that you are conscious of having, at least occasionally, wasted your time, both in school and out. When you should have been busy and studious, you have been lounging, or talking and playing with your companions. Is it not so? Then consider seriously that you will deeply regret in after life any neglect of your present opportunities of improvement; be grateful that these opportunities have been yours, and are still continued to you; and determine that your industry shall be habitual, and sustained by principle, not wavering and impulsive.

Or, possibly, you may remember to have been at times disrespectful, or even disobedient, to your parents; perhaps your heart reproaches you with petulance, or coldness, or downright unkindness, towards brothers, sisters, or companions. Will you not, then,

begin with this year a better government of your temper? If it seems hard at first, remember that every trial and victory will make it more easy. The sincere endeavor will gain for you the respect of every one who sees it, and will promote your happiness in proportion to your success.

Have you been negligent in your duty towards your Father in heaven? In the hurry of the morning, have you forgotten to ask his blessing? Have you allowed sleep to overtake you, before any expression of thankfulness, or of contrition for the shortcomings and faults of the day, has gone up from your heart? Or are your prayers repeated as a mere form? Strive that henceforth no engagement, nor company, nor weariness, shall interfere with this duty. If I could be sure that each of you, every morning of this year, in ever so few words, would ask God to take care of you, and keep you from sin during the day, and that, when the evening came, you would always ask his forgiveness for the sins of which you had been guilty, and thank him for the mercies of the day,—and do it with the heart,—I should feel that this year would indeed be a happy one, for you would be secure from doing anything very wrong.

I could suggest other questions to aid your self-examination; but I must now proceed to give you such advice as I hope may be useful, in correcting the faults you discover.

First, whatever the fault may be, try to remember some particular instances in which you have been guilty of it, and write them down, in order to impress

them distinctly upon your mind. Having done this, ask God to forgive you for the past, and help you in your endeavor to do better in the future. Keep the record, and often look at it, that you may be kept humble and watchful. Think of the different methods which can be employed, to keep your resolution alive and active. There are certain thoughts you can make so familiar, that they will come up to your mind in the season of temptation, with power. When tempted to be petulant, remember the beautiful life of Jesus, — how he was tried, yet never was angry. You can remember in season, if you try, how sorry you will be afterwards if you give way to passion. You can think, when you are not in good humor, and are disposed to be disagreeable, how you dislike to be treated in the same way by any one else. However slight your wrong propensities may seem in your own view, never be afraid of doing too much to check them. If you are easily annoyed and disturbed, compel yourself to endure small troubles patiently; it will do you no harm. If you are the least inclined to be passionate, there is no danger of your growing *too* meek. If you are disposed to be indolent, undertake boldly as much as you can possibly do.

In the second place, when you have thus laid all your plans, in the quiet of your chamber, before temptation comes, just as you would plan a piece of work you intend to do, deliberately resolve to do your utmost for *one week* to correct your faults. It is better to look forward for one week, at first, than for a year. At the end of one week, resolve for the next, and so on.

In the third place, keep a written record of failures and falls. Be not discouraged if at first they are many, for your very faults can be made to help you on, provided you do not shrink from the smart of conscience the remembrance of them gives you. On every Sunday, if not oftener, take your pen in hand, call to mind, and write down, every instance in which you have broken your resolves. If they are too numerous to be set down in detail, with all their circumstances, take one in each day, or even one, the worst and least excusable, in the week.

In the fourth place, when you cannot wholly control your wayward feelings, guard against any *expression* of them. This is very important. If inclined to be angry or unjust, you should not allow yourself to speak one word, or to manifest your undisciplined feeling by a look or gesture even. There is no danger that the suppression of an impulse your heart tells you is wrong, can make you a hypocrite. If it is vanity, or the love of dress, you feel conscious of, make it a rule not to talk of yourself, nor to allow partial friends to flatter you; and also make sacrifices in matters of show and personal decoration, in order to give to those who need. You will find a pleasure in this.

Try very hard that every day there may be some improvement in one way or another. As Canova, the famous sculptor, is said to have resolved, and to have kept his resolution, never to pass a day without making some design in his art, so you should endeavor that no day should go by without some advance towards perfection in the Christian character.

With these methods diligently and prayerfully followed, my dear young friends, I have no doubt that at the end of this year you will be much improved in some one respect, at least, and happier also. If you persevere in conquering one fault every year, you will be continually, as you grow older, growing, as Jesus did, "in favor with God and man."*

SALEM, November 28.

BERENGER.

"ADÉLE, come to a more sheltered place; the breeze from the lake is blowing your curls about somewhat too briskly."

"O no, papa! I like it."

The father made no reply, but held out his hand to show that his command remained in force, notwithstanding the expression of reluctance. So Adèle sprang up to obey, but with a scream of pain and surprise fell back into her seat again.

"Why, what *is* the matter?" cried Ethelind, who supposed she was stung by a bee, at the very least, and ran to her, followed by Leo, Henri, and Aribert. Adèle sobbed passionately, and would not answer. Berenger was sitting by himself on the wall of the little terrace where the family were assembled for

* The above was not written for publication. The Editor is very glad to be permitted to present it to a larger class than that for whom it was prepared by a teacher.

the evening, and swinging his feet over the water which came up to its foot. He laughed loudly, and clapped his hands; on which Adèle's sobs grew louder and more violent, and took the tone of anger more than grief. Perceiving this, Ethelind's compassion suddenly cooled, and she walked away.

"Baby!" cried Berenger, while Leo whistled, and Henri and Aribert took a spy-glass to the end of the terrace, to spy a boat which had come into sight, its white lateen sails catching the last rays of the setting sun.

"Adèle, why did you not come when I called you?" asked the father, who had not moved from his great arm-chair, though for a moment a little alarmed at the sudden cry of pain. "Why are you crying?"

"I was coming, but Berenger twitched me back by the hair."

"O, I did not!" cried Berenger. "How could I? I was sitting away off here, all the while." But he had tied two long tresses together round a branch of ivy against which Adèle was leaning. As soon as this became manifest, there was a suppressed titter among the brothers, but Ethelind did not smile.

"These scenes are becoming too frequent; the peace of the family is seriously disturbed by them," said the father, sighing. "Berenger, you may withdraw."

"Is it my fault that Adèle is angry at a joke?" said Berenger, obeying however. As he passed Adèle he whispered, "I will be even with you for making me lose the story; I shall remember it."

"Papa, Berenger gave me a push, and he threatened me. He is an ugly boy. I wish the water-fiend would come up and take him," cried the little girl, running to her father's knee.

Ethelind said he would have to bring two bags, if he took all the quarrelsome people; upon which Aribert and Henri laughed, and Adèle's sobs recommenced.

"My little daughter, how old are you?" said the father, stroking the little shining head, as it lay upon his arm.

"Why, you know, papa; it was only yesterday I was eight."

"Eight years old, and not more patient and reasonable! How shall I help my darling to a better state of mind?"

"But Berenger, he is twelve, and —"

"Yes, Berenger is twelve, and should behave better; but that is not *your* affair, is it?"

"Are you going to punish me too?"

"If you think it would be a good plan. I wonder if you would not be more patient, and forgiving, and forbearing, if I helped you by a little discipline?"

"I could be all the good things, every one, if it were not for ugly Berenger. I was not so very much hurt, and I should not have cried, I know, if it had been an accident. I should only have laughed, if I had not thought he pulled my hair, and on purpose to hurt and provoke me."

"I know he teases you a great deal, and I do not wonder your patience is somewhat worn, and your temper already to fly out, when he is by. We all

have much to bear from Berenger, at present. We are trying to do the best we can by him; are we not, Ethelind?"

"Yes, dear father; but sometimes I cannot remember not to fret his temper by sarcasms," said Ethelind, blushing.

"Now, my little one, give me a kiss, and go to your own room to think this over."

"What, papa! and so lose the story of the Unseen Benefactor? I could forgive Berenger a great deal better, if you let me stay."

"But you acknowledge, now you are cool, that, in this disturbance which has been the cause of his banishment, you were quite as much to blame as he?"

"Not quite; but I need not have made such a fuss. I was only cross," said Adèle, "not much else."

"Will you go, or stay? I give you leave to choose!"

Adèle sighed. "I had rather you should say, papa."

"My little girl has an upright heart."

Ethelind smiled brightly, and her eyes sparkled.

"O papa! It is very hard! I remember so well just where you left off, yesterday. I long to hear whether Eugene obeyed the silver-toned voice he heard close by his pillow, in the silence of night. It said, 'Fear not, for I am with you. Trust in me, and I will never fail you. In temptation, think that my eye is upon you; in danger, that my power surrounds you; in perplexity, that my wisdom is sufficient for you, if you obey me always.'"

"You must have been much impressed by those words, to remember them so well."

Adèle said Ethelind had repeated them to her.

"I was thinking all the while," said Ethelind, "that God is *our* Unseen Benefactor; he is always speaking so to us, in the silence of our hearts."

Leo, Henri, and Aribert came and seated themselves before their father, who always drew his children round him at the twilight hour, and entertained them with stories or pleasant chat till the time came for evening lessons. This was also Adèle's bed-time; therefore they commonly sang together the vesper hymn, and joined in the evening prayer, before they separated.

"Are you waiting for anything, papa?" asked Adèle, with a faltering voice.

Ethelind smiled, and said it was pretty evident Adèle had decided to remain.

"Very well," said the father, coldly.

"Papa, will you not pardon Berenger, and recall him? It was only a joke, you know. I ought to go away, and not poor Berenger; I hope you will let *him* come back," said Adèle.

"Call him, Aribert, and let him know that it was his sister's desire," said the father.

"He is out on the lake," said Leo. "The boat came to the stairs at the landing, and Berenger leaped in. I could not see very well, but I thought the miller's boys, and Pierre Leblanc, and Jacquot, were there."

"Fine company!" cried Ethelind, indignantly.

"We'll see if he gets back by study hours," said Henri.

"Whose garden are they going to rob now?" said Aribert.

"I trust they could never lead a boy of mine into a dishonest action," said the father; "but Berenger ought not to have joined them, even for an hour's sail; he knows I do not approve of such associates."

"And it is my fault he is gone," said Adèle. "I will not stay and hear the story, since he cannot, papa. O, I am so sorry! So sorry!" And putting her arms round her father's neck, she gave him the kiss, and received his warm embrace in return. As she turned from him, she was caught in the arms of Ethelind, who gave her a cordial kiss, with eyes full of tears.

"I'll remember for you," said Aribert, "every word, if I can." Leo hastened to open the house door for her, and Henri offered his Molière, full of droll pictures, to keep her from dropping asleep before the bell rang for prayers.

Adèle was surprised to find herself quite happy and light-hearted, as she sat down alone in the library. Sep, the house-dog, came and laid his great head in her lap, and looked up at her with loving eyes, as she softly pulled his shaggy ears.

"Ah, Seppa, I am going to be good-tempered like you," said she. She was quite in the habit of talking to Sep, who was an excellent listener. "How many a time I have pulled your hair, and you have not even growled; only winked hard, and swallowed two or three times, with a beseeching

look." Sep thrashed the floor with his bushy tail, and looked gratified. "I know very well, so I do, that to have one's hair pulled is very provoking." Sep sat up and offered his paw. It seemed to Adèle quite remarkable that he did so of his own accord, and without even a hint from her. She wondered whether dogs did not understand language a little better than was generally supposed. "Yes, Sep, shake a paw, for I am going to be amiable, after your example. You did not snap, and snarl, and bark, when Berenger kicked you this morning; no, no! you are never cross. He wanted you to go into the water. You do not like swimming. It is hard work. You will not go in for everybody. But you went in for poor Louise, when Berenger tossed her out of the boat. There's the mark of your teeth on her painted cheeks still. It is well she is only a doll."

(To be continued.)

CHARADES.

No. I.

As my *first* floated by on its airy wing,
A delicate, soft, and feathery thing,
The boy leaped up in his gladness wild,
The man of business paused and smiled;
Yet the engine stopped on its fiery track,
And the pauper shivered in terror back,
For he saw it creep with its stealthy tread,
And stifle the breath, and shroud the dead.

It vanished quite ; and, bright and warm,
 Showed my *second* then its tiny form ;
 When the opening leaf in the breeze was swung,
 With a trembling clasp to its tip it clung ;
 It cradled itself in the red moss-cup,
 It laughed from the glancing streamlet up,
 Then, stealing away from our nearer view,
 It painted the cloud with its rainbow hue.

My *whole* 'neath my first's broad mantle slept,
 Till, waked by the tear my second wept,
 It starteth up from its mossy bed,
 And, daintily rearing its drooping head,
 It quivers and shakes at the breeze's sigh,
 But feareth naught from the angry sky,—
 Nor spreads for the sunbeam all aglow
 A single blush o'er its breast of snow.

No. II.

UPON the broad and open sea
 My first doth find a home :
 To do my second, more and more
 Some men abroad will roam.

My whole is covered o'er with scars,
 With many a ghastly wound,
 And yet it never doth appear
 Upon the battle-ground ;

And though upon its open breast
 The arrows pour like rain,
 Though deadly weapons pierce it through,
 It never can be slain.

THE LIFE OF A CENT.

FROM AN UNPRINTED SCHOOL NEWSPAPER.

I MAKE no apology for obtruding myself upon your notice, and let no one sneer at my humble claims to attention; for a Cent, in these hard money times, is not so very insignificant, as I think my story will prove.

Be it known to you, I have a fine head, and a handsome countenance withal, of the brightest tint of the copper complexion, for I began my career in 18—. I wish you to know, also, that I have been accustomed to *polished* society. I left the place of my education, the mint, in company with some thousands no older than myself, to perform my part in the busy scenes of the world. We travelled together a long time. We were finally deposited at a broker's in Boston. Here our numbers gradually diminished. A few hundred at a time were sent abroad, till my turn came at last. A rag-man came to exchange his bills for specie, for greater convenience in making his purchases of thrifty housekeepers, and I fell into his hands. "Now," thought I, "I shall see something of the world."

A mountain of rags was rising in the cart, as the rag-man travelled from house to house, and still I remained unnoticed. Finally, I, and forty-nine more, were exchanged for two huge basketfuls, at a house in Salem. Here we were greatly admired, rather for our shining qualities than our intrinsic

worth, however. Fifty bright cents together, you will allow, is no common sight. We had a merry time of it for a while. A little boy amused himself with making us run races on the smooth kitchen-floor, — a kind of exercise which was quite a novelty to *me*, and it is no wonder that, in the heat of the pursuit, having knocked down a companion, and run over him, I awkwardly turned aside into an ash-pit, where rolling was quite out of the question. “Here is an end of my *seeing the world*,” thought I.

But the same day the ash-man called. The ashes were shovelled out, and I with them, undiscovered. I was lying in my soft bed, at the door of the next house, when a well-dressed gentleman in a fashionable carriage with no top — (I believe it is called a buggy) — came dashing by. By some chance, the wheel of the buggy locked itself into that of the ash-cart, and the charioteer was thrown face downward into the ashes. There was a roar of laughter through the street, — the most polite man in the world could not have stood by with a grave face, to see him rising, not much like a Phoenix, from the ashes. His black hair and whiskers were as gray as if they had seen the snows of threescore winters; and then his nice black coat! Alas!

Such a cloud of dust was raised by his getting up and shaking himself, that I still lay unnoticed, though uncovered; when out came the ash-man, and, turning his head the other way to avoid being choked, poured another bushel over me, and escape was rendered hopeless.

But being buried was nothing to what I next

endured. The ashes were put into a great vat, and water was poured in. A bath of strong lye, let me tell you, is no luxury. Had I remained there long, I should have been as black as a cent of the last century. By good luck, the man who was pouring in the water, catching a glimpse of something glittering, dug me out, and, washing me clean, put me in his pocket, not without a wish that I had been a dollar, instead of *only a Cent*.

Only a Cent,—yet this man's fate was most probably decided by me. He was a lad from the country, where he had been exposed to no great temptations, as he had happened to have good companions. An idle, good-for-nothing fellow, lounging about the factory, sometimes entered into conversation with the simple youth, and tried to persuade him to join a club of gambling, dissipated fellows like himself, but for some time without success.

Finally it was agreed that tossing-up a copper should decide the matter. I was made to execute a somerset, or rather a dozen somersets, in the air. I came down face upwards. To the tavern he went, and I helped to pay for drink and cigars. Poor fellow! I left him on the road to ruin.

I was taken from the till of the bar-room by the landlord's son. Had I been capable of blushing, I should have blushed for him. "It is *only a Cent*," he said, "and father won't miss it"; but after he had put me in his pocket, he had no more peace that night. I weighed like a mill-stone on his mind, and he wished me back again. He thought the irksome feeling which pursued him was *fear*, and tried to

reason it away. "It is impossible I should be found out," he said.

He sat down in silence to his supper, with downcast eyes. He no longer looked his father in the face, with the sweet confidence of childhood. He had *defrauded* him, and he felt every kind word as a reproach. "Poh!" he tried to say; "what 's a Cent to a man like father!" But a voice within him told him it signified a great deal as a theft, though very little as a loss. He could not relish a morsel till he had resolved to go and put me back in the drawer.

With this intention, he quitted the table before his father had finished his supper. The father had noticed something unusual in the child's appearance, however; and, setting down his cup of tea, he softly followed him, and seized his hand in the drawer, with the fingers yet closed upon me.

"Ha, you little rascal! now I shall give you something to remember!" cried his father. "No excuses, — not a word. You know better, and I shall make you *do* better, if I can."

So he gave him a few blows, which the boy received without complaining or shrinking.

"Is that enough?"

"I hope so, father," was his reply, looking him full in the face. Struck by his manner, his father looked at him steadily.

"Father, it was right I should be punished; but I did not take the Cent *now*: I was putting it back."

"Well, you *did* take it?"

"Yes; but I had resolved never to take anything again, before you whipped me."

"Why did you not tell me how it was?"

"You would have thought it was only an excuse, to escape punishment."

"So I should. Richard, should you have told me of this if I had not found it out?"

"I shall always feel better to think you know it, father. I should have always had it to think of, and blush for, when you praised me. I don't know as I could have had the courage to tell you —"

"For fear of being whipped?"

"No, father, — you know it is not *that*!"

Just then a woman came in with a handkerchief at her eyes, and asked to speak with the landlord alone. I was lying on the bar, where Richard, as he went out, had laid me down. How I exerted a great influence on the success of the poor woman's petition, I will set forth in the next number of the *Herald*, if the public should be enough interested in my humble memoirs to wish them continued.*

I have lived to know that the grand secret of man's happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of *too many irons in the fire* conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many; poker, tongs, and all, — keep them all going. — DR. E. D. CLARKE.

* This story is reprinted from *The Evergreen Chaplet*, in order that the writer may fulfil the promise with which it concludes, as she has sometimes been requested to do.

THE CLOTHES MOTH.

PERHAPS my young friends may have found, this winter, on opening a drawer or box containing the muff and tippet, or the scarf and mittens, laid away last spring, some holes in the latter that were not in them when they were worn last year; or may have seen the hair drop off in bunches from the beautiful furs, leaving unsightly patches of bare skin. Or, if still too young to take much personal care of these things, there are few, I think, who do not know that some kind friend does anxiously see to it that their woollen garments and furs are wrapped up every summer, or guarded in some way from "the moths." Is there one amongst them who has never seen a "moth-hole"?

The word *moth* has a much wider application than is usually given to it in our common speech. It includes a great number of insects, that resemble butterflies in many respects. As these last fly about by day, and moths by night, they are sometimes called night-butterflies. You have all heard them called *millers*, no doubt, and can remember the half-pitying, half-accusing spirit with which poor "miller, miller, musty-poll" was greeted, on his appearance in the nursery, leaving some of the meal he stole on your little fingers, if you tried to catch him to give him a moral lesson. As moth and miller mean precisely the same thing, I hope you will never call anything that flies a "moth-miller." It is as incorrect as it would be to say heart's-ease-pansy, or oriole-hangbird.

Moth is an Anglo-Saxon word, derived, probably, from one that means to gnaw or eat. Though the name includes so many insects that in their winged state attract us by their beauty, or in the form of caterpillars destroy our valued possessions, both in nature and art, it was originally given exclusively to the little creatures now under consideration,—the caterpillars, or young, of certain insects, and well known, time out of mind, as the destroyers of clothing, and carpets, and various household goods. Old English writers speak of the moth in this sense. It is so used in the New Testament: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt." You know, perhaps, that in Eastern countries, in ancient times, a man's treasures consisted not only of gold and silver, but of garments made of fine woollen stuffs, richly colored and embroidered, and very costly; and therefore the moth is spoken of as that which might corrupt, that is, cause to decay, these treasures.

All insects exist in three forms or states, more or less distinctly marked. In the first state, called by naturalists the *larva* (a word signifying a mask), because the future form of the insect is, as it were, masked or hidden in it, it has no wings, it grows rapidly, and spends its time mostly in eating. It is to this period of the insect's life that the common names of grub, caterpillar, and worm are applied. In the second period it is called the *pupa* (a puppet or doll), because some insects in this state resemble an infant wrapped up in bandages, as was the custom in ancient times. In this state they take no food,

and are in a condition resembling sleep, almost like death. The pupa of a moth or butterfly is generally called a *chrysalis* (from a word signifying gold), because in some species it is speckled with golden spots. In their last or perfect state, they are provided with wings, and do not grow. No fly, or bee, or butterfly, or moth, however small it may be when it leaves the pupa form, ever grows any larger. Children often say, when they see the tiny flies that cover the windows in spring, "O, here are the little baby flies! By and by they will be great buzzing flies." But it is not the case. These little flies belong to a different species from the common house-flies, and neither of them ever grow.

The great division of the insect kingdom to which all moths and butterflies belong is called *Lepidoptera*, which means having scaly wings. The powder which you may have carelessly brushed off from the wings or body of some pretty little white miller, or gay butterfly, that happened to rest near you, was composed of little scales, arranged like the scales of a fish, one lapping over the other; and each scale has a stem by which it is inserted into the wing. The *Lepidopterous* insects are again divided into butterflies, hawk-moths, and moths. The most obvious differences between a butterfly and a moth, to a common observer, are these: the butterfly has antennæ (the delicate, jointed, and sensitive horns that project from the head of most insects in the winged state) of a thread-like form, knobbed at the end; the moth has antennæ that taper from the base to the tip, sometimes smooth and sometimes feath-

ered ; — the former flies by day ; the latter by night ; — the butterfly, when at rest, folds its wings, so that they stand perpendicularly, with the upper sides close together ; the moth's wings generally lie flat, or somewhat sloping, when at rest, with the larger pair folded over the hind wings.

Among moths are found some very large, such as the Atlas-moth, a Chinese insect, whose wings, when expanded, measure a quarter of a yard across, and the Polyphemus, one of the largest of our native moths, expanding sometimes to a width of six inches, and others so small as almost to escape the eye, unless sought for. Most of them have a long sucking-tube, which is formed of two hollow threads united, and when not in use is rolled up in a spiral form ; but in some of them this tube is very short. Their caterpillars are sometimes naked and smooth, sometimes hairy, or covered with prickles ; some are three inches long, and as thick as a man's thumb, others are less than a quarter of an inch long, and slender in proportion. Their bodies have twelve rings, or separate joints, as it were, and from ten to sixteen legs. They have six little eyes on each side of the head ; and their jaws are strong, and open and shut sidewise. In the middle of the under lip, there is a tube from which they spin the silk that they use when they make cocoons, or whenever they have need of silk. In their bodies are two little ob-long bags, full of a sticky fluid, and these open into the spinning-tubes. When it flows out through these into the air, it hardens, and forms a silken thread.

The tribe to which the clothes-moth belongs is

called *Tinea*; and some of the very smallest of the Lepidopterous insects are found in it. It is in the larva or caterpillar state that they do the mischief for which we bear them such ill-will. They gnaw holes in the substances in which they live, and make winding paths to sport in. Some of the fragments, or woolly saw-dust, they eat, and some of it they fasten together with threads of silk, from their silk-bags, so as to cover their tender skins. Sometimes they make a sort of burrow or tent, in which they hide, and eat at leisure; as they grow larger, enlarging their dwellings at either end, and sometimes cutting them open, to set in little gores. Some of them make cases just large enough to live in when at rest, little hollow rolls, lined with silk, and, when they creep about to find fresh pasturing-ground, carry their houses on their backs, as snails do. They are sometimes of a dingy white, sometimes dark-colored. They spend the summer in their work of destruction, but in the autumn they leave off eating, and remain torpid generally all winter. In the spring they are changed to chrysalids, in the case in which they have lived, and sometimes they spin a cocoon of silk inside of it. In about three weeks they are transformed to perfect moths. Their wings are long and narrow, and fringed at the edges, and when at rest, they are folded round the body.

In the latter part of May, and in June, the little moths may be seen flying about in the evening. They wish to find a place to lay their eggs in, to found a new colony of caterpillars. They will glide through the cracks and chinks of trunks and drawers,

under the edges of carpets, and into the folds of hanging garments and curtains. There are many distinct families in this tribe, and some of them have pretty names, such as *Tinea vestianella*, the clothes-moth; *Tinea tapetzella*, the carpet-moth; *Tinea pelionella*, the fur-moth; *Tinea crinella*, the hair-moth; but I fear neither their pretty names, nor their pretty satin wings, will bring them many friends. You will say, "Handsome is that handsome does," and will desire to rout out their eggs and their little ones, whenever you find them; and when they fly abroad, "some food for their young ones to seek," you will take care to fasten up your furs and woollens in paper or linen bags so tightly that they cannot enter, and to put some strong-scented substance — camphor, pepper, or other spices, cedar-wood, or tobacco — near and amongst them. The winged moth will not fly into any places, to lay her eggs, which are guarded by these strong odors; and even sweet perfumes, like lavender, will repel them, if strong enough.

In this large group of insects, the moths, the young students of nature will continually find objects to excite their wonder, admiration, and gratitude. A common single microscope will reveal exquisite beauty of form and coloring in the smallest of the little destroyers we have been considering; and even a faithful use of the delicate lenses that have been so wonderfully fitted into their frames in your own heads, my young readers, will bring you great enjoyment, in the observation of the forms and habits of this often despised but most truly interesting portion of God's glorious works. They are

finite; but their construction, their instincts, and adaptation to the world in which they live, will reveal to you a glimpse of infinite wisdom and infinite love; and in the brilliant and delicate beauty lavished upon them, only passed by thoughtlessly, because so common, you will perceive how the hand of a loving Father has provided for the continual solace and delight of his human children, endowed with powers that can only find their full unfolding and exercise in eternal life, yet so frail on earth as to be "crushed before the moth."

S. S. F.

CHRISTMAS.

Come here, my little daughter,
And sit upon my knee,
And listen to the pretty tale
That I will tell to thee,

About three little children,
One dreary Christmas night,
Who sat together, cold and sad,
With neither fire nor light.

The sky was dark and stormy,
The wind howled loud and shrill,
And pattering rain fell thick and fast
Upon the window-sill.

A tattered shawl was closely wrapped
Around the children three,
As Josey clung to Mabel's side,
And Jane sat on her knee.

"Dear Mabel," said the youngest,
"Will mother never come?
She said we should have bread and milk
As soon as she came home."

"And oh!" cried little Josey,
"It is so dismal here!
The room is dark, and mother gone,—
Where is she, Mabel dear?"

"Be patient, darling sister,
And, Josey, do not cry;
Dear mother in this rain has gone
Some food for us to buy.

"And when she brings us bread and milk,
Dear children, do not say
How late and poor a dinner this
For merry Christmas day."

Thus spoke the gentle Mabel,
And thought with grief and pain
How hard her widowed mother toiled
Their daily bread to gain.

Then she invented stories,
And in that room so drear
Her pleasant voice and artless words
Were sweet indeed to hear.

For at the door I listened,
And Cesar, close behind,
Bore a huge basket, loaded down
With food of every kind.

And soon upon the hearth-stone
A fire was burning bright:
You would not then have known the room,
It was so warm and light.

Then came the weary mother,
All wet, and tired, and sad ;
A little loaf, a pint of milk,
Were all the store she had.

She stood upon the threshold,
She could advance no more,
So changed was all the dismal scene
She left an hour before.

The ruddy blaze so cheerful,
The sounds of mirth and glee,
The table set, and all prepared
By Mabel and by me,

The turkey and plum-pudding,
The store of Christmas pies,
The sauces nice, and tarts, and all,
She saw with wondering eyes.

With many a shout of triumph
They drew their mother in,
And laughed and danced about her ; ne'er
Heard I such merry din.

With one glance, short and tearful,
The mother looked at me,
Then turned and kissed her children
With joy 't was blest to see.

She could not speak to thank me ;
But the young children's glee,
And that one look of gratitude,
Were thanks enough for me !

And now, my little daughter,
Would you keep Christmas right,
Try to make others happy ;
Try to make some face bright ;

Try to remove some evil,
To cheer some sorrowing one;
For the merriest Christmas day is that
On which kind deeds are done.

* * * * *

WILLOW FARM STORIES.

No. I.

"COUSIN Julia, *do* tell us a story!" whined a small voice at my elbow, as I laid down my book, and looked out at the glowing west.

"O yes! There's just time enough before tea! Do, Cousin Julia! Please, *do*!" cried Richard, and Jane, and little Mollie, all echoing the request of curly-pated Willie.

"O, but I do not know how to make stories!" remonstrated I, rather alarmed at the request, and the impetuous crowd which beset my rocking-chair.

"O, you can, I know! Only *think* you can! Please try!"

"Let me think," said I, moved by the pleading eyes of my special pet, little Mollie. With expectant faces, they drew their little chairs and crickets to my feet, and Mollie claimed her seat in my lap.

"Would it do if I were to tell you about my own self, and the good times I had when I was a little girl like Jane?" said I, diffidently, for pure invention seemed to me quite impossible.

"O, a great deal better than made-up stories!"

Did you have blue eyes, or black, then? How long ago is it? Had you a grandma?"

"I will tell you about my first visit to Willow Farm. I remember I was almost out of my wits with joy for some time before we started from home. My mother was very busy finishing little dresses, and trimming small bonnets; and there was a most delightful bustle and confusion while she was packing my sister Edith's clothes and mine in a small trunk, and her own in a big one. When they were strapped and marked for P——, I could not understand why Willow Farm was not printed in large letters upon the card. I inquired, rather anxiously, and my mother assured me it was all right, but that she should certainly forget something very important, if I talked so much to her.

"Edie and I were dancing and jumping upon the door-steps when the coach came. It was a long journey then, — much longer than it is now."

"Why?"

"The rail-cars had not begun to run."

"Oh!"

"Edie and I were very tired at night. We went on board a steamboat. My mother laid us both into her berth, and made up a bed for herself on a narrow settee in front of us. In the night there was a high wind. We thought it a great storm, and cried with fear; and I think we were excusable, for the boat rolled and pitched so much, that some of the lamps were broken. Once a heavy wave struck the boat's side, like a monstrous hammer. Mamma's settee was started from its place, and two or

three others at the same time, and they all clashed together with a great noise, in the middle of the cabin. We should have been terribly alarmed if my mother had not waved her hand to us, and called out, 'Good-by, darlings!' laughing to show that *she* was not at all frightened.

"When we came to the landing, Edie and I agreed heartily in a resolve never to set foot upon a deck again; at least, not if there was any other way to get home. We had almost forgotten our bright hopes in the discomforts of the rough passage; but we began to think of Willow Farm again, as the boat drew slowly up to the wharf. My mother pointed out my uncle and two cousins in the crowd, waiting to welcome us, and the moment a plank was ready, they darted on board.

"How delightful it was to be on land once more! That was a pleasure in itself. But to be riding to Willow Farm, we little folks with my mother and Uncle Sam, while the two cousins, Tracy and Edward, followed with the baggage in a wagon, quite transported us. My mother was obliged to put her arm round my waist to keep me safe, in my raptures at the trees and fields, and my desire to peep out at the wagon behind.

"At last we drove up a little lane to the door of the cottage, and were put into the entry, mamma, Edith, the two trunks, and I. I felt that we really were at Willow Farm."

"Places never look as you expect," remarked Richard, with an air of experience. "Were you not disappointed?"

"It was more lovely than I had imagined. The large, low, white cottage was partially covered with a luxuriant vine, not a grape-vine, but a graceful and glossy climbing plant from the woods, which I had never before seen. A broad gravelled path in front was shaded by noble trees."

"Willows?"

"No, not willows; many of them were maples, I believe. Beyond them a steep bank went down to a broad field or meadow, richly green. A brook ran through the middle of it, shaded by willows, and far, far away, the view was bounded by thick woods. I remember we used sometimes, in a still evening, to hear the barking of the dogs hunting the foxes, in those woods.

"Behind the farm-house was a great yard, and here there were more willows, very old and large. It seems to me even now, that the sun was never so bright, nor the wind so soft and sweet, nor the song of the birds so delicious to our ears, as on the bright June mornings when Edie and I played under those old trees. There was an ice-house with the roof coming down to the ground, so that we could run up on one side, and slide down on the other."

There was a murmur of admiration among the children.

"The great charm of the yard, however, the thing which drew us out there before breakfast, and again in the forenoon, after dinner, and after tea, till it was too dark for us to be abroad, was the swing. It hung between two giant willows. When the boys were at school, and we were tired of swinging each

other, we amused ourselves for hours in a way no other children ever thought of, I imagine."

There was a great stir at this, and very eager attention.

"There were little red excrescences, or bunches, upon many of the willow leaves."

"Yes, I've seen such," said Richard; "caused by insects, I have been told." He spoke to Jane, who looked up to him as her elder.

"We collected a store of them, and, ingeniously making dishes of leaves, we pretended to get up an elegant dinner, adding as vegetables whatever pebbles or other substances resembled them. It required imagination, and was therefore very entertaining."

"Imagination means making believe," explained Richard, with a nod at Willie.

"Sometimes Edith and I were allowed to pack ourselves in, when my mother and my aunt were going down street in the chaise, one of us sitting upon a footstool in the bottom, with her back against the dasher. We took turns in occupying that rather inconvenient seat, and I remember were obstinate in calling it riding *in* the dasher."

"Ho, ho!" cried Willie, and they all smiled, superior, and sat up a little straighter.

"There was one thing that occurred in those drives pretty often, that caused great anxiety and excitement in Edith, (who was the elder sister, you know,) and of course in me. Aunt Sarah and my mother would go into some house or shop, 'just for a minute,' leaving us to hold the sober old horse.

Whether Edith was timid, or self-distrustful, or it happened by accident, I do not know, but this duty almost always fell on me. I felt that it was an immense responsibility."

"What?" asked little Mollie.

"A great care," exclaimed Richard. "You should not interrupt."

"I always looked straight at the horse's ears, holding a rein in each hand. If he moved, head or foot, Edie and I both cried out 'Whoa!' in frantic tones. What a relief it was when my aunt came back to us! Once, honest Dobbin actually ran away with us; that is, he *walked* away, a few steps, and came to a stop at our pulling the reins with all our united strength. The moment we let them loose again, he set off, and walked on. We checked him again, by great exertion, and again he took advantage of our fatigue. At last, with a courage Edie and I both admired as heroic, I scrambled out of the slowly moving chaise, and ran distractedly for help."

"Ho, ho!" said Willie, and the whole party laughed condescendingly.

"I guess *I* could stop a horse," mused Mollie.

"One afternoon,—it was on a Saturday, when there was no school,—Tracy told me he was going down to the brook, fishing, and invited me to go too. I ran in eager haste to ask leave. 'You will not like it, Julia,' said my mother, seriously. I pleaded so hard, that she reluctantly consented. Tracy and I trudged off with the basket and rod, in great spirits. The sparkling brook played with the sunbeams, and babbled as it ran. It made me ache and shudder,

to see Tracy bait his hook. But I stood that. It was not till, with a cry of exultation, he twitched a poor little shining fish out of the water, and threw it flapping and gasping into the basket, that I turned and ran home as fast as I could run. I thought to myself that I should never feel like playing with Tracy again, — never!"

Richard colored, and looked at Jane, whose eyes were very wide open, and sorrowful.

"I have never seen any fishing since that day. I always avoid it. It is painful to me."

"You can't understand what fun it is," said Richard. "I suppose I could not make you think it is not cruel. But I imagine a fish does not feel much; do you think he does, now? Why, the same fish will bite again directly, if you throw him in."

"That is not very bright in him, to be sure. But it does not prove that he felt no pain; only that he has not reason, to tell him its cause."

"Please tell something else," pleaded Willie, who was not much interested about fish, not being at the fishing age.

"The sheep, — would you like to hear about them, — how I saw Daniel, the hired man, and my uncle, and all the boys, running to save a lamb which had been seized by a savage Indian dog belonging to a neighbor?"

"O, there's the supper-bell! I am hungry, but I wish it would not ring just this minute," said Willie.

"I will tell you to-morrow, in the twilight, how the poor little thing escaped. Poor Mollie is asleep."

JULIA.

ANECDOTE OF A CAT.

SHE was a slender, airy little puss, with large ears, something of a forehead, and a sharp, saucy little nose. The name of Charley had been bestowed on her in her kittenhood, on account of her whimsical resemblance to a gentleman who occasionally allowed her to climb upon his shoulder, and mingle her whiskers with his. She early showed uncommon talents for mischief. She learned to let herself out of prison, when the admiring patience of the family gave way, and she was shut into the cellar or attic. But when shut out of doors, she was obliged to wait till some arrival or departure caused the heavy iron latch to be raised. There was not weight enough in her delicate paw to press down the thumb-piece. She was not convinced of this without repeated experiments. She sprang up and patted it with one paw, while she hung herself upon the handle with the other, but it would only click; the latch would never fly up.

One day puss was in a frolicsome mood, and the girl, who was ironing, found her clean nightcaps and handkerchiefs clawed from the bars of the clothes-horse as fast as she hung them there. "Out, you scrub!" she cried, opening the inexorable door. Puss skulked under tables and chairs, but was finally driven forth, and shut out. This time she made no attempt upon the latch. The girl had hardly begun her ironing again, when she heard a faint and irregular tap at the back door. "Only some child,"

thought she, "and she can wait till I have got through with this article."

Tap — tap — tap, and a pause. Tap — tap — tap, louder, but still childishly uncertain and weak. Nancy went to the door at last, and was sorry to find no one there. She supposed the little messenger had gone away discouraged. Puss attempted to enter, but was kicked and pushed out, before the door was closed.

Presently "tap — tap — tap" again called the girl to the door. In her surprise this time at finding no one waiting, she did not care when puss lightly sprang in, and ran through the kitchen into the stairway. Charley must have been highly pleased with her success, for it was not long before she found a window open somewhere, and jumped out to repeat her experiment. The girl heard the tapping again with a suspicion that some roguish child was imposing upon her good-nature. She ran to a window which commanded a view of the outer door, and to her astonishment saw the cat knocking at it with the elbow of her hind leg.

She called the family to see the strange sight, and among the children who ran to look out was the writer of this article.

A happy disposition gathers all the roses, and a discontented temper all the nettles, in its path.

A SLIDE.

..... I soon discovered that the task of getting down the hill was likely to be a much more arduous one than that of ascending it; for I was obliged to take short steps, and before I could take them at all, had often to dig holes with my staff, wherein to set my feet, so that, after toiling an hour, I saw that I had not proceeded a quarter of a mile. I however felt no cold by that time; on the contrary, I never felt warmer in my life. At length, the steepest part of the hill seemed to be got over; all was white and smooth before me, and I determined to slide down the surface of the snow on my feet, judging myself to be exceedingly adroit in such experiments. The glaring whiteness had, however, deceived me. The hill turned out to be much more steep than I had conceived it to be. For some time I glided on, swiftly indeed, but with great ease; but at length I began to fly with such velocity, that my eyes fell a-watering, and I entirely lost sight of my course. In my hurry, not knowing well what to do, I made a sudden lean backward upon my staff, in doing which, my feet, being posting on at such a rate, went faster than I could follow them; I lost my equilibrium, fell on my back, and darted down the side of Ben More,

“As e'er ye saw the rain down fa'
Or yet the arrow gae frae the bow.”

My staff, of which I lost the hold when I fell,

quite outran me ; my clean shirt, which was tied neatly up in a red handkerchief, came hopping down the hill, sometimes behind, sometimes before me, but my hat took a direction quite different. I struck the snow desperately with my heels, in hopes to stop my course ; but all to no purpose, until I came to a flat shelving part of the hill, when I lay still at once, without being a farthing the worse. The first thing that I did was to raise my eyes to the top of Ben More, and was astonished at the distance I had come. As nearly as I could calculate, I had travelled post in that manner upwards of a mile, in a little more than a quarter of a minute. I indulged in a hearty laugh at my manner of journeying, with some difficulty picked up my scattered travelling accoutrements, my staff, my hat, my shirt, tied neatly up in a red handkerchief, and, proceeding on my way, reached Bovian in Glen-Dochart about eleven o'clock at night. — *Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.*

THE MYSTERY OF GROWTH.

Charley. Grandpapa, how old are you ?

Grandpapa. O, I am a very old man, now. I am older than this house we live in. It was built when I was a boy at school. I am older than the pear-trees in the garden. I planted them with my own hands, when your father was a small boy like you.

Charley. I thought this house was as old as the world. And if you have had so much more time to grow than the trees, I should think you would be taller. Tell me, grandpapa, why you are not as tall as the house, and the trees?

Grandpapa. I stopped growing, a great many years ago, or no doubt I should now be able to look in at the chamber windows. I should not like to be so very tall, I am sure.

Charley. Why not? I do not mean to stop growing, if I can help it. Only the chairs, and the carriages, and everything else I use, would be too small for me at last. So I think I will stop when I am as tall as Goliath, in the picture in the large Bible.

Grandpapa. Could you stop growing now, if you should choose? No, indeed! You outgrew your cradle, and could not take your nap in it. Next you outgrew your crib, and had to sleep in a trundle-bed. And mamma had to give away your green suit, and your last winter's boots, because you were sadly pinched for room in them.

Charley. O, how it made my mother laugh to see me try them on!

Grandpapa. Would it not be a pity that your new blue suit should get too small before it is worn out?

Charley. Yes. But I had a little rather not stop growing. I wish my clothes would grow too, like the socks grandmamma knits.

Grandpapa. Are not these which you have upon your feet socks knit by grandmamma?

Charley. Yes.

Grandpapa. Do they grow? Will they soon be large enough for me? Put your foot by the side of mine.

Charley. Oho, grandpapa! you know my socks cannot ever be large enough for you. They never grow after they are done, I am very sure. Instead of that, they shrink when they are washed, and have to be given away, like my green suit and my last winter's boots. I outgrow socks sooner than anything.

Grandpapa. I thought you said grandmamma's socks grew; did you not?

Charley. Grandmamma says when she is knitting, "See how my sock grows."

Grandpapa. Is it a whole sock, that grows all over? Or only a piece of work, that grows stitch by stitch till it is made a whole sock?

Charley. O, I see, it does not really grow, like the trees, and plants, and me. I grow all over, one part as much as another; for my last year's mittens pinch as well as my boots, and I cannot wear my old hat. It is very strange. What makes me grow, grandpapa? I do not feel it; I do not know how it is. Is it done when I am asleep? Nurse always says I must go to bed early, or I shall not grow fast. But I never can find that I am a bit taller in the morning, if I run up to bed the moment she calls. But I grow, for all that.

Grandpapa. I have here a vine that grows as many inches in a week as you will ever grow in your whole life. Yet I cannot see it grow, when I

watch it. It is very wonderful that every day there is more of it than there was the day before. Where does it come from, do you think? Who is making this beautiful green foliage, and these twining stems all the time, without resting; and not only this vine, but all the vines and all the plants in the world?

Charley. It is God.

Grandpapa. I thank him for keeping my beautiful vine alive, and causing it to grow to delight my eyes. But who is it that takes such care of my little grandson, and keeps his little heart beating, his whole body healthy and full of life? Who is it that keeps his eyes bright for seeing? Who keeps his ears so quick, that no sound can escape them? Whose power is constantly with him, to keep him growing larger and stronger and wiser all the time?

Charley. It is God, grandpapa. I knew before, that God made me. Now I know that he is always working in me, or I should not grow, but die. I love God.

Grandpapa. I thank God that he is keeping my dear little grandson alive and growing, to delight my heart.

Charley. I will try to grow good, grandpapa, for mamma says that pleases God. I will grow a little better every day, till I have done growing bigger. Then I shall be good enough, like you, grandpapa; shall I not? When did you stop growing good?

Grandpapa. I hope I shall never stop, my dear child; for I feel that God is working in me by his holy spirit, that I may continue to grow in my soul, as you are growing in your body. He gives me

happiness, that I may grow more grateful ; he gives me trouble, that I may grow more patient ; he gives me wealth, that I may be generous, and do good to many ; he gives me knowledge and faith, that I may lift up my thoughts to him, through his wonderful works ; talents, that I may be useful and busy in this mortal life. He gives me dear children, and grandchildren, and many other friends, that I may be full of love. He is my best friend, and yours, my child. Let us love him best of all.

THE HOLE IN THE SLEEVE.

I HAD a play-fellow whose name was Alfred. We both were wild and ungovernable boys. Our garments were never new, for they were very soon soiled and torn. We were punished at home for it, but no sooner was the punishment forgotten than it was the same thing again.

One day we were sitting in a public garden on a bench, telling each other what we would make of ourselves. I wanted to become a lieutenant-general, and Alfred, general superintendent.

"Neither of you will ever be anything!" said a very old man in a fine dress and powdered wig, who was standing behind the bench, and had overheard our childish plans. We were frightened. Alfred asked, "Why not?" The old man said: "You are the children of good people ; I see it by your coats.

Both of you are born to be beggars. Were it not so, would you suffer *those holes in your sleeves?*" Saying this, he took both of us by the elbows, and thrust his fingers in the holes that were in our sleeves. I felt ashamed; Alfred also. "If," said the old man, "nobody can sew it up for you at home, why do you not learn to do it yourselves? You might at first have repaired the coat with two stitches of the needle; now it is too late, and ye go about like beggarly boys. If you wish to become lieutenant-general and general superintendent, begin with the smallest things. First, *sew up the hole in your sleeves*, ye beggar boys."

We both felt greatly ashamed, and walked silently away. I turned the elbow of my coat-sleeve in such wise that the hole could not be seen by anybody. I learned to sew of my mother, but did not tell her why I wished to learn it. When a new seam opened in my garments, or if they happened to become soiled, I repaired it forthwith. I did not even suffer any uncleanness to be seen in my worn clothing; and as I became more clean and careful in my dress, I was glad, and thought that the old gentleman in the snow-white wig was not greatly in error.

Alfred did not take it so much to heart. We had both been recommended to a merchant, who was in want of an apprentice. The merchant gave me the preference. My old-clothes were whole and clean; Alfred's best coat gave evidences of negligence. Afterwards my employer said to me: "I see you take good care of your own, but Alfred will never be a merchant." — *Zschokke*.



Meyerheim Print

H.W. Smith, Sr.

FEEDING THE KITTENS.

H. Andrews, Jr.

MARIE.

(See Engraving.)

"Do not scratch my baby, pussy! Your own babies are saucy, mischievous little things too. See, Pardo is too full of fun and frolic to eat her supper! And little Branco, in her hurry, has dipped her nose in too far, and is sneezing and spattering the butter-milk all about!"

Puss seemed to understand that the baby did not know any better than to clutch her long fur, and pull out a good pinch of it in trying to lift her. So she made no fuss about it, only moved beyond his reach as soon as she was free. She would not have borne as much from a grown person, without complaint or revenge; for she was a cat of spirit, a cat that would have set up her back at the Dog-fiend himself, had she chanced to meet him in his nightly rounds, dragging his broken chain through the streets of Horta.

"O Marie!" said a plaintive voice at the open door.

"O José!" responded Marie, softening the first letter of the name, so that it sounded like Zhosáy.

"An American lady who lives at the Casa de Pasto bought your stockings. I was afraid she would not, for she made signs that they were too large in the ankle, and too short in the foot. I was going to come down to three serilhos, but she gave me four, and this geranium flower; for I could not

help looking at it, as she laid it down on the *saguao* stairs, while she was considering about the stockings."

Marie went to the door to receive the four pistareens, but was not too much delighted at the reward for her beautiful knitting to look with eager pleasure upon the geranium.

"It is like those in the Consul's field, by the avenue gate. O the lovely thing! Do not let baby clutch it! Ah, he has pulled off one pretty leaf, little rogue!"

"O Marie! O Marie!" said a distant voice.

"Here comes the father! See how baby jumps! He knows his voice, though he is so far off he does not know where to look to see him."

"O Marie!" said the same voice, nearer. It was plaintive in tone, like that of José, though deep and manly.

Marie responded, "O Antoine!" and hid the silver, with a look which José understood, and answered by a smile. Antoine came and threw himself down, without even a chirp or a snap of the fingers at the expectant baby.

"It is enough to drive a man to a seafaring life, it is! Such a winter as this, when, in the best of times, we can but just live! Since this last storm, the cows find little enough to eat. You could count their ribs now! You will not long have buttermilk to waste on cats, at this rate! They told me at the hotel that your last lump of butter was hardly worth salting. The Americans will not eat it at all, such poor stuff! And the milk, they would not believe it was not half water."

"But the lupine is up, and a week of sunny weather —"

"Which we are not likely to have. Who ever saw snow on St. Jorge's before? And Pico has not shown his head more than once this fortnight."

"O, the bright days will come, Antoine," said Marie; but she sighed as she spoke. Her soft voice had a melancholy cadence, like a strain of the popular Portuguese music, which, unlike the Spanish, is plaintive, even when the feet of the merry dancers are beating time to it in the national dance.

"Has it not been said that no day in Fayal is without a gleam of sunshine, be it ever so stormy? We must have drifted to the north; for many, many sullen, chilly days have given the lie to the proverb since January came in. Tomaso Aurelio has lost his crop of peas this time, as well as the last, when all in bloom. They were torn all to pieces by the wind."

"He must plant once more. The third cannot fail," sighed Marie, and José exchanged glances with his sister. The third attempt to find a sale for the ill-proportioned stockings had been crowned with triumphant success.

"O Marie!" cried a voice from the *canarda*, or narrow road. Marie went out to meet the speaker. She was a fine, tall woman, with magnificent eyes, and teeth that were white, polished, and even as those which challenge admiration for the dentist's art in America. On her head was a wooden vessel of the size and shape of a churn, full of water, and a little branch of faya, the tree from which the island

of Fayal derives its name, was used as a sort of cover to protect it from any chance dust. Her air and movement under this heavy load were queenly, though her feet and ankles were bare; her shoulders were finely thrown back, and her lithe form as straight as a dart.

"Sad news from ——!" said the water-carrier. "Manuel Vilhoa has fallen from Castel Branco. He was digging roots for the cattle, and went too near the brink of the precipice, it is supposed. They found his basket, partly filled, and a newly broken gap upon the mountain's crest, nothing more. His poor old mother had only the boy to lean upon in her age, and not even his body is left to her. The cruel sea has not given it up; and yet it is well, for it would have broken our hearts to have seen it, after such a fall!"

Without pausing on her way, the water-bearer told this sad tale, and Marie went sadly back to the hut to tell Antoine.

"Did I not tell you the cattle had no feed? And now I shall have to sell the cows, no doubt, or die, as he has done, for their sake, some day. I know a man who is gone all the way to the Caldeira for a back-load of fodder."

"To-day?"

"Yes, leaving his cattle to browse on brambles in the *canardas*, and take care of themselves. Lorian told me they found the way in at the Consul's gate, standing open after a sedan had passed in. One of the young ladies saw them upon the lawn, eating the fine English grass which it has cost so much

trouble to keep in its velvet smoothness. She ran to inform her father. 'Will they not do a great deal of damage?' Shrubs and hedges, the geraniums, and camellas, and roses, all round the field, and nice gravelled paths for the horses, when the ladies ride there, you know. Well, what do you think he did?"

"Sent a man to drive them out, to be sure."

"No; he told the family to be careful to look the other way till the poor things had filled themselves! 'For what is the little damage they may do, compared to the necessity of their owners to keep these animals, which are all their means of support?' said he; and Loriana says —"

"O the geranium by the gate!" cried José, almost crying.

"I can certainly go this spring to Australia," said Antoine; "for the family will never let you want, I know, for bread; and I shall come home with my pockets full of gold-dust."

"Plenty of corn-meal is all the gold-dust I ask for," said Marie, smiling. "You surely will not leave me, now wages have risen to fifteen cents a day, for a laboring man, — and you so strong and able?"

"Then we'll go to America together. Are not many of our folks living at New Bedford in comfort, and are not wages high enough there to make a man's fortune *here* in a year's time?"

"And has not our neighbor, the tinman, come home as poor as he went? The Yankee tinmen seemed to him to work by magic; he could not get

along among them with his slow, old-fashioned ways, and the high prices he must pay for everything. Hark! hear his clink — clink — clink — ”

“ José at least might go: *he* is young enough to learn.”

“ We will talk of that, some time. He is too young at present, surely. Home is home, dear Antoine. You would never be so happy in America, I fear, even with plenty of such gold-pieces, with eagles on them, as Eugenia gets at the boarding-house in pay for her washing.”

“ Never so happy as now, do you say, when we must share our corn with our hungry cows, and perhaps have nothing for them or ourselves before the spring revives the blighted green about us? ”

“ Tell him! ” whispered José. But there was a little irksome feeling in the wife’s heart, which made her feel disposed to tease Antoine till he should be in a better humor. His discontent was not likely to yield, however; and a tempting offer, which his almost amphibious habits as an islander had procured for him, from a vessel in the harbor short of hands for a voyage, had nearly overcome the reluctance he felt to leave his home and family.

But baby was not to be longer slighted. Giving a great jump, he pitched himself heels over head into his father’s bosom. Marie screamed at his utter disregard of all danger in the leap, but the boy’s instinct was sure. The father’s arms caught him, and clasped him close, with a sudden overflowing of the heart and eyes.

“ I cannot leave *him*; no, I *will* not leave my

boy! No, Marie, it has not come to the worst with us yet. We will not be down-hearted. We are not so poor, quite, as the old woman who begged of the American padre to-day. 'Give me charity, for God has given me nothing beside but the day and night,' said she."

Then Marie, with pride and joy, produced her earnings. Here was bread for many days, where a daily income of ten cents is a livelihood. A light clicking of shod feet brought a man to the door on a little donkey, and Antoine and José were hired to accompany an excursion-party the next day, among the many necessary attendants and guides.

THE BEST FRIEND.

My dear children, have you never in any trouble or difficulty wished for the presence of some friend to whom you could tell your troubles, and who would assist you? When left alone, do you never wish for the society of your companions? When you are enjoying anything particularly, have you never wished that your parents or some dear friend could be with you to enjoy it too? When you have made some great effort to do right, have you not thought how much pleasure it would give those dear friends to know it? And will not then the knowledge that you are never alone, — that not only the very *kindest* friend you have, but the *wisest*, one who

knows all your wants, is able as well as willing to supply them, is *continually* with you, — give you pleasure? If you are perplexed and distressed about your lessons, or have a difficult piece of work to do, or are required to make a great sacrifice, or perform some disagreeable duty, you have only to ask this Friend to direct and strengthen you, just as you would ask your mother to help you, and you may feel sure that he is infinitely more able and more willing to sustain your weakness than any earthly friend. Have you been neglected or treated unkindly by any of your companions, or unjustly blamed by any one, or disappointed of any anticipated pleasure? Perhaps, if you told all your feelings to earthly friends, they might not understand them, and might think these things were very trifling, and need not trouble you so much; but there is nothing so small that you may not venture to tell it to him, and ask him to help you to bear it, and to make it the means of your improvement. In the busiest scenes of the busiest day, in your school or in your amusements, you can remember that this Friend is still with you; and as you would always find time to speak to your mother, or to welcome any friend from a distance, so you can always find time to speak to him, and ask him not to allow you to forget him, in the number of your engagements. If you are alone, then you can hold uninterrupted intercourse with him, and ask him to put good thoughts into your minds. If you are very happy, and enjoying yourselves very much, either in a ride, or walk, or visit, or in the reception of some much-desired gift, how sweet it is to

feel that he is with you, giving you the pleasure, and delighting to make you happy, and that you can thank him for it, just in the very place where you are. When you feel tempted to say, or think, or do any wrong thing, no earthly friend can help you, even those who love you ever so well, farther than by giving you good advice; but if you ask him in sincerity to help you, he both can and will. Before you go to Sunday school, remember that you may be tempted to be inattentive, to laugh and talk with your companions, and that he only can give you the influences which will make your attendance there a benefit to you. Then ask him for his assistance and blessing, and you will have strength to resist the temptation, and will go away better than you came. When you leave the place, think what has been said that you can practise, and ask him to help you to do it through the week. Before you go to your week-day school, before you engage in your play, before you make a visit, or take a pleasant excursion, ask him to keep you from harm, the only *real* harm, just as you would ask your mother to grant you any favor. It needs but few words: "Father, keep me from doing wrong"; "My God, let me not sin against thee"; "Help me to do thy will"; "Assist me in all that I do." O, what a comfort it is, that we can never sink so low in sorrow, or even in sin, that his arm cannot reach us; that we can be in no difficulty from which he cannot relieve us; that we can never travel so far, that his love will not surround us; that we can never call, and he be away, or sick, or asleep, or refuse to answer us!

THE LIFE OF A CENT.

(Continued.)

THE landlord listened civilly and thoughtfully, while the poor woman entreated him to give her his word that he would not sell her husband any more liquor. She said that the unfortunate man was himself desirous to escape from the terrible power of habit and appetite; that he was an object of pity to herself and his children, although they were daily in terror, and in want, and could keep nothing from his grasp that could be turned into money. In his sober hours he was grieved at the state to which he had reduced them, and if he had power over himself to make a stand against this one temptation, he would be always a kind husband and father.

The landlord was sorry for her; he thought it a hard case. It was very bad when a man went too far, and took more than was good for him. Still, he thought it a very unreasonable expectation of hers that a tavern-keeper should undertake to make a difference between his customers. As long as he solicited no custom, he believed it was not his business whether any person had not discretion, any more than his neighbor, the shopkeeper, was responsible for the extravagance of anybody that had dealings with *him*. If he sold to one man, he must sell to another, or the advocates of total abstinence would consider him as making an admission which he was not ready to make, to the injury of his business.

He opened the door, and bowed, as he said this, hoping the woman would go away. He felt uncomfortable at her forlorn appearance, and would have given her money, if she had asked it. It was a relief to him to be made angry by her offering to pay him weekly the same amount he had received from her husband, if he would deny him that which he had not force to deny himself. She thought, when he alluded to the injury to his business, he meant simply loss of profit by one customer withdrawn.

"I can ill afford it, as you may see," said she, bitterly, with a glance at her ragged and dirty dress. "We are nearly starving. But you have long been taking the bread from my children's lips; you will not longer take from them also the father's love, which would make privation endurable."

"Do you say that *I* have taken the bread from your children's lips?" repeated the landlord, indignantly. "What is your paltry custom worth to a man like me! You are a foolish woman." His cheek burnt and his lip trembled. But he resolved to keep his temper, and presently said, in a kinder tone, "I will do all I can for you, and more than some would do. For the credit of the house, of course, I endeavor to prevent any man exceeding the bounds of temperance. I refuse when I see that any one is disguised. I will keep a more watchful eye upon your husband than I have done heretofore."

"There is no hope in that! He must not have one drop! Not one drop!" cried the woman, weeping and wringing her hands. "Have compassion on his weakness!"

"Certainly, certainly," said the landlord, impatiently. He would keep him within the proper limits; anything more she need not look for. On principle, he should not promise to enforce total abstinence. Excess there was not the least need of, ever. And again he held open the door for her. She looked into his sternly fixed eyes, and saw that it was useless to linger. She wrapped her poor shawl about her, and shivered as the cold air rushed in. I wished myself in her pocket. It was little one cent could do, to be sure, I thought, and I repined at my insignificant part in the affairs of men.

"May God change your heart!" she said; and with the prayer came a heavy sigh. He seemed a little moved as she went sadly away. It would have been strange if the scene had not touched him at all, for it was almost enough to melt *me*.

As he came back from the door, his eye by chance fell on me, lying where Richard had laid me down. He started, and opened the drawer, as if to knock me into the till. But he did not; he stood thinking, with his thumb pressed against his teeth. He loved his little boy, and had all the anxiety a good father feels that he should grow up to be a worthy and respectable man. He had been terribly alarmed at the first instance in which he had ever known him to take what did not belong to him. His heart was wrung, as he thought of the blows he had inflicted, when the boy's upright heart had already moved him to repentance and restitution.

"I meant it for his good, however," he said to himself. "And I always have set him an example

of the most scrupulous honesty. I never overcharge; I never cheat, in the smallest trifle." At that moment the words of the drunkard's wife came into his mind, and with them the sharp pang of an accusing conscience. "I have long taken the bread from their mouths, she said. The bread from their mouths? Yes, their bread, their fire, their clothes, their every comfort, I am taking; *I* deliberately take these things in suffering *him* to do it, and every time he pays me my rightful dues, I rob them as much as if I went personally to take the bread from their lips."

The landlord had a good heart, and it was deeply stirred by these self-condemning thoughts. He looked at the money in the till, and the strong shudder of disgust with which he pushed it back into a heap seemed to say, "Blood-money! Tear-money! Wicked, accursed lucre! Away! You have tempted my son,—you are the root of all evil! I loathe you, vile dross!" It was not for money's sake,—no, not for that alone, at any rate,—that he had resisted the promptings of his better nature, and the well-meant, though often injudicious, admonitions of zealous reformers. He shut the drawer and took me up, impatient to get rid of me in some way or other, when the door opened, and his wife came in.

"Peterson is dead. No loss! But I feel for his mother. I remember him as pretty behaved a lad as our Richard, and as healthy. She little thought *then* he was to die a sot." And without waiting for an answer, she went out again.

The landlord had done his best, as he thought, to arrest his neighbor's only son in his downward career. He had warned him *in season*; had he not? In season! Was it before he had once thought that water was not good enough to slake his boyish thirst,—before he began to hanker for cider, and for ale,—before he had begun to spend his pocket-money at the bar? No. Suppose Richard should *steal* the liquor his mother had forbidden him to taste,—forbidden him on account of his tender years, a reason which could not appear to him sufficient against a mere taste,—A CENT's worth, as it were, of disobedience. Once on the slippery steep of a depraved appetite, could a warning do more to arrest him than it had done for Peterson? He trembled as he thought of the boy's weak will,—how it needed a *principle* to be its prop against a temptation, and a pure motive for self-denial to counteract the juvenile tendency to self-indulgence.

As he stood looking out at the bar-room window, with these anxious thoughts, the lad was full in his eye. He saw with fond pride his quick and spirited movements, and the healthy, glowing face, so full of childish simplicity and sweetness. Catching his father's glance, the boy pointed with a smile of triumph to a full basket of kindling-wood he was about to carry in to his mother.

Up went the sash. "What! All those! Bravo!"

"Yes, and all that heap of oven-wood besides!" said Richard, panting, and showing his little white teeth in the broadest of happy smiles.

"Famous! Since you can handle an axe so well,

I think you should have wages. What will you take, to be your mother's little wood-man in future, and keep her well supplied?"

Richard was grieved that his father offered him money. He thought of the momentary impulse of covetousness, which had made him lay his hand upon me, with new shame and regret, when he saw that his father thought him mercenary.

"I will do it for mother; I will not be paid," said he, a little sulkily.

His father did not understand him, for I lay out of sight, and he was not thinking of me at all at the moment.

"Why, why! There is no money like earned money. Is it not pleasanter that I should pay it to you for good service, than give it to you for nothing?"

"It would spoil all my pleasure. I was *so* happy to be doing something for you and mother, who have given me so much for nothing! When you are old, I can do more. You'll see!" And a tear dropped from Richard's bright eye into the basket of chips, as he carried them into the wood-shed.

There was a glittering moisture in the landlord's eyes, when they again fell upon my humble copper countenance. I felt that I was not insignificant to *him*, and here I am, sealed up in a paper, with a date, and something else written upon it, and reposing in a fine, arched chamber,—that is, a pigeon-hole in the old mahogany desk in the best parlor. Not a cent ever went into the till as the price of liquor from that day. The landlord has sacrificed

the most lucrative part of his business, for he had also a Father who had given him much, and received little except love and reverence; and by much thought he had become convinced that it was that Father's will. The old sign has long ago been split into kindlings by Richard, and a smiling head of Franklin, with "TEMPERANCE HOUSE" printed beneath, swings in its place.

BERENGER.

No. II.

OLD Marcella came into the room just as Adèle was dropping asleep. Her exclamations of impatience roused the child, and made Seppa withdraw behind the great reading-chair.

"What now, I wonder? Some of Berenger's doings, I dare say! My sweet darling shut up by herself, again. She has no mother to stand up for her; poor, poor little poppet! Come to old nurse: lay your little head on my bosom. Tell me all about it."

Adèle nestled in Marcella's arms, and gaped. Presently she remembered her hopeful resolves, and announced that she was cured of quarrelling with Berenger by self-punishment, and Seppa's example of good temper.

"Father did not shut me up, nor did Edith scold me. Berenger was not to blame; he was in fun all

the time. I was cross. I shall not be cross any more, I am determined. You will see, Marcella dear, how good I'll be."

"You are a little angel!" said Marcella, with a kiss, and a hug that was almost tight enough to be painful. And she continued to caress and flatter Adèle till the bell called them to prayers. Berenger had not returned, when the family assembled in the porch which looked out upon the terrace. Seppa followed Adèle, and lay at her feet as motionless as if he too had a soul, to join in the evening worship. Poor Seppa! His instinct was all for earth. He had no power to rise above it, to hold communion with his Maker. The prayer was so simple that Adèle could understand it, and her heart swelled with sincere devotion, as her father's sweet and solemn voice asked Divine help for the tried and tempted, and a blessing upon every endeavor after a better Christian life.

While they were yet kneeling, some distant sound caught the attention of the watchful Seppa. He started, — sat up, — erected his ears, and presently ran to the edge of the terrace, from which, after a moment's hesitation, he leaped into the water. It was dark, and when the father and children came to look over where they had heard the plunge, they could see nothing.

"I heard the dash of oars," said Leo, "and it was that which roused the dog." And all ran hurriedly to the landing, alarmed, though not knowing what to fear. Berenger was loved, with all his faults, and his absence was the uppermost thought with all as

they stood trembling and peering into the darkness which rested upon the bosom of the lake.

"Let us get out the little boat, Henri," said the father. "*It may* be of use." And directly Ethelind and Adèle were left upon the stone steps alone, and with beating hearts saw the skiff disappear in the fog, while they could still hear the sound of voices and the dash of the oars.

"Time to go to bed," cried Marcella, from the terrace. "Come, little poppet; come to your foster-mother!" Not loving Berenger, the old nurse had not shared the unexpressed alarm of the brothers and sisters.

Adèle did not move. It was much that she suppressed the cross exclamation that was ready to burst out, at such an unwelcome summons.

"Make her come, Miss Ethelind. You are always saying I indulge her to her hurt. How long are you going to keep her here out of her bed, and she bareheaded, in the damp night air, poor little motherless one?"

Ethelind took Adèle's hand, and they both went into the house, and thus escaped a terrible shock. For directly after the boat emerged from the veil of mist, at the foot of the stairs on which they had been standing, and the motionless form of Berenger was lifted out, and gently laid upon the lowest step.

Obedying the whispered directions of their father, Henri ran to the stable, and sent off a man on horseback for the doctor. Leo brought a light settee from the porch, and Aribert told Ethelind to bring blankets and a pillow for Berenger, and prepared her to see him in a senseless state.

Thanks to Seppa's timely aid, the boy was not drowned. He had been knocked overboard in a scuffle with the miller's boys, who had not troubled themselves about him, knowing that he was a good swimmer, and near the stairs. But he had been stunned by a blow he had received from Jacquot's fist, and knew nothing until he opened his eyes in his own bed, and saw his father and the physician bending over him with anxious faces. They saw by the expression of his eye that he had recovered his senses.

"Ah, he'll do now. Keep him still a few days, and there's no harm done, I believe," said the physician. Berenger saw him put on his hat and depart, attended to the door by his father, and thought it was all a dream. He was kept in bed for a day or two.

"I wish I could be always a *little* sick, not really ill, you know," said the languid boy, smiling at Adèle, who was tenderly brushing the hair back from his discolored temple, and touching his forehead now and then with her soft lips. He was lying on the sofa in Ethelind's room.

"I wish so too," said Ethelind, with a satirical smile. "I must say, I admire your pensive graces hugely!"

The color rose in Berenger's cheek. "*You* need not say anything," said he; "it is Adèle who has most reason to want me to be ill. I have teased her abominably."

"I do not want you ill," said the little girl; "I would much rather be so myself. It is so hard for

a strong boy to be cooped up! But I always have a good time with my dolls, and my porridge, and don't mind it."

"You are a good girl, my *own* sister," said Berenger, with a glance at Ethelind. She and Henri were adopted children. "I am sorry I have tormented you so much. I won't again, if I can possibly help it."

"Of course you can help it," remarked Ethelind; "you never tease *me*."

"Because I am afraid of your sharp tongue," said Berenger, angrily. "But I love Adèle best, all the while."

"I am very willing," said Ethelind, "if you always show your love by teasing its object."

Berenger compressed his lips, and his eyes flashed fire. But one of Adèle's kisses came just then to soothe and soften him.

"I am afraid I shall be as rough as ever, when I get strong," said he, sadly, after thinking a little while, with his hand over his eyes. "I do not know what it is that gets into me, sometimes, when I am in full health and spirits. I must have something or other to wreak myself upon; I am wild to get up a row of some sort. I should not plague Seppa, if he did not bark, and snarl, nor you, Adèle, if you did not cry. I hate quiet life; I hate restraint. I don't know what will become of me as a man. I am cut out for a pirate, I am afraid."

"I should judge so, by your choice of associates," said Ethelind. "Think of your descending to a fight with Jacquot! I cannot bear to think of it. It brings you down to his level."

Berenger respected Ethelind, though she often made him angry. He was anxious to justify himself, so far as he could, in her opinion.

"You have sneered at those boys, if I so much as looked at them; and so I was of opinion it was only on account of their poverty. Well, being a gentleman's son, and well taught and clothed, gives me no right to look down on any good fellow, I think. He may be as good as I, and is very likely to be better." Ethelind smiled a little. "I thought father was wrong, too, though *he* has no vulgar pride, we all know. He said they were bad; I would not believe it. But when they began to consider me one of themselves, you see, they got talking about some of their wild pranks, as they called them. It was Jacquot who robbed poor Ursula's hen-roost, and the miller's boys clapped their hands when he told about it. I said it was the meanest mischief I ever heard of, and I hoped he had carried the fowls back by that time. But he had no such intention. I said he should do it, or I would tell of him, and get him punished; and I believe I called him a thief, in my hot indignation. And — and — that was the way we got fighting."

Ethelind thought there was no need of the fighting at all, and inquired who struck first. Berenger thought it was Jacquot, and wanted to say so; but he was not quite sure that he remembered clearly about it. He was afraid of doing injustice to Jacquot, to exculpate himself. So he said his memory was rather confused, the effect of the blow that had taken away his senses, he supposed. Then Ethe-

lind came and gave him both her hands. "There is something noble in you, Berenger," said she, warmly. "If you would take the right turn, you would go beyond any of us. You will be a good, and perhaps a great man, yet!"

WILLOW FARM STORIES.

No. II.

THE next evening, as soon as the sun was down, I was beset by the four children, all clamoring for more Willow Farm stories. I dearly like to have the little loving ones close around me; so, placing Mollie on one arm of the great stuffed chair, and Willie on the other, I sat down between them, and, with an arm around each, tried to recall for their amusement some more of my grand childish frolics at Willow Farm.

"Did you ever see a field full of bonfires, all blazing? It is a splendid sight! One day Edward burst into our room, crying out in a loud, excited tone, 'Edith! Julie! Come! we're going down to the new field! Father says all the stumps are to be burned to-day! Come! Tracy's waiting for us in the back yard,—do make haste!'

"Only stopping to receive mamma's ready consent, and her warning not to venture too near the fire in our calico frocks, Edith and I snatched our hats and ran to meet Tracy, as eagerly as Edward could de-

sire. How we raced across the fields and climbed over the walls and the fences, little city ladies like Jane and Mollie cannot imagine. We were obliged to pause, however, when we reached the brook, and go over on the log which formed its bridge, with great deliberation and care. Edward stood on one bank, and Tracy on the other, and reached out their hands to aid us. Then we were in the 'new field.' For a long time Uncle S—— had been clearing it of stones and trees, and now it was dotted over with huge piles of brush and dead branches and stumps, which had been accumulating for many months. Some of these were already on fire, and were sending up columns of black smoke into the clear, sunny air. Tracy and Edward, and even Edith and I, were soon provided with huge, blazing torches, which Tracy had made by splitting a stick at one end, and crowding in some birch bark. When we lighted the bark, it curled and twisted itself round the stick, with a loud, crackling noise. With these torches in our hands, we roamed over the field, setting fire to one great heap after another, with shouts of glee. Edith and I could seldom make ours burn. But Tracy, moving about with an air of dignity, and no little mystery, succeeded in communicating the flames to every one he approached with his torch. He muttered something about the 'direction of the wind,' when he heard our exclamations at his skill; but we were in altogether too great a frolic to stop to hear him, and consoled ourselves for our failures with the thought that we could have the fun of trying the same pile a great many times, which Tracy could

not. Edward had brought down a large store of apples and potatoes from the barn, to roast in the ashes; but the heat from the roaring, crackling flames soon became so intense, that we dared not go near enough to put them in; so we were forced to content ourselves with the apples in their natural state, and to leave the potatoes untouched.

"Uncle S—— left a few of the largest heaps to burn in the evening. Edith and I were so eloquent in our petition to be allowed to go down, that mamma could not withstand us. She was generally very careful to have us go to sleep early,—for, you know, Mollie, that is the way for little folks to grow up well, and be strong." Mollie pouted at this, which made Willie laugh immoderately. "She did not say, 'Little girls, it is time to go to bed,' over and over again, as some mothers do, but her watch always stood on the mantel-piece, and she taught us how to know what o'clock it was by it. When the hands reached a certain point, she expected us to bid every one good night, and go to bed without any direction from her. If we forgot to notice till it was five or ten minutes past the hour, we went to bed just so much earlier the next night. This arrangement saved a great deal of trouble and worry, and, on the whole, we liked it, although it was sometimes rather hard to stop in the midst of a story-book, or a game with paper dolls."

"*I should n't like it a bit!*" remarked Richard, with emphasis.

"No, I don't suppose you would," said Jane; "for half the time you tease mother into letting you sit up till ten o'clock."

"Well, what if I do? *You* would if you *could*," retorted Richard, rather hotly; but seeing Jane look disturbed, he added in a more pleasant tone, "What is the use of our stopping Cousin Julia, and getting into a quarrel? Please go on, and I'll try not to interrupt again."

"Well, where was I? O, mamma said she would also go to see the bonfires herself, which was truly delightful to all of us. As soon as it was dark we started down the road. Of course we did not go across the fields this time! Mamma would not have liked climbing the fences and crossing the brook as we did, even if it had not been dark. The stumps were all on fire when we reached the field, and I never shall forget the sight. I was almost frightened at the red glare and the flying sparks, especially when Edward and Tracy threw great stones into the midst of the glowing embers. The trees, standing full in the lurid light, seemed to lie flat against the background of black sky, and looked like gigantic branches of sea-weed. You have never seen such a strange sight, any of you; and I cannot give you an idea how wild and almost frightful it was. But see, Mollie's eyes are as round as saucers! I must try to think of something pleasant to tell, or she will be dreaming of fire all night."

"Let me see, — I think I will tell you about a grand picnic I went to with mother. The Wednesday before, there was a children's party down in the village; I could not go because I was unwell. I felt the disappointment very much, especially when I saw Edith and Tracy and Edward start, leaving me alone.

But I tried very hard not to be fretful and troublesome, and so the next week mother resolved to take me with her to this grand picnic.

"All the company, except myself, were grown-up ladies and gentlemen. It was a glorious day, when early in the afternoon Uncle S—— lifted me into the chaise to ride to the pond with mother and a gentleman from the village. I sat on a little cricket, between a basket of dishes, and a box containing bait, and leaned against mother, and felt very proud and happy indeed. How green the trees were, and how brightly the sun shone, and how happy all the world seemed to me to be, as we trotted briskly along the smooth road! I remember with what delight I spied out a squirrel running along the wall with his tail up over his back, and while I was calling to mamma to look at him, a wood-robin struck up his delicious note from the depths of the wood we were passing. It was such a delightful ride, that I felt almost sorry when we came in sight of the broad pond glistening in the sunshine, and saw the groups of ladies and gentlemen under the trees, awaiting our arrival.

"Very soon most of the gentlemen took the boats and went out on the pond to catch fish for a chowder. The rest of us had to entertain ourselves on shore, as they thought us too precious a cargo to be risked in the somewhat leaky craft. For an hour or two we roamed about in the beautiful woods that bordered the pond, and over the grassy fields, hunting for wild-flowers. I filled my apron full to carry home to Edith, and wished she were with me to race

down the slopes. After a time somebody suggested that we should begin preparations for making the chowder, for the gentlemen might soon arrive with the fish. Then I had grand fun helping to collect dry wood. An open place was found in the midst of the woods, and we soon had a large fire blazing. One of the ladies went to the only house in the neighborhood to borrow a kettle, and the pepper and salt, &c. were all taken out of the baskets, to be ready when the fish arrived. Still the gentlemen did not come, and it was now quite dark. So we all sat down around the fire on some planks we had procured for seats, and began to talk. One lady proposed that each of the circle, in turn, should be called upon to do something for the amusement of the company, and this was agreed upon with much applause. Being very diffident, I was alarmed at the proposal; but that was very silly in me, for nobody thought of asking anything of such a little girl."

"What could they do to amuse each other away out in the woods, Cousin Julia?"

"O, one lady sang a droll song about 'The Little Tailor'; another recited a piece of poetry; a third told a story about a man in black, that I thought was the funniest thing I ever heard; don't ask me what it was, Willie, because I have entirely forgotten it. Two others sang a beautiful duet together, and one lady repeated 'Chicken Little' in such a lively voice, and with so many droll gestures, that I laughed till I was tired. I suppose it was done for my special diversion. It was almost nine o'clock, when at last the gentlemen appeared. They brought

plenty of fish, but every one said it was too late to make the chowder in the woods. So the fire was smothered, all the good things packed up again, and the kettle and planks returned to their owner. The stars were brilliant as we drove rapidly back to the village, and I almost went to sleep trying to count the brightest ones. We went to the house of one of the party, and the chowder was made in the kitchen in a very commonplace way. But long before it was brought to the table I was sound asleep on the sofa. I have but a dim recollection of anything that occurred after that, till Edith waked me very early the next morning, eager to tell how she and Tracy and Edward had passed the time of my absence, and to learn everything about the picnic.

“And that’s all I can tell to-night, my darlings.”

MY BROTHER.

PART FIRST.

I HAVE a little brother,
The sweetest child alive, —
The loveliest of the household, —
The busiest in our hive;
And he, that darling brother,
Is a joyous, sunny boy;
With his clear, ringing, merry shout,
A very type of joy.

His hair is soft and wavy,
The sunniest of brown;

His lip is like a rose-bud,
His cheek is soft as down ;
His eye is large and sparkling,
And dark as midnight sky,
And 't is beaming with intelligence
And a love wealth cannot buy.

A sturdy little fellow
Is my brother bright and bold,
And resolute and daring
As errant knight of old.
'T is really quite tormenting,
Sometimes, I must confess,
When mischief falls within his plan, —
But we do not love him less.

For sensitive and watchful,
The tears will quickly flow
Whenever he displeases,
A cold look grieves him so.
O, should our Saviour take him,
How lonely were our hearth !
And yet he seems too beautiful
To dwell with us on earth.

O, may He make him spotless,
And pure from every stain,
And innocent and childlike
Keep him through life. And fain
I'd save him, too, from sorrow,
Were this our Father's will ;
But I know it cannot be on earth,
Where life is fraught with ill.

Wherefore, O Saviour, keep him,
And guide him with thine eye ;
Sanctify all his sorrows ;
But if our boy should die, —

If Thou shouldst, in thy wisdom,
 Remove him from our love, —
 Grant that we *all* may meet him in
Thy blessed home above !

PART SECOND.

I HAVE no little brother now, —
 A broken home is ours, —
 And many are the tears that fall,
 As we strew his grave with flowers.

The sun looked calmly, brightly down,
 Through June's unclouded sky,
 When he, a busy, happy boy,
 Went gayly forth — to die !

One drop of balm in sorrow's cup
 The Lord in mercy left ;
The wave gave back to us our dead,
 We were not *all* bereft.

There was no trace on cheek or brow,
 To mark the dying strife ;
 That little form, so stiff and cold,
 Yet looked *too much* like life.

How calm in that last sleep he lay !
 The last. O, never more
 Shall those dark lashes close in sleep ;
 For on that blissful shore

Where they for ever shall unclose,
 There is no sleep, no night.
 O for that meeting ! when we shall
 Regain our lost delight !

THE WRECK OF THE HUSSAR.

DURING the Revolutionary war, a noble frigate, called the Hussar, sailed from England to this country with a large amount of gold on board, for the purpose of paying off the British naval force, stationed at Newport, R. I., which at that time had not been paid for three years. The frigate arrived safely at New York, where about seventy American prisoners of war were placed on board of her, and also a large additional amount of gold, to be taken to Newport. In passing through Hurlgate, only ten miles from New York, the vessel struck upon a rock, and sunk almost immediately. The officers and crew of the vessel had barely time to escape, while the poor American prisoners confined below went down with the ill-fated frigate, only a few rods from shore.

After the close of the war, the British government sent over a vessel with the intention of recovering the lost treasure. Our government would not allow them to go on with their operations, however, and therefore the project of recovering the lost gold was abandoned at that time. Before they left, they had erected two little huts for the accommodation of the workmen, and these huts, or shanties, still stand, and are occupied by the divers employed at the present time in what may be almost called the *forlorn hope* of regaining the treasure.

Some years after the departure of the Englishmen, a company of private gentlemen was formed in

New York, for the purpose of raising the vessel. But after sinking all the funds of the company in vain attempts, they gave it up. A number of other persons from time to time made efforts, with more or less energy; but all were alike unsuccessful in obtaining any of the much-wished-for gold.

For the proper understanding of the difficulties attending all the endeavors to raise the vessel, we must consider, that, though she sank very near the shore, the water was very deep (seventy-six feet), and the tide running with fearful rapidity; so much so, that it is only practicable to work at the wreck for two or three hours a day, and even this only for a few months in the year. Before the middle of June, the water is too cold for the divers to work in it, and after the middle of September the storms drive them off.

About ten years since, a Mr. Taylor conceived the idea of removing the treasure without attempting to raise the vessel. He had invented a diving-dress, called "Taylor's Armor," consisting of an India-rubber suit, with a copper helmet attached to it, supplied with air, through strong gutta-percha tubes, by an air-pump. A company was formed, seven years ago, and operations commenced, which, with wonderful perseverance, are still carried on. However certain the process, it is necessarily slow and tedious, almost beyond the limit of mortal patience. Only one man can work at a time, and only for an hour before the tide turns; and he brings up perhaps a wheelbarrow-load in the whole for a day's work.

In order to get at the gold which tradition said

was under the powder-magazine, it was necessary to remove the decks of the vessel. In the course of the removal of the rubbish which had fallen in on removing the decks, old guns, cannon-balls, grape-shot, and chains, with the bones of the prisoners, were found, and then came up ton after ton of gunpowder, in a state of black mud. Very strong hopes were entertained at that time that the next thing would be the money. Such was the state of things last summer, when my attention was called to it by receiving an invitation to be present as a spectator during the descent of one of the divers.

At the time I went on board the stationary vessel from which the operations of the divers are carried on, the tide was running out very strong, and we waited nearly an hour for low water. The diver in the mean time put on his dress, the India-rubber suit with a copper helmet. To the bottom of the jacket was attached a copper band which fitted on another copper band connected with his overalls, and the two bands, when fastened with a clamp, made the joint water-tight. Everything was now examined very carefully, to see that all the joinings were properly fastened, as the slightest carelessness in this respect would cost the diver his life. Upon the word being given, "All right!" the little glass door in the helmet, through which the diver breathes while dressing, was shut, and he was swung off and dropped into the water. He instantly disappeared, being heavily weighted with lead fastened on his legs and round his waist. The only trace of him we could see was the air-bubbles which escaped

from his helmet. The air-pump before mentioned was constantly worked by men on deck, to keep him supplied with fresh air to breathe.

The man in charge now seated himself on the rail of the vessel, with a rope in his hand, by which he could signalize with the diver below. The signals were repeated at certain intervals, to show that all was right. In case any signal was not answered, the man would be drawn up immediately.

I watched the return of the diver with the greatest anxiety; the others, however, looked on with the utmost coolness. In about twenty minutes, he returned, bringing a bag he had filled with mud and rubbish of various kinds. This was emptied on deck to be washed over for valuables, and again the diver went down. This had been repeated four times when the work was abandoned for the day, as the turning of the tide rendered it impossible to work longer. During the last summer more or less money has been found. One little box I saw, containing nineteen guineas. This was obtained but a short time before my visit. The main body of the treasure has not been reached, and, indeed, it may take some years longer to decide the question, whether the speculation will be successful enough to pay for the weary waiting and the labor.

The action of the salt water on the various metals was of course very different. Cast iron was almost destroyed, while wrought iron was improved in quality. Lead was not acted upon, while silver was much corroded. The gold was bright and unchanged, and it is supposed by some that at least

three millions of dollars in guineas have been lying there, deep in the accumulating mud and rubbish, for more than eighty years.

A. H. E.

New York.

BLUE-BELL.

Look at Jamie in the garden,
Five years old, and getting tall ;
In his sack he looks *so* pretty !
Driving hoop, or tossing ball.

Prettier still is cherub Charlie,
Digging gravel with a spoon ;
Ripe, and round, and rich, and ruddy
As a peach, and fresh as June.

Step into the house a moment, —
We have something prettier here !
While beholding it we think so,
Though 't is not a whit more dear.

'T is a lady, fair and dainty,
Who to board and lodge has come.
She has made us all her servants,
And our house she makes her home.

Lady fine ! she does not even
Dust her room, nor make her bed ;
Nay, we even make her toilet :
Ought we not to be well paid ?

With her prettiness she pays us,
As the buds and blossoms do ;
Pays by letting us behold her ;
Pays with smiles and kisses too.

'T was in Baby-land we found her,
Picked her up, and brought her home ;
She is sweeter than new honey,
Honey in the honeycomb.

Helpless new-born twins her feet are, —
So she cannot run away ;
Though our manners may not suit her,
Poor Blue-bell is forced to stay.

See her hands, all day so idle !
Into balls she rolls them tight.
Baby fists ! why does she clench them ?
If she *could*, she would not fight.

Into her small mouth she 'd thrust them
Both together, if she could.
Are they idle ? When she waves them,
She is doing *my* heart good.

What she does, she does completely :
She can laugh, and she can coo ;
Who could speak so well as Blue-bell
That sweet baby word, " Ahgoo ! "

You might sing or preach an hour, —
Yes, and doubtless very well ;
Yet I would not for song or sermon
Give the babble of Blue-bell.

How we squeeze her, — bite her, — shake her !
Poor defenceless babe, Blue-bell !
And to " eat her up " we threaten ;
If we don't, 't is very well.

Buttercups are not more common ;
Babies bloom by every door ;
Yet we gaze as on some wonder
We had never seen before, —

Let her turn us round her finger, —
Hold us 'neath her fairy thumb, —
Tie us to her little apron,
At her nod to go and come.

She's our queen and rules the household,
And her will we all obey.
If she rule with rod of iron,
Still we 're blest beneath her sway.

A. A. C.

Sparks Street, Cambridge.

ANSWER TO CHARADES

IN THE LAST NUMBER.

No. I. — Snow-drop.

No. II. — Target.

STORIES ABOUT MULES.

IN an inhabited and fertile country a mule is not a very interesting animal. While standing beside the fiery and graceful horse, he looks as if he were ashamed of his clumsy, drooping head, his big ears, and mean little tail. He is not so large, he cannot draw so heavy a load, nor run so fast, as the horse; in fact, he seems inferior to his proud rival in every point of view.

But we must not judge him too hastily. Let us

go to the sterile plains of the Far West, and travel day after day through the trackless wilderness. The sun blazes down upon us from the cloudless sky, and there is no tree to give us shade. We struggle on, suffering much from thirst and fatigue. The sandy soil is bare, or thinly dotted with sage-bushes of a sickly bluish color, and the hungry animals search for grass in vain. We toil up rugged mountains, and follow narrow paths along the edge of precipices where a single misstep would hurl us to instant destruction.

Now look again at the rivals. The horse, who arched his neck and pranced so proudly at the start, now staggers along with trembling limb. His fire is gone. His eye glares anxiously for food and drink. At length he falls, and tries in vain to rise again. A merciful pistol-shot puts him out of his misery, and we travel on, abandoning his body to the wolves.

Where is our ugly, long-eared friend now? Here he comes plodding along, looking gaunt and hungry, it is true, but now and then taking a bite from bushes and clumps of weeds that the horse had passed in disdain, and thus sustaining his strength. See how carefully he bears his heavy load down that precipitous mountain; watch his little feet and slender legs as he steps in exactly the best and safest place among the rolling stones! There, he has reached the bottom, and is it not pleasant to see him drink his fill, and then stand in the thick grass by the river bank, and eat away in the same steady, unexcited manner in which he has borne all his privations and sufferings! Which is the most valuable animal

in the wilderness, the mule or the horse? We must remember that every creature has his peculiar sphere of usefulness, and that the most beautiful are not always the most serviceable.

But I hear some little boy exclaim: "I thought mules were always obstinate. Bridget told me I was as obstinate as a mule, the other day, when I was naughty, and would not have my hair brushed."

Mules are sometimes very obstinate, it is true, but it is generally because they are beaten and abused, instead of being kindly treated. I once rode many hundred miles through the wilderness on a little mule, and no dog could be more gentle and patient than she became, after she had learned to know me. Before I chose her, she had never been ridden, but had been "packed," as it is called. That is, a peculiar kind of saddle, named a packsaddle, had been put upon her, and a load attached. Mules ought not to carry more than one hundred pounds in this way, for a long distance over a mountainous road, but they are sometimes compelled to carry three hundred, and even more. This mule had only been packed a few times, when I was attracted, one day, by her handsome shape and spirited motion, as she was running away from the packer. I determined to take her for my saddle mule, and to try by kind treatment to make her gentle. She was of a clear dun color, and had soft, expressive eyes, and huge ears. Her lower lip hung down a little, giving her a pouting expression very ludicrous to see. I called her "Bessie."

At first she was very wild, because she had been

accustomed only to abuse, and in the morning it always required two or three men to catch and saddle Bessie before we could begin our march. Each man was provided with a long rope called a lariat, or lasso, one end of which was fastened securely to his saddle, and at the other was a noose which could be thrown over her neck. No matter how fast she was running, she immediately stopped when she felt the lariat, for she had learned that, if she did not do so, it would choke her.

When I began to ride Bessie, she was very much frightened, and almost every day tried to run and to throw me off. As I did not strike or spur her, however, she soon ceased to be afraid. I often gave her pieces of bread, of which she was very fond, and before long I could approach when she was grazing, and catch her without any difficulty. Bessie was very intelligent, and I used to be much amused to see how she always tasted of the new varieties of plants as we discovered them upon our long journey. Some she liked and eagerly ate, others she never tried a second time. Sometimes we were obliged to encamp where there was not enough grass for the animals. Bessie seemed perfectly to understand this, and, unlike some of the rest, she used to eat as much as possible on the road. Mules dislike exceedingly to be separated from one another. Often, when we reached some nice grass, I used to allow her to stop, and it was very funny to see how she was divided between her wish to eat, and her wish to keep with the other mules. She generally ate as fast as possible for a few minutes, and then, after filling her

mouth with choice tufts to chew on the way, started off at a brisk trot to overtake the train.

Bessie's fondness for bread once created quite a commotion in camp. The cook had been busy till very late one evening, in baking bread for the next morning. He left it on the ground near the fire, while he went to the brook for water. On returning, he awakened the whole party by his exclamations of rage at finding Bessie just finishing the last loaf!

Before she had become fully trained, Bessie once played me a very provoking trick. I had ridden with one of the party a considerable distance away from the rest. As we were in a hostile Indian country, we at length thought it best to stop and wait for our companions. On dismounting, I usually tied Bessie by a long rope, but she had become so gentle that I thought it unnecessary to do so this time. After waiting for nearly half an hour, and seeing nothing of our friends, we began to fear that they had taken a different route, and my comrade proposed to return to meet them. I walked towards Bessie to mount her, but she gave me a mischievous glance, and began to trot away. I followed, but she kept out of my reach. When I walked, she walked, and when I ran, she ran a little faster. My large pistol was on the saddle, and thus I found myself with only a small pocket weapon alone in a dense forest, chasing a runaway mule with little prospect of success. It was a hot day in August. The Indians had set fire to the dead trees a short time before, and as we hurried along, the smoking embers lay on every side. My heavy boots and spurs were

ill adapted to a race, and after running one or two miles I was tired enough of the fun. Not so Bessie! She really seemed to enjoy the excitement, and gradually increased her pace. I followed rapidly enough to keep in sight without driving her. At length, when my breath was almost gone, and the perspiration was running in streams down my face, I saw two of the party through the trees. They heard my shout, and succeeded in catching the runaway as she passed. It was with a feeling of great satisfaction that I slowly retraced my steps, seated comfortably on her back. The temptation to give her a gentle hint of my displeasure was very strong, but I forbore.

Before many weeks Bessie and I became excellent friends. When we came to a steep hill she regularly used to stop for me to dismount and walk up, as I generally did. I could leave her untied while I went to examine a rock or a bush, and always be sure to find her waiting when I returned. Once I was absent from the main party for nearly a month, on a trip to the mountains, and I left Bessie to recruit her strength on the excellent grass of the little valley where the party was encamped. The day after returning I told my servant to bring her for me to mount. He was gone a long time, and on looking out from my tent I saw him, and three or four others, trying in vain to catch the active little creature with lariats. It was really a pretty sight, as she bounded lightly over the grass, full of life and spirits, shaking her head, and revelling in her liberty. I watched her awhile, and then thought I would see

if she remembered me. So I waited till she stood still, and then walked slowly towards her. She looked at me, but did not move. I gradually approached, put my arm around her neck and patted her in my usual way, while one of the men cautiously brought me a rope. I put it over her head, and led her away without the least resistance. Bes-sie had not forgotten that I always treated her kindly.

A funny accident happened, one cold morning, to a member of the party, named Dick, who was in the habit of ill-treating his mule. We were encamped in a lovely little valley, at the foot of a steep, rocky precipice, from the face of which a stream of ice-cold water forced its way. After falling about thirty feet, it wound through a little meadow, and disappeared. We wished to cross it to pursue our journey. The banks were about three feet deep and very miry. Mules are greatly afraid of mud, for their little feet sometimes sink down into it until they cannot move. Dick's mule did not dare to enter the stream, on this account. He used whip and spur, but in vain. Seeing most of the party had crossed, and fearing to remain behind much longer lest the Indians should shoot an arrow at him, he had become almost desperate, when suddenly a bright idea occurred to him. One of the men had cut down a large tree the night before, and it had fallen directly across the brook. Dick determined to walk over on its huge trunk himself, and to lead the mule after him through the water. So he took one end of the rope in his hand, and began to advance very slowly and carefully upon the

log. Just as he reached the middle, the mule seemed to understand his object, and suddenly twitched back. Dick let go the rope, but it was too late! Although he frantically clutched at the air with his hands, and eagerly thrust out one foot to restore his balance, it was all in vain. He fell faster and faster, until with a great splash he disappeared under the cold water. In a moment his head came up again, and, blowing the water from his nose and mouth, he scrambled up the muddy bank, wild with fury. Seizing the rope, he jumped into the water and tried to pull the mule across by main strength. But she braced her feet and stood immovable, although he exerted his utmost force, and fairly yelled with rage. At length his laughing friends came to his assistance, and the animal was compelled to cross.

As I saw Dick start on his day's march, wet to the skin, and with the cold water trickling in little streams from his boots, I thought to myself that kindness was far better than violence with a mule.

H. L. A.

THERE is in life no blessing like Affection.
It sits beside the cradle, patient hours,
Whose sole enjoyment is to watch and love.
It bendeth o'er the death-bed, and conceals
Its own despair with words of faith and hope.
Life hath naught else that may supply its place.
Void is ambition, cold is vanity,
And wealth a glitter, without Love.

A READING LESSON.

Bessie (half crying). Annie! Annie! Where is Annie? Annie! Where *are* you, I wonder?

Annie. Here.

Bessie. Where?

Annie. Ha, ha! Can't you see? On top o' the wood-pile.

Bessie. Peep! *I* see! Is it nice to be up so high? I am coming up there, too. Yes; do let me!

Annie. No, no, Bessie. You are a *very* little girl. You would fall, and hurt yourself. Even *I* am afraid, a little. How *shall* I get down! I am coming. Stand out of the way. O the splinters!— Oh! oh!

Bessie. You have torn your dress! O Annie!

Annie. No matter. It is old.

Bessie. But mamma will have it to mend.

Annie. O, I am sorry!

Bessie. Perhaps I shall tear mine soon.

Annie. O, I hope not!

Bessie. But we must be dressed alike; must we not, always? Yes, Annie.

Annie (laughing). Do you want a patch on yours, too?

Bessie. Yes.

Annie. Is this log steady? I think it shakes. Oh! oh!

Bessie. Now jump!

Annie (all in a heap among the chips). All safe now. I shall not try *that* again, though.

Bessie. What did you go up for?

Annie. Because Kitty ran up there. But she has grand, sharp claws to climb with. She was down the other side, and away across the yard, when I was but half-way up.

Bessie. Little funny puss! Well, what would you play, Annie, now?

Annie. Let me think. It is a great while since we have played doctor.

Bessie. How? What shall *I* be?

Annie. O, you shall be my horse. I shall drive round to make visits. I shall have saw-dust for powders.

Bessie. No, I would not. Here is some nice gravel!

Annie. There is somebody very ill, over by the pump.

Bessie. Yes, and play the trough was a bed.

Annie. No,—a bath! Yes!

Bessie. Well. But —

Annie. I must go very quick. My slate is full of names. I pretend this shingle is my slate. Do you see?

Bessie (puzzled). A slate? What for?

Annie. Never mind. Here 's the bridle.

Bessie. I don't like it in my mouth. Put it round me,—so!

Annie. Stand!

Bessie. I am ready, sir.

Annie. Don't *speak*. A talking horse! Tchick! Get up, pony. Make haste. Now — whoa!

Bessie. You must not pull so, Annie. It cuts me.

Annie. But, you know, you are a restive horse.

Bessie. No; I am trotting all the while. I am not a resting.

Annie. You must caper, and jump sideways. John always does, when I drive *him*.

Bessie. I will, then. But what *are* you stopping for? Eh, Annie?

Annie. I am getting some bark, for medicine.

Bessie. Very nice. Here! a whole handful ready for you!

Annie. But, Bessie, you must not pick any up; you are a horse, mind.

Bessie. What shall I be doing then? I do not like it, being still so long.

Annie. You must stamp, and toss your head, and make believe eat the bushes.

Bessie. The leaves are all bitter. Pah!—Now I am running away.

Annie. Stop, stop! Whoa! Don't, Bessie! You must not! Dr. White's horse never runs; he stands waiting a long while. Doctor's horses always do.

Bessie. Come and catch me!

Annie (*sulkily*). I will not. I am getting my medicine.

Bessie. I want to be doctor myself. I shall not be horse all the time. I am tired. I am warm, too, out here in the sun.

Annie. Here comes Johnnie. How do you do, sir?

John (*riding a stick*). Come up, Dobbin! Can't stop, ma'am! He has run with me a mile. He tried to throw me over his head. So now I won't let him

stop, though he wants to rest himself. Get up! I'll teach you to run!

Bessie. What a nice horse! Where *did* you get him? O, is it Grandpa's cane?

John. I got it out of the entry. A furious beast, as ever I saw. Take care, or I shall run over you, little girl!

Bessie. I am not a little girl, John. I am a *curious* horse, John; I am. I have run away. Catch me, catch me!

John. I see the reins, now. Loose horse! Loose horse! I will chase him on horseback. I shall soon come up with him, on my swift beast. No! He *will* go sideways. (*Whipping.*) How he dances! How he rears! If I were not such a fine horse-man, — I —

Annie. Catch my horse! catch him!

John (*cantering after Bessie*). You go that way, Annie, and head him off. We are after you, full chase, you runaway! Ha, ha, ha! Fun!

Annie. Bessie has gone up on the platform, and she is hiding in the wood-shed. A curious horse, (yes, indeed!) to run up steps!

John. Psho! My horse can do it, — don't you see? — very easily. Tchick! O, he nearly tripped me up!

Grandpa (*at a distance*). Here, you little monkey! Hand over my cane. I could not imagine what had become of it. I have been hunting for it, high and low.

E. E. A.



Painted by E. H. Pöhl.

Engraved by H. W. Smith.

THE SISTERS.

Do you see? That is my sister Fanny, the very best sister any little girl could ever have. Do you think otherwise? You will not, when I have told you all. And that little girl, with a pale, thin face, and such a large, wondering pair of eyes, — that is I, — Maggie, or Margaret, or Daisy, or Owlet, or — No matter; everybody gives me a pet name, and you may call me what you will. How well I remember the day Mr. William made this picture. I am not such a silly, bashful little girl as I was then! I stood still as he bade me, but I kept fast hold of Fanny, you see, for I was almost afraid, and my face was covered with blushes. Fanny did not suppose he was going to draw her too! No! She was keeping me from running away, as I was wishing to do, and I clung to her, and leaned against her, till he put away his pencil, and called us to come and look. There she was, and so like! I jumped up and down, and laughed, and clapped my hands. I even sat on his knee at last, and when he asked me, I let him kiss my cheek, for I was no longer afraid of him.

"Will you go home with me, little Owlet?" said he. He has called me so always, but I was never offended, because he looked so kindly at me. "I want to color my sketch," said he to Fanny, "and to get the mixed expression of this marvellous pair of peepers."

Fanny said I might go, if I would. She could

not be coaxed to go with me. But after he had talked to me awhile, I had courage to take hold of two of his fingers, and go away with him to a grand white house with green blinds, where he lives. And I staid all day long, playing with beautiful toys, and seeing new things, and fell asleep in Mr. William's arms, at night, while he was telling me a story. So they put me in a bed, and when I waked up in the morning, I thought I was somebody else. A red-cheeked doll (the one I call Fanny, because I like her best of all my baby-house family) — what was I saying? O, Fanny was sitting on my pillow, and looking straight before her. I turned her face round, — so that her blue eyes looked at me, — and began to talk to her. A woman came in to dress me, and as I had never seen her before, I began to cry. I was very foolish, for it was only good Jenny, whom I love now very dearly. Mr. William heard me whimpering, and he came in, and tied my frock himself. I rode down to breakfast in his arms. I was very happy that day, only I thought poor Sister Fanny must be lonesome without Maggie. Mr. William said she was coming soon to see me. But she would not come; I wonder why.

And here I am now! It is a very long time since that day, when I came home with Mr. William. I sometimes go to the farm a few days. Then I am Maggie Moore again. But at home, they call me Margaret Stanley. This is *home* now, because I stay here nearly all the time. You see Papa Stanley and mamma cannot spare me very well. They had once a little girl like me, who went to heaven.

And they want me, to love them, and make them happy, in her place. I think sometimes, the little angel Mary is glad when I am good, and looks down sorrowfully from the sky when I am naughty. I think, when I am a *very* little older, I shall be able to be good all the time. Mr. William thinks I shall, and he is my best friend, next to my dear sister Fanny. And lest mamma should be grieved, I must say next to *her*. And poor papa! I love him as well as anybody, you know.

I always say "Mr. William," even now. He prefers I should call him brother, and has promised no longer to keep up "Little Owlet," if I will. But one day, when I was not thinking, and called him so, instead of his own loved name of Mr. William, he turned very red, and hugged me so tight that I did not like it. He says, one of these days I shall *have* to call him brother. I don't know what he means; do you? I mean to ask Fanny.

It makes me very sad, whenever I see little children who are poorly dressed, and poorly fed. I should be glad to give them all my dinner, and go without. Only mamma lets me have food for them, when I ask her. And, do you know? I have a poor-purse, and money in it of my own earning, — a great deal of money, for Mr. William paid me double for my last pair of wristers. By the way, I never saw so careless a man! I can never keep him supplied. He loses a pair always before I have a new pair done. I knit but slowly, not to drop stitches, and I am often tired, and have to run about and jump. But I get a pair knit at last, somehow.

I have rather suspected Jenny of helping me in the night. It is certain that I often find a longer piece than I remember to have left the night before. However, I am not very sure, ever, that I did not knit it all myself. Only I fancy the knitting is more even in some places than in others, and the needles always move more easily in the morning than usual, as if they had got into good habits after I left them.

When I get money enough, I buy a little warm petticoat, and mamma lets me make it myself. Indeed, I cut the last one. Mamma told me where to put my scissors, and how to follow the pattern pinned on. I often cry when we go to put my little warm petticoat on a little child, for it is winter now, and they live in poor, cold rooms, — *so* cold! Once Fanny and I lived in a dark, dirty street; we had only one dark, ugly room for a home. We had a mother then. I can hardly remember her. Only there was always some one lying in the bed, with a white face, and white, thin hands. I think I used to help Fanny carry a bowl from the fire; I suppose it was gruel, or broth. I carried back the empty bowl alone, when my mother had done with it. Once I remember lying in bed with my mother all day, because we had no fire at all. And then Fanny carried away the old silver watch, and I never saw it again. I was often pinched with cold, when the wind blew, for it was a very poor house, and we had never a good fire, like Papa Stanley's. I used to wish I had a whole loaf of bread of my own. I thought I could have eaten the whole of it. Poor Fanny had to sew all the time. When I went to

sleep at night, she was sewing ; when I waked, she was sewing still. I thought then she never slept.

One day, my mother did not open her eyes, and her face was very cold. Fanny was sobbing, sobbing, and her tears dropped down upon her work. I knew that my mother was dead. I was not sad, for I thought she was happy above the blue clouds, with our Heavenly Father, and would no more suffer cold or hunger. She was carried away, and then I wept, though I knew it was not my mother, really, that was laid in the cold earth. I wept, because I was never again to see that pale face, and never to feel her hands laid upon my head, while I said my prayer. And Fanny wept too, and kissed me a great many times.

One day, long after, a coarse, angry man came, and said we could not stay there any longer, because Fanny had no money for him. And he took all our things, even our bed. I did not know what would become of us. But Fanny said she would get *a place*. I do not think that would have done any good, when we had not any bed to put in it! But she did not get a place; she only went out to service, at a house where they would let her keep me with her. But we did not stay many days, for Farmer Ball took us away to the dear old farm. He said he could not bear to see our father's children without a home, and we should go and live with him, and be his children. And how delighted I was, riding among trees and green fields in his wagon. When I saw a calf, I called it a cunning little cow ; and I did not know what a haystack was. I

thought it was a wigwam, or some kind of house, like the pictures in some book or other I had seen. When the cocks crowed, I said they sung very loud, which made Fanny and the farmer laugh. And when we got out at the door, I could not be got in to see the farmer's wife, till I had both hands full of dandelion-blossoms. O, the farm-house and barn are so pleasant! Even now, I almost love best to be there, and to visit the lambs, and the kittens, and the puppies, and the pigs, and to go down into the meadow where I first saw dear Mr. William.

Fanny does not sew now till she is tired, nor look pale and sad. She is as merry as a canary, and sings all the time. You would not think it, but in the parlor in the old red farm-house there is a piano! And Fanny knows how to play, as well as to make butter, and cheese, and nice brown bread, and all such things. And she can draw too. Mr. William takes a great deal of pleasure in teaching her, I think, for when he is not at home, he is always down at the farm, I am pretty sure.

But I cannot talk any longer; I want to see the raising. A great many men have come, and are putting up the beams of a new house, close by Papa Stanley's. Mr. William declares it is his. But he is such a rogue, I do not believe a word of it.

WHEN in the field I meet a smiling flower,
It seems to whisper, "God created me,
And I to him devote my little hour,
In lonely sweetness and humility."

STEPHEN.

ON a lovely evening, when scarcely a breeze whispered through the branches of the trees, a group of men, wearing the dress of shepherds, were standing near a small cluster of cottages. One of them, a little apart from the rest, was thus accosted by a boy about eight years old:—

“My dear father, let me go into the fields with you to-night, I pray you.”

“You are too young to be out all night, Stephen,” said the father, stroking his son’s head.

“I will not trouble you, my father. I love to watch the stars coming out, and to feel the soft, cool night-breeze! Pray, let me go!”

Consent was at length given, and the boy, seizing his father’s hand, accompanied him and his neighbors to the fields, where they were to watch the flocks during the night. The men seated themselves on the grass, and fell into conversation together concerning Him that should come. Stephen ran hither and thither, playing with the lambs, joyful in the rare privilege of being in the fields at midnight.

Weary at last, he lay down by a favorite lamb, and was soon fast asleep with his head nestled in her soft fleece. How long his slumber lasted he did not know, but he was aroused by feeling his father put his arm around him, and silently draw him to his side. Starting up, he saw the shepherds standing together in a group, with faces of wonder and awe. Instead of the dim starlight in which he had

fallen asleep, the whole scene was bathed in a flood of light surpassing that of the noonday sun.

Suddenly a being stood before them of more than mortal majesty and beauty. As the men fell upon their knees, a voice of inexpressible sweetness said, "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord; and this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger." As the angel ceased, the air was filled with beings of the same likeness, singing and praising God. The words of their song were, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

Not long did the heavenly vision last. The song grew fainter and fainter, the forms of the angels grew dim and disappeared, the brightness faded away, and soon the country lay again calm and silent in the light of the eternal stars. Long did the shepherds stand gazing into heaven, and press each other's hands, in a solemn joy too deep for words.

Stephen, young as he was, well knew the meaning of the angel's tidings. Often had he heard of the longed-for Saviour; often had he listened in the synagogue to the prophecies whose fulfilment he was himself to see. And when, after a pause, the eldest of the shepherds said, "Let us now go to Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass," he eagerly accompanied them. Long, long did he remember the visit to that stable, the little infant lying

in the manger, the lovely face of his virgin mother, the passionate eagerness with which his own usually quiet father threw himself on his knees before the child, and the rapture which lighted up Mary's countenance when the glorious vision was repeated to her. Then the return home, when all was to be repeated again and again to the neighbors, while the children crowded round Stephen to hear the account from his lips. Such a night was never to be forgotten; its impress was left for ever on the character of the child.

Years passed away. Stephen grew to man's estate. His father had died, and he with his mother removed farther into the country, where they lived remote from any village. But he never forgot the Saviour whose birth he had heard announced at midnight. No stranger ever passed their cottage without being closely questioned; but as yet no tidings were to be obtained. "The world went on as it was wont"; Roman oppression continued, and the Deliverer did not appear. But an unshaken faith remained in Stephen's heart that the Redeemer was in the land, and would show himself in his own good time.

One Passover he collected a few lambs fit for sacrifice, and with them made a journey to Jerusalem. His bosom swelled as the glorious temple met his view, and the hope sprang to his heart that very soon the Christ himself would stand within its gates, while all should press to do him homage. With these thoughts in his mind, he disposed his little flock of lambs in a place convenient of access to those about to enter the temple; but he saw with surprise and

indignation, that many of the traders had placed themselves within the courts, and were trafficking in the very temple itself. He ventured to remonstrate with some of them, but was repulsed with contempt.

Stephen stood silently watching the crowds which were continually passing, when his attention was attracted to a small company of men, in whose midst walked one whose countenance instantly fixed his gaze. Such divine majesty, such beaming love, never before shone in human face. The stranger entered the temple gates. Pausing, he turned upon the profaners of those holy courts a look which Stephen would not have encountered for worlds. It was felt by all; sudden silence fell upon the noisy crowd, — a silence of awe and reverence. Raising his hand with a commanding gesture, the stranger said, in a voice that thrilled through the hearts of all who heard, "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise." And he drove them forth, both the sheep and the oxen.

But one thought filled Stephen's breast, to the exclusion of all others: the Deliverer, the Saviour, the Messiah, had come! Who but a divine messenger could have looked thus? What act more appropriate than this with which to commence his career? Eagerly he inquired concerning him, but could learn little more than that his name was Jesus, and his home Nazareth. Stephen watched for him during the whole feast, but only caught occasional glimpses of his form, and was obliged to return home with his hopes unrealized. In the course of the following

year flying rumors frequently reached the humble cottage of the wondrous deeds Jesus was everywhere performing, — of the sick whom he had healed, the blind men he had restored to sight, the dead he had raised; and once they were visited by one of the five thousand he had fed.

Ere the next Passover arrived, Stephen's mother died; and he, disposing of his little property, resolved to seek out this prophet, and become his constant follower. He bent his steps towards Jerusalem, hoping that, as the great feast was nigh at hand, he should find Jesus there. As he drew near the gate of the city, he saw a dense crowd approaching in another direction, seeming profoundly agitated. Some were waving palm-branches above their heads; others were spreading their garments in the way, while the air was rent by shouts of triumph or rejoicing. Scarcely daring to confess his hopes, even to himself, Stephen pressed forward; and there, in the centre of the crowd, rode the One whose countenance was indelibly impressed upon his memory. A gush of overwhelming joy and gratitude rushed through Stephen's heart. In an instant his voice was raised with those of the multitude; his garments were thrown in the way, as the crowd moved on toward Jerusalem.

But the brow of the Holy One was sad. He partook not of the general rejoicing, he was unmoved by the shouts and acclamations of the people, and as Stephen gazed upon him, his own voice involuntarily died away, and his throbbing heart beat more slowly. They approach the city; but suddenly the

Saviour stays his course; he gazes long and sadly upon the glittering roofs below him, and the temple shining splendidly in the light of the morning sun, till his eyes overflow with tears, and in a broken voice he pours forth that pathetic lamentation, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." As Stephen listened, a cold and heavy weight fell upon his heart; he knew not what he feared, but he felt that all was not well with the nation.

During the three following days, Stephen followed Jesus wherever he went. He heard the parables which he uttered, and the fearful sentence pronounced upon the Scribes and Pharisees. Every word he heard, every action he saw, confirmed him in the belief that this was the promised Messiah; but he felt sure that he was not to hold that office in the way which the people expected. Anxiously he observed the gloomy cloud which rested on the faces of the chief priests and Pharisees, for his heart told him that they designed no good.

Eating the Passover with his friends on Thursday evening, their talk was all of Jesus. The next morning he found the whole city alive with rumors; he could find no one who knew what the real truth was. Joining a crowd of people who were hastening out of one of the city gates, he took the road which led to Calvary, — when suddenly his eye fell upon a spectacle which sent the blood back to his heart like a torrent of ice.

Recovering himself, he fled from the spot, nor

stopped until he found refuge in a thick grove of palms. Here he threw himself upon his face, and gave free vent to his agony. How long he lay he knew not, but when he raised his head, a heavy and unearthly darkness brooded over the land. It was not like the night, but fearful, shuddering, unutterably gloomy. His thoughts flew back for thirty years, to the midnight which had been turned into day, to usher in a life whose extinction was now turning noonday into darkness. A fearful earthquake followed; the trees rocked and heaved, and Nature seemed in her dying agony. But it passed away; the sun again shone, and all seemed as before; but in the interval "Earth's one stainless soul had fled."

Sad and gloomy was the day which followed. Stephen sought for the disciples; but, crushed to the earth by their loss, they had retreated from observation. But ere many days had passed, strange reports were abroad; men whispered together what they dared not speak aloud. Soon rumor became certainty, — the broken hearts revived, — the Resurrection had put its glorious seal to the truth of that mission whose dawning was heralded upon the plains of Bethlehem by the heavenly choirs.

Time passed on. The new faith, the Gospel of the kingdom, stayed not hidden in by-places and corners of the land, but was preached boldly and joyfully by men indued with power from on high, while thousands heard and believed. Stephen was no longer the obscure and meditative shepherd, but filled a responsible office in the growing Church. "Full of

faith and the Holy Spirit," he wrought many wonders among the people, and by his words turned many to the truth.

Again the Passover was at hand; the multitudes flocked as ever to the holy city; but all came not to worship. Evil passions filled many hearts; hatred to the new doctrine and its professors was in many minds. They chose their wisest men to dispute with Stephen, hoping to vanquish him by argument; but the spirit which was within him put their earthly reasonings to shame. Then their passions could no longer be restrained, and dragging him before the Sanhedrim, false witnesses arose to condemn him. But he who had said, "It shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak," did not desert his servant; filled with a holy composure and dignity, his countenance became to the beholders like the face of an angel.

But what can touch hearts which prejudice and pride have steeled? His death had been decreed beforehand. Refusing to wait even for the conclusion of his defence, they hurried him forth to martyrdom. When lo! as he gazes steadfastly toward heaven, the veil is once more rolled back to his mortal vision, as it had been in his childhood; once more are disclosed to his eye the secrets of the spiritual world. But he sees not, as before, the angelic host, singing glory to God and peace on earth;—his spirit soars still higher;—he beholds the glory of the Father; he sees the Son of Man, his Saviour, standing at the right hand of God!—He calls on him that he will welcome his servant, and receive the soul of

the first martyr to his cause. What then to him is the cruelty of his enemies? His Master, his Lord, is at hand! The mansion is prepared in the Father's house, and the Saviour has come again, according to his promise, to receive him unto himself.

The glorious vision makes the disciple unconscious of bodily pain, until, as nature sinks exhausted, he remembers his persecutors in the very spirit of his Saviour's dying prayer;—crying aloud, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!" And when he had said this, he fell asleep.

M. M.

A TRUE STORY.

'T WAS bitter cold: December's snow
Fell thick upon the ground,
While through the leafless trees the wind
Moaned with a chilling sound.

A lady, wrapped in costly furs,
And cloak both thick and warm,
Walked briskly through the whitening streets:
She heeded not the storm.

She entered soon a lonely house;
Cheerless it was, and old,
With shattered windows, stuffed with rags
To keep out snow and cold.

She raised the latch, and stepped within
A bare and wretched room;
No fire, nor even a stove, was there,
Nor aught but want and gloom. ?

A woman, shivering and pale,
Rose from a broken chair ;
Her wondering eye the question asked
What brought the lady there.

A little girl of three years old
Was seated on the floor,
Pressing her little naked feet
To the crack of a neighbor's door.

The lady gazed with tearful eyes
Upon them both, and said,
" I 've come to help you in your need ;
I 've brought you meat and bread.

" Some clothes and fuel soon I 'll send, —
I see you need them too.
Cheer up, poor woman ! I will find
Some work for you to do.

" But tell me why your little child
Sits thus upon the floor,
Pressing those purple little feet
Against a broken door ? "

" O ma'am," the mother said, and sighed,
" They have a fire in there,
And when she puts her feet up so,
They feel a warmer air !

" A stranger here, I have no friends
To share with me their store."

" The people living in the house ? "
" *Would* help me, but they 're poor."

O little children who have food,
Warm homes, and parents kind,
Thank Him who sends such gifts to you,
And keep the poor in mind !

TWO DREAMS.

I.—THE SCHOLAR'S DREAM.

ARTHUR WINSLOW was a bright and pleasant boy about nine years old. He did not love study very well; he loved a good story, however, quite as much as any other little boy. He could learn his lessons well, and remember them too, when he tried; but very often he was at the foot of his class, and boys duller than he at the head, only because he would not give his attention long enough at a time to fix the lesson in his memory. One day, after a failure in recitation, and many uncomfortable feelings caused by a sense of neglected duty, and a reproof from his teacher, he carried home his grammar to prepare the next day's lesson in the evening. All the family went to a concert that evening, so the house was still. He drew a small sofa near the table, and curled himself up in a corner of it, and studied really in earnest, till he had more than half learned the lesson, when he happened to discover on the table near him a new book. "Oh!" thought he to himself, "I wonder if Brother Alfred brought that home. Yes, he must have done so, for there is *Mercantile Library* on the cover, and here it is again inside! I'll look at it a minute,"—and the half-shut grammar slipped down upon the sofa. The new book was far more interesting than the grammar, and, though conscience whispered, "Duty first, Arthur, pleasure afterwards," he did not heed, so absorbed he soon

became in the bewitching pages. Where Arthur had opened, the story was about the Indians ; it kept in view all that is free and joyous in Indian life, but made no mention of the dark, and horrible, and cruel. And so the time sped on till the loud striking of the clock on the church opposite told eight, the hour at which Arthur was to retire for the night. He started ; he thought there must be some mistake. He looked at the little mantel clock, — eight o'clock it really was. " I'll just finish the page," said Arthur to himself, " and then I'll go over that old, ugly grammar lesson once more, and then I'll go to bed." He resumed the grammar presently, but somehow he could not fix his attention ; — it had been easy enough to attend to the story, but this was quite another thing. Besides, he felt sleepy now ; — strange he did not feel so before ! After a fruitless effort to repeat one or two sentences, he began again ; but the nouns and the verbs were strangely mixed up with wigwams, and bows and arrows, and all sorts of strange fancies glided through his mind. Though he thought he was studying, before he knew it he was really dreaming. And it seemed to him that he and his father were walking together near the State-House, and that they went in to see what was going on in the Legislature. There were a great many men all seated in the large hall, and he asked his father what they were doing there. His father told him that these were the men that were chosen at the town meetings to go and make laws for the State, and that now they were going to make a law that children need not go to school unless they

were so inclined. "O, what a good law!" exclaimed Arthur. "I hope they will pass it." Just then one of the gentlemen arose to make a speech. Arthur was so interested in this new law, that he listened very attentively. The gentleman said he thought that schools were very hard places for children. If a boy was just in the midst of a good story, or was having a fine frolic with other boys, and the school-bell rung, off he must run, as if for dear life. Then in school he could not play at all, — it was all study and recite, study and recite, all day, and every day, only once in a while there came a vacation. Then he did not see as all these studies were of much use; some of them might be, but he thought boys were meant for fun, and fun was meant for the boys. He knew boys were a great deal happier coasting than they were studying, and therefore they ought to coast as long as snow lasted. If there was any boy that really liked to go to school, and pore over those dull old books and slates, and do just as the teacher wanted him to, why he might do it; or any girl might either, if she chose; but he believed in letting children have their liberty. By and by, he said, they would be old, and then they *could not* play. So he should vote for a law to let the children stay away from school whenever they liked, and have a good time. Arthur thought this gentleman had made a sensible speech, so he clapped his hands, and gave three cheers. After a few more speeches the gentlemen voted, and the Juvenile Liberty Bill was passed. Then it seemed to him that the new law was printed in a circular, and sent

round to all the families, and the children all jumped and shouted for joy, and then ran to the school-houses to take home their books. Then a week seemed to have passed, and he and another boy chanced to look into the school-house; there they saw about ten scholars. They were looking very sorry, for the teacher told them that he could not afford to keep school for ten scholars, and so he should give up teaching that day, although he was aware that those few scholars would have been very thankful for the opportunity to come and study hard every day. Soon all the school-houses were altered into dwelling-houses, and all the children had nothing to do but play all day and every day. He dreamed that they went into the woods, about twenty of them, and built themselves some little wigwams out of branches of trees, and made bows and arrows, and birch-bark canoes. They sailed on the brooks and ponds, and they gathered berries in the woods, and were as merry and happy as the birds all the time. He thought that the men who made such beautiful laws for the children were the kindest and wisest men that ever lived. But while he was dreaming, he thought one of the boys in their wigwam in the woods had grown to be very much like an Indian, and he had a rough, grum voice, and said, "Come, come, Arthur, I cannot have you in my wigwam"; and just as he was looking to see if the boy had a tomahawk in his belt, he woke up, and found his father and all the family come home from the concert. His father was saying, "Come, come, Arthur, wake up; I cannot have you lying on the

sofa at ten o'clock at night"; and so Arthur rose, and walked off up stairs, thinking what a pity it was that his dream could not come true.

II. — THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

MISS MANDEVILLE was Arthur Winslow's teacher. She was very kind and patient, loving her scholars dearly, and desiring to do them good; but sometimes her patience was nearly exhausted, and her strength entirely so, with the hard work of teaching children who did not care at all for learning, and who would much rather have played all the time, if they could have been permitted to do so.

The day after Arthur's remarkable dream, he told it to Miss Mandeville in the recess; she smiled, and said she had no doubt some of her scholars would like to see it fulfilled. That day was a pretty hard and weary one in school, and when night came, and the teacher's head rested on the pillow, it was *only* the head that rested, and not the busy, busy thoughts; they still kept right on doing, over and over again, the business of the day. And at last she dreamed that Arthur's dream had really come true; the Legislature had passed a law that there need be no more schools. At first the teacher gave a sigh of relief, as she said to herself, "No more standing before a heedless class, explaining things forgotten as soon as explained; no more teasing; no more failures in re-

citation ; no more spilt ink ; no more wishing for vacation, since it will be *all* vacation." But directly after these thoughts came another train : " No more learning, for the little boys and girls, — they will all grow up ignorant ; no more beautiful bouquets on the desk in the morning, to look bright and fresh all day ; no more pleasant letters in the post-office from grateful pupils, far away." Then she seemed to see all the children frolicking in the woods at a merry picnic, and she said to herself, " All this play is very beautiful now, but how will it be in the many long years hereafter, as they pass by." And then in the dream she seemed to go to sleep, and sleep like Rip Van Winkle, one unbroken nap of a hundred years. She seemed to wake up on a bright, beautiful Sunday morning ; and at the proper time she set out to find her way to church. And she walked on, and on, a long way, but she could not find any church, and everything looked very strange. After a long and vain search for a church, she saw an old man tottering along feebly with a cane ; she walked along and overtook him, and asked him if he could tell her where she could find a meeting-house. The old man looked at her with astonishment, and seemed to think she was crazy to ask such a question ; and he replied : —

" Don't you know we don't have such things now-a-days ? A hundred years ago they gave up day-schools, and pretty soon after the colleges were all closed, because there were no boys fitted to be educated there ; and how do you think we could have preaching where there are no ministers ? "

"But," asked the teacher, "don't your people get together, and read in the Bible and good books?"

"Where is the use of having books, now? Nobody knows how to write books, or read them. The Dark Ages have come back."

"But what do you do for doctors? How do people get learning to cure diseases and prevent them, and set fractured limbs, and so on?"

"O, we have to take care of each other the best way we can," was the old man's reply.

"But how do your people get knowledge of other countries?" asked the teacher; "and how do they know how to carry on their trade in ships?"

"O, we've given up trade," said the old man. "You see, when the boys grew up, they did not know how to keep accounts, and they knew nothing of the geography of other countries, and they did not understand navigation, or trigonometry, or surveying, or anything else. So they all stay at home now, and we have nothing done in the way of commerce. In fact, the people know nothing of the country they live in, except the little they can see as they go from place to place; and that will not last long. They have had to give up railroads and steamboats long ago, and as for telegraphs, there is no use for them; as the people grew up without learning, there can be no newspapers, nor even letters, and so there is no need of telegraphs, or mails."

The teacher gave a long sigh, and dreamed that the old man with his cane tottered along out of sight, and that she lay down on a mossy bank under a great oak-tree, and went to sleep again. She slept

one hundred years more. What caused her to wake up at last was a terrible noise, shriller and fiercer than any steam-whistle. She sat upright on her mossy bank, and looked about to see what new changes had taken place. Presently she heard again the same noise that had so startled her out of her long sleep. Was it a war-whoop?

The people who raised the war-whoop were not Indians, but white men; and as she looked round to discover some one who could tell her what all this meant, she found *the same old man* she had talked with when she woke up a hundred years before! He was still tottering along with his cane. She beckoned him to come and sit down on the mossy bank beside her; but he shook his head, and so the teacher rose and walked along with him.

"I want to ask," said she, "what is the cause of these great changes that I see, everywhere? I don't see any men and women that look as they used to do, and there are no houses built as they used to be. The country seems like a savage one."

"Well," said the old man with a sigh, "the country is fast becoming a savage one. People can't live as they used to, for want of the learning. They cannot build houses, for they don't understand architecture; so they live in wigwams. They have no books and schools and churches, to make them refined and gentle; and so they have grown savage, and they fight and kill one another. They are just now going to have a battle, and the noise you heard was a war-whoop."

"But how came you here after so many years?" asked the teacher. "How could you live so long?"

"I live," said the old man, "because I cannot die. I am suffering a punishment, which is, to walk the earth, and see these dreadful changes as they come, worse and worse every year."

"But what have you done to deserve so severe a penance?" asked the teacher.

"I," answered the old man solemnly, "am the man who first proposed there should be no more schools. All this misery is in consequence of it, and I am doomed to walk the earth and see the result of my foolish and wicked law. I call it a *wicked* law, for it threw away Heaven's best gifts."

The old man passed on, leaning heavily on his cane. Miss Mandeville woke up, and found it was all a dream.

Miss Mandeville herself is but a dream, and Arthur, and the whole story; for I have been dreaming broad awake, to show my little friends how sad a thing it would be to have no education.

H. W.

TO GRACE,

ON HER FOURTH BIRTHDAY.

SAY, what story shall be told
To Grace, now she is four years old?
When she saw her first birthday,
She could frolic, laugh, and play,
But alone could scarcely walk,
And had just begun to talk.
"Pat-a-cake," and "Little Boy Blue,"
Merry "High-diddle-diddle," too,

And "By-low Baby Bunting," were
Pretty stories then for her.

When little Grace was one year older,
Such as these no more were told her ;
For all about the rats and mice,
And how they ate up in a trice
The bread and cheese upon the shelf,
She could tell it all herself.
The doleful tale of "Jack and Jill,"
And "The old Woman under the Hill,"
And many others, small and big,
With "Betty Pringle," and her pig, —
All these stories she had told,
When she was but two years old.

When of years she counted three,
What might then her stories be ?
Father then must cease to read,
Put his book away with speed,
And his last story tell once more,
(Grace can hear it o'er and o'er,)
How the little playful child
Wandered to the woods so wild,
Filled his lap with pretty flowers,
And played away the sunny hours,
Till at last the sun had set,
And the grass with dew was wet ;
How the lane and field he crossed,
And knew, at length, that he was lost.
And then his tears, how fast they fell !
But the Dog, that loved him well,
Came and found the little boy,
Barked and frisked around with joy,
And led him, without hurt or fear,
To his anxious mother dear.

But what story shall be told
To Grace, now she is four years old ?

O, little needs her happy heart
Aid from story-teller's art!
Life is dressed in colors gay,
It is Fancy's holiday;
And the light that round her lies
Comes from far-off fairy skies.
Every insect, leaf, and stone
Hath a story of its own;—
The little brooks that run along
Sing to her a merry song;—
That pretty bird that hurries by
Takes her with him through the sky;—
And every blossom, bud, and bell
Has a wondrous tale to tell.
Stories funny, sad, or gay,
Whether she 's at rest or play,
Stories all the time are told
To Grace, now she is four years old.

S. S. F.

BERENGER.

No. III.

BERENGER and Adèle were on the best terms for some time after his short illness. Berenger's heart was touched by her affection, and the unusual softness of his manner kept her in a loving mood. When she felt annoyed, as she sometimes did when he did not intend to vex her, because he handled her dolls without respect, and laughed at their ingeniously-contrived costumes, she remembered Seppa and her resolutions, and preserved her good-humor as well as she could. Ethelind gave her a little

pat of encouragement at the right moment, which changed the forced smile to a real bright one, sometimes, and made her feel more truly happy and forgiving.

In consequence of his quarrel with Jacquot, and his disgust with such company, whom he had found to be low in their standard of morals, and not merely uneducated and unrefined, Berenger was more with Henri and Leo, and his younger brother, Aribert, than had been his wont. He improved by their unconscious influence. They were true gentlemen, already, in habitual manners, especially Henri, who was much the elder. It was not merely to strangers that each of them was ready to sacrifice his personal convenience, and offer little attentions and kindnesses; they were attentive, without formality, to the wants and wishes of all around them. Unconsciously, Berenger caught the spirit of good-will, and the desire to help and please others. He could not at once acquire the ease and grace of habitual politeness, and his attempts to oblige were sometimes ludicrously unfortunate. He pulled Ethelind out of a carriage, instead of gently supporting her in her descent; he overturned her work-table, in hastily pushing it within her reach; he singed her hair, in approaching the candle to some object she was examining; he spoiled a letter just finished by creating a surge in the inkstand in his hurry to relieve her of a desk she was carrying. But, strange to say, his awkwardness never awakened the spirit of satire in Ethelind. She gave him her sweetest smiles, as if he had really done her a favor by intending one,

and the boy felt in his heart that her approval was a pleasant thing to win.

The father looked with hope and pleasure at the handsome, spirited face of his boy, when the fire of his bold black eyes became softened by these happy domestic intimacies; his ear took in with all a father's delight the tones of his voice, no longer purposely roughened, under a false idea of manliness and independence, but in harmony with the prevailing tone in the household. "O, would this but last!" said the father. "O, might we avoid anything that could wake his wild temper, till habit has made love and quiet necessary to him!"

But there was something in Berenger's mind which was not to be understood as yet, even by himself. A severer lesson than that which he had received was needed before he could tame his own will. He fancied he had a natural right to be fully convinced of the expediency of everything he was told to do, before obeying the command. Therefore, when his father's requirements crossed his boyish ideas or preferences, he challenged debate, and called for reasons, often in no very respectful terms. The father was firm, but never assumed a stern and authoritative tone. He was unwilling that the obedience of his children should be compulsory, if he could by any degree of patience train them to the cheerful and free submission of the will to the direction of an acknowledged superior experience and wisdom in their father, who was also their tutor.

One night when Berenger had been peculiarly headstrong and wilful, Adèle heard her father say

that he would go on with the story of the Unseen Benefactor, if his audience should assemble early enough. A hint to each brought them from their several favorite occupations before the waning light had made it necessary to quit them. Berenger brought with him a pumpkin lantern he was hollowing out, with the intention of cutting a horrible face in it, to scare Jacquot, who passed Ursula's untenanted hen-roost every night on his way home from the mill. He sat in his favorite position on the terrace wall, and worked away industriously while the story went on as follows :—

“ Eugene felt a desire to travel, when the last day of school had passed, and his schoolfellows, more happy than he in having homes and friends, had dispersed. Two large travelling-boxes, containing everything he could possibly require, were brought one morning, by porters, and left at the door of his sleeping-room before he waked, so that he nearly stumbled over them as he came forth at the summons to breakfast. His curiosity was more eager than his appetite, as you may suppose, and he did not leave his room till he had examined everything, except a small casket, which he could not find means to open. There was not even a keyhole. ‘ Keep this carefully, and carry it with you wherever you go,’ said a paper wrapped about it.

“ He resolved to go to Marseilles, which he had heard his father say was his birthplace. But before he had gone half-way, a stranger got into the diligence in the darkness of a rainy night, and, in those silver tones which always thrilled him with mingled

awe and joy, forbade him to continue his journey beyond the next post-town. 'Go to England, or to Egypt, if you will, — anywhere, out of France. Or, if you desire it, you may take up your residence in Paris. I will furnish you with money for your own expenses, and those of a travelling companion. No harm can befall you, I trust, except in Marseilles, or its vicinity. There, I cannot defend you; I ask you to obey, because I can see what you cannot.'

"Eugene felt his soul rebel against the restraint which was put upon his inclination.

"'Give me reasons. Tell me why I am prohibited from visiting the place where I was born, the only place to which I feel that I have any tie.'

"'Is it not enough that I love you, and have proved myself your friend?'

"'I am grateful for your love. But for your benefits, take them back, if they bind me. Leave me only my hands and head, and the liberty of taking my own way.'

"'Ungrateful boy! How can I take back what I have given you? You owe me education, and support from the cradle; everything but bare life. It was for your sake I pensioned your helpless father. There is but one being dearer to me than you. But I have not wished to lay chains upon you. Since you cannot freely and cheerfully obey one wiser than yourself, who has no wish to govern you but for your own sake, try your own wilful way. I leave you free.'

"Eugene's heart reproached him, but he was young and headstrong. He forgot, in his desire

for independence, that he should be quite as independent in resolving to follow advice, as in spurning it. He was simply obstinate and wrong-headed, not manly, in going to Marseilles, in the face of the warning he had received.

"In a gallery of pictures one day, he found himself the object of sinister scrutiny, and was addressed by some name not his own, with threatening gestures. He drew out his card, which he haughtily presented to the person who had spoken to him, and passed on. As he drew near a group of ladies, one of the party made a gesture of recognition, and took a step to meet him. He bowed, of course, but with a look which showed his conviction that the lady was mistaken. 'Mr. St. Aubin?' said she, in a low voice. He bowed again, more astonished than before. He looked behind him, and saw the person who had misnamed and almost insulted him still regarding him from a distance with a doubtful and dark look, while pointing him out to another not very friendly looking personage, wearing a military garb. The young lady drew Eugene's attention to the picture before which they chanced to stand, and bade him keep his eyes fixed upon it. 'You are in danger. Your enemies are perplexed by my acknowledging you as an acquaintance. But they will have the police at the door. They are watching you narrowly.' 'I have no enemies; no man has aught against me,' said the youth, pointing with his cane to the right corner of the picture. 'Innocence will not avail you,' said his fair interlocutor, touching the canvas with her fan, and stepping close to Eugene as if to

see from his point of view. 'When I give you the signal, slip behind yonder pillar,' said she, and Eugene observed that she grew pale and trembled. Directly, there was an alarm of fire, with a strong smell of smoke. In the hubbub that ensued, and the struggling rush towards the large doors, the young man made his escape through an open panel behind the pillar. He was in perfect darkness, but the well-known voice, and the grasp of a warm, firm hand, reassured him. Down, down, down, over innumerable stone stairs, and through long winding passages, they felt their way; they came out at last upon the quay, and St. Aubin was hurried at once on board an English vessel. Here his guide took leave of him, with a silent embrace.

"'Here we part. You are free, Eugene,' it said to the boy's heart, more expressively than words.

"'O forgive me, ere you leave me,' cried Eugene, detaining his benefactor, and endeavoring to draw him to the binnacle lamp. 'Let me at least once see your face, if I have broken the relation between us by my obstinacy.' There was no answer but a faint sigh, or sob, and another passionate embrace. 'The young girl, is she safe?' Without reply, the unknown hastily threw off the clinging arms of Eugene, and departed with rapid steps."

"And did he never come back to Eugene?" cried Adèle, almost crying; and all began to exclaim and ask questions but Berenger, who sat upon the wall perfectly motionless, with his back to them all.

WILLOW FARM STORIES.

No. III.

"RICHARD," I heard Jane say in the early twilight of the next night, "when I grow up, I am going to take care of all the poor folks in the world. I am going to build a great house, and ask them all to come and live in it, and give them plenty to eat and drink, and nice warm clothes to wear!"

"Why don't you do it now?" asked Richard, with derision.

"I wish I could," replied Jane in a despondent tone, "but little girls can't do anything. I do wish I was a grown-up lady!"

"Well, I suppose you will be, by and by," said Richard; "but in the mean time see Cousin Julia and Moll in the big arm-chair over there. Come, we'll have a race!"

And catching Willie by the hand, the children rushed wildly across the room, and settled themselves at my feet, with an earnest request for "stories." After a few moments' thought I began:—

"In the course of our long visit at Willow Farm, my aunt sent up into the country for a young girl to take care of the baby. Edith and I awaited her arrival with great impatience, for the nursery-maid who had just left had played with us a good deal, and we hoped Josephine Almira Hammond would prove as good-natured as Bessie was. But when we went into the kitchen, the next morning after her arrival, we found a tall, dismal, sickly-looking girl, not

at all like the plump, rosy-cheeked Bessie. Poor Josephine Almira! She had scarcely strength to carry the baby from place to place, and, instead of taking the little one off on long strolls through the fields with Edith and me, as Bessie used to do, she would sit in the swing, holding her in her arms, and feebly rocking to and fro. She was very poor too, and her clothes were coarse, and sometimes ragged. Aunt S—— very soon found she would not answer her purpose at all, and told her so, as kindly as she could. It was a severe disappointment to Josephine Almira, and she shed many tears when she found she must go back to her poor, hard-working parents again. We all felt very sadly about it. Aunt S—— and mother cut out and made a warm suit of clothes for her, and every one tried to make her feel more comfortable and happy.

“When we left home, mamma had given Edith and me each a quarter of a dollar for ‘spending money.’ We had saved them very carefully for several weeks, and now, there being a grand menagerie in the village, we resolved to devote our money to obtaining a sight of the zebra, tiger, and elephant, whose pictures adorned the outside of the huge tent. We had not yet spoken of our plan to mamma; but finding that Tracy and Edward were going to the exhibition with their father on the next day, we thought we would ask her leave to accompany them.

“When we went to her room we found her very busy trimming a neat straw bonnet for Josephine Almira, and we became so interested in her account of the poverty and unhappiness of the young girl, that we forgot lions and tigers altogether for the time.

“‘O, I do wish *I* could do something for her!’ said Edith, with her bright eyes full of tears.

“‘Go and tell her so, dear,’ said mamma, ‘and you too, little Julie; she will be pleased with your sympathy, at any rate. A kind word is worth more to a sad heart than a purse of gold.’

“But Edith turned to me with a sudden flush on her cheek, and twitched my dress as a sign she had something to confide to me. As soon as we were under the friendly old willows in the yard, almost breathless with our race, Edith cried out: ‘O Julie! I am so glad I have not spent my quarter of a dollar! I’m going to give it to Josephine Almira!’

“‘O, but Edith!’ I exclaimed, rather appalled at the idea, ‘then we cannot see the lion, and that striped zebra; and, O dear! how disappointed Tracy and Edward will be!’

“‘Yes, I know it,’ continued Edith, speaking more slowly; ‘but she has not even clothes enough to wear, and she is sick, and her mother is old.’

“‘Yes,’ answered I, still dreaming of the unknown delights of the menagerie; ‘but you know you read all that about the elephant, how sagacious he is. O Edith! I do want to see him so much!’

“‘So do I, Julie,’ said Edith, sighing a little; ‘I have always wished I could see an elephant, but now I don’t believe we should enjoy it; we should keep thinking about Josephine Almira and her poor mother all the time. And don’t you remember what mamma told us the other night, when we asked her if it was not good in us to give our old hoops to the little Burtons, when Aunt S—— gave us new ones?’

“‘She said there was no generosity in giving away what we did not want ourselves.’

“‘Yes,’ replied Edith, very earnestly, ‘and I remember, while we were talking, you said that little children had not much to give away, and you thought they could not be of much use in the world. And mother said that many grown persons, too, feel as if they could not do *much* good, but that, in truth, to every one, little and great, some opportunities for doing good offered themselves. We should be careful not to neglect them, she said. Now, Julie, don’t you think this is an *opportunity*?’

“I never could resist Edith’s eloquence; and so, after a little more talk, I felt as ready to give up our first plan as she did. We ran to find Josephine, and to slide our little offering into her hand, in our bashful, childish way. The tears that stood in her eyes as she took it touched us very much. Tracy and Edward were loud in their lamentations when we announced our decision of not going to the menagerie after all, and felt more sorry to go without us than we were to stay behind. Edith and I were as happy as birds; and in the midst of our romps and wild frolics that afternoon, we often exchanged bright smiles and meaning glances.

“The next day, after dinner, as we were playing under the trees in front of the house with our cousins, mother came to the door and called: ‘Little girls, come! I want you to wash your hands, and change your frocks. Uncle S—— is going to carry you all to see the menagerie.’ What a shout of glee went up from four little throats, as we

threw away our hoops and sticks, and danced up and down on the grass in our delight!

"We had told mamma all about our little gift to Josephine Almira. We always told her everything that had excited or interested us during the day, when she came to our bedside at night. And mamma had kissed us, and said we had done right, and that she knew we were happier than if we had saved our money for our selfish gratification. Before we told her anything about it, however, she had made arrangements with Uncle S—— that we might go to the show. She did not tell us so till the time came, for she wanted us to feel all the pleasure of self-sacrifice.

"I do not believe that there was any little girl or boy in all that mammoth tent who enjoyed the awful sight of the tigers and bears, the clumsy graces of the good-natured elephant, and the antics and grimaces of the ugly, comical monkeys, more intensely than did Edith and I. We felt *so* light-hearted and happy all the time! We offered little cakes to the elephant, who received them amiably with his trunk, and —

"Hark, there comes your father! I hear him rubbing his boots on the mat. That's right, Richard, draw up his easy-chair to the grate. Janie will bring his dressing-gown, and Willie his slippers. You want to do something, little Moll? Well, run and climb up into his arms, and give him a good hug and a kiss, and say, 'Welcome home, this cold, stormy night!'"

JULIA.

READING LESSON.

Mother (at a window). How can you run in the sun this hot day! Come and cool yourselves. Take off your cape-bonnets. What red faces!

Annie. There! Now I am as cool as I want to be.

Bessie. Cool enough, I am. Now for another race.

Annie. May we, mother? I do not want to go in yet.

Mother. You know the plank slope at the door of the chaise-house?

Annie. Yes, mother.

Bessie. Yes.

Mother. It is cool and shady there, is it not?

Bessie. Yes.

Annie. Why?

Mother. And clean?

Both. Very clean.

Mother. Go there, and wait till I come to you.

Both. Yes, mother. What for, I wonder!

(They go, running.)

Annie. I wish these doors were open.

Bessie. So you could swing?

Annie. But look here, Bessie! What is this? For us, I wonder? A bowl and two pipes, — is mamma going to teach us to smoke?

Bessie. Ho, ho, ho! What a funny girl you are! What is in the bowl? Let me taste. Would you?

Annie. No.

Mother (*laughing*). It is nothing nice to taste. You would not have liked it much, Bessie.

Annie. O, mother is come. What are you doing with the pipe, mother? Oh! Oh! Beautiful!

Bessie. O, give me one! Where is it? It is gone. I cannot see it.

Annie. It burst. It was only a great bubble. O, what a great one she is making now! How do you do it, — eh, mother? May I try?

Bessie. She cannot speak, — she is blowing. See, my face is on it!

Annie. And such pretty colors! Blue, red, and green!

Bessie. And the barn, — and the sky! Let me look. O, my face is wet!

Annie. Ah, the bubble is burst! I wanted it bigger. Would it not have been a great one!

Mother. If Bessie had not put her little nose into it. We'll try another.

Bessie. See, there is a little bubble at the bottom of the big one, going round and round!

Annie. How nicely mother took it off with her finger, without making the great one burst!

Mother. See me toss one into the air.

Annie. How prettily it floats! Ah! It touched.

Bessie. It is gone.

Mother. Here is a pipe for each of you. I will let you try.

Bessie. I wish I could keep one of these pretty bubbles. See, I did make a very little one. I shall blow a great many small ones.

Annie. And I a great one, twice as large as mamma's head.

Bessie. What a long, crooked bubble! Gone?

Mother. How she winked when it spattered in her face. A little soap in your eye? Does it smart? It will do no injury. You should not blow so very hard, — slow and steady, now! That is the way to get on in this world. 'Most haste —'

Annie. 'Worst speed.' I burst it again. O dear!

Mother. Patience! I am going into the house now. Be careful, Bessie; pipes are easily broken.

Bessie. I will not let mine fall, nor tumble down myself with it.

Annie. Nor I mine. O, I did! — but it went on some soft grass.

Bessie. Mother is gone. See me turn my pipe like a man smoking. Do look! The bubbles are piled on the top! See my smoke! Och! a little ran down my throat! (*Sputtering and half crying.*) Och!

Annie. Never mind. It is only soap and water. It will not poison anybody.

Bessie. Won't it? I should think it would, by the taste. Now look!

Annie. You must not joggle my arm. I cannot look when I am blowing a bubble myself, don't you know?

Bessie. But I have nobody to see my bubble, then. I blow great ones, now. See if I don't!

Annie. There, you spoiled mine. Go away.

Bessie. No.

Annie (crossly). You are too close to me.

Bessie. I don't care, — you should look. O, I wish you would not carry off the bowl!

Annie. I want it. Presently, you shall have it all yourself.

Bessie. No, give it to me now. Yes, yes! I want to blow. There, you spilt some, pulling so!

Annie. No matter. That is nothing.

Bessie. You have made me break my pipe.
O — o!

Annie. O poor, dear Bessie! I am so sorry! Did I make you drop it? It was because we were quarrelling. O dear! I was very selfish, Bessie.

Bessie (melted). I plagued you, dear Annie, I know.

Annie. I had no right to take the bowl away. My pipe shall be half yours. Don't cry!

Bessie. It is all in little bits. Could it be mended, I wonder? It was so soapy, and slippery. I could not help it, when you — No matter, now!

Annie. You shall blow six bubbles, — no, ten! — before I take my turn.

Bessie. But what will you be doing?

Annie. I shall look on, as I ought to have been willing to do before, when you asked me. I could have glanced, and not stopped blowing, and I knew it all the time. I was selfish. I am apt to be, I think.

Bessie. No, Annie. Puff — p-o-o-o-o-o-f.

Annie. Blow long, — not puff, puff, as if you were smoking.

Bessie. Now Annie! You made me laugh! I can't blow at all, when I laugh.

Annie. Now blow; I have dipped it for you. O, what a beauty! It is about as pleasant looking on, as blowing one's self all the time. But how drolly you puff out your cheeks, and how wide you open your eyes!

Bessie. I cannot shake it off, as mamma did.

Annie. I will. Let me!

Bessie. No, no! There, I broke it.

Annie. Try again.

Bessie. I had rather *you* should have a chance now. Don't you want to, dear Annie?

Annie. O, I am in no hurry. I like to see you. You must learn to wave it off into the air, Bessie.

Bessie. There! But you are not looking. What are you doing?

Annie. I took this piece of stem, and blew into the soap and water, — and see!

Bessie. Such a heap of bubbles! They crowd each other, without breaking. They are not round.

Annie. What pretty colors!

Bessie. I guess mother never saw anything like that. I will carry it and show it to her.

Annie. No, you might break the bowl. You shall carry my — I mean *our* — pipe, rolled up in your apron, and I will be the bowl-carrier. Eh, Bessie?

Bessie. I wanted to carry it. But I will let you, Annie. I will not be selfish. I hope I shall not tumble down with the pipe. Come!

TENACITY OF LIFE IN INSECTS.

THE Demon of Frost set out, one dark November morning, to do the bidding of Death. He passed over a forest, and the last leaves of autumn fell in countless thousands at his touch. He passed over a desolate moor, and, meeting a benighted traveller, he heaped his snow-bed, piped his shrill lullaby, and whistled at knowing it was the wanderer's last. He entered a garden, and the surviving dahlias shrank in their velvet mantles, and died at the bidding of his icy breath.

Then he laid one of his freezing fingers on a little caterpillar, and the ramping worm grew stiff as iron, and chinked like a stone as it fell on the ice-bound earth.

The Demon of Frost went home well pleased with his work, and, after many another walk upon the like death-doing errands, traversed once more, toward the end of February, the very path he had followed in dark November. Then he saw in the forest but a few remains, half rotted, of his victim leaves. On the desolate moor he passed over the whitening bones of his victim man. In the flower-garden not a vestige was visible of his victim dahlias.

But where was his supposed victim caterpillar?

Amidst the crystal gems of his own scattering, as they melted in the smiles of his arch-enemy, the Sun, sat a saucy butterfly, and the Demon of Frost shook his hoary locks, and gnashed his icy teeth; for he knew that the tiny spark of life which animated that

winged creature was the very same which must have laughed at his power in the frost-stiffened caterpillar.

* * * * *

Mr. Beddome, a respectable chemist in Tooley Street, London, in a letter to the editor of the *Times*, which was copied in the *Times Telescope* for 1822, thus writes : — “ I bought twenty large hives, and a hogshead of Dutch honey in the native state, not separated from the wax, which had been in the warehouse a year. After emptying the hives as well as I could, I boiled them for a considerable time in water, to obtain the honey from between the interstices. A considerable number of bees, mixed with honey, floated on the surface of the water. These I skimmed off, and placed on flag-stones outside my laboratory, which was at the top of the house, exposed to a July meridian sun. You may imagine my astonishment, when, in half an hour, I saw scores of these bees, that had been for months in a state of suffocation, and then well boiled, gradually come to life, and fly away. There were so many of them, that I closed the door, fearing that they might be disposed to return and punish me for the barbarous usage they had received at my hands.” — *Episodes of Insect Life*.

Avoid raising into undue importance in your own mind the little failings you may perceive in others, or the trifling disappointments they may occasion you.

LA FILLE DESINTERESSÉE.*

JE vais vous raconter une petite histoire. Regardez cette maison entourée de grands arbres, de trois côtés une plaine s'étend devant le quatrième. La porte s'entr'ouvre. Deux enfants en sortent, se tenant par la main. L'une a cinq ans, l'autre n'en a que quatre. L'air de protection et de galanterie que se donne le petit, sa taille robuste et ses grands pieds annoncent, au premier coup d'œil que c'est un garçon. La gentille figure de l'autre, ses beaux cheveux bruns noués avec des rubans bleus, son air modeste tout déclare que c'est une fille. Ces deux cousins s'aiment tendrement. Forcément séparés depuis plusieurs mois ils sont bien heureux d'être enfin réunis. En sautant, en courant, en se promenant, ils se trouvent à la porte d'une chaumière voisine ; et s'adressant à un homme âgé qui travaille dans le jardin, le petit garçon lui dit, " Monsieur, voulez vous avoir la bonté de me faire donner un œuf frais pour ma sœur qui ne se porte pas bien à présent ? " " Avec plaisir, mon enfant," dit le vieillard ; " je vais le faire trouver s'il est possible," et il parle à la petite fille. " Ah, ma chère Lucie ! vous voilà donc revenue ! je suis charmé de vous revoir." En disant ces mots le bon homme oublie sa goutte, dont il venait d'être atteint cruellement,

* The Editor requests that some of her young readers will send in translations of this little story before the 10th of April, that she may select one for publication in the May number. The age, address, and initials of the translator, if they accompany the translation, will be published with it.

et il monte dans un cerisier pour en donner des fruits à sa chérie. Il cueille une douzaine des cerises, et les remets aux deux mains de Lucie. Les grands yeux de l'enfant étincellent de joie. Ayant reçu l'œuf tous les deux courent avec empressement chez eux pour raconter à leur tante ce qui, leur est arrivé, "Vous avez, sans doute, remercié le vieillard, mes enfans?" dit elle. "Helas! nous l'avons oublié!" "Retournez donc sur vos pas, mes chers, et réparez votre faute. Je garderai vos cerises jusqu'à votre retour." "Nous voici, chère tante; nous avons fait ce que vous avez voulu." "Donne moi les cerises," s'écria Lucie, "je vais les partager avec mon frère et mes deux cousins." "Un moment, ma chère, je te conseille d'en donner trois à chacune des bonnes qui s'occupent tant de vous. Et comme le petit Mai ne se trouve pas ici, et que d'ailleurs elle ne se porte pas bien, je préfère qu'elle n'en mange pas." "Ah, oui, ma tante, tu as raison. Je vais chercher Marie, Cathérine, et Caroline sur le champ," et en disant ces mots l'aimable enfant disparaît de la salle. Elle revient, tenant par les queues les trois cerises qui lui restent. "Regardez celle-ci, ma bien aimée," reprit la tante; "elle est un peu gâtée, tu ne peux pas la donner à un autre, il faut le garder pour toi-même. Je vais enlever le gâté." "Eh bien, ma chère tante, aie la bonté de garder celle-ci, qui est très bonne, pour mon frère chéri. Viens ici, mon cousin; je te donne l'autre," et elle prend celle qui est gâtée. À ce moment la jolie Mai entre dans le salon. "Des cerises," dit elle, "qu'elles sont belles!" "Ah, Lucie," dit sa tante, "voilà, Mai! Elle est encore si jeune qu'elle

s'affligera beaucoup si tu ne lui donnes pas de ta cerise. On peut lui permettre d'en prendre le second morceau." "Avec plaisir," reprit l'aimable enfant, tendant au même temps le reste de sa cerise à la jolie bouche de Mai. La petite ne comprend pas qu'elle ne doit en prendre qu'un morceau, elle en mange le tout. Lucie ouvre de grands yeux, et se tait. "C'est égal, mes enfans," dit la tante. "On ne doit pas gronder la mignonne. Elle n'a pas compris ce qu'on a voulu. Maintenant vous pouvez vous divertir." "Oui, oui," s'écria Lucie; "viens Guillaume, viens Mai. Dépêchons nous; allons faire manger les poulets."

P. C. L.

FAITH.

How beautiful is the child's confidence in the power and love of his father! A collision took place at sea, which made a wreck of one vessel, and, in the bustle of transferring the passengers to the uninjured craft, a gentleman with his little son in his arms fell overboard. He was rescued after so long a delay that he was about to give up all hope. A lady asked the child how he felt when he was in the sea.

"Very wet," he replied.

"Is that all?" said she, laughing at the simplicity of the answer.

"The sea is very cold, too. A great many kettles of hot water would not warm it."

Not a word of fear!



F. Stone

D. L. Glover

The Evening Star

THE EVENING STAR.

Thou watchest from thy lonely tower

The glowing sunset sky;

Hath earth to draw thy gaze no power,

No charm to lure thine eye!

Why turn from scenes so passing fair

To burning fields of empty air?

Thou heed'st me not; but gazing still

With eye serene and clear,

Thou waitest patiently until

The Evening Star appear;

And, lost in girlhood's idle dream,

Thou fain wouldst hail her earliest beam.

Still linger and enjoy thy trance,

Albeit of briefest date;

The dreams of later years, perchance,

May share as stern a fate.

Hope not Time's ruthless hand will spare

Thy glittering mansions in the air.

Yet, maiden! when thy castles fade

And sudden melt away,

Grieve not to see them lowly laid, —

All earthly hopes decay;

Our airy temples perish all, —

The loveliest are the first to fall.

But when the eve of life draws nigh,

And woes thy spirit bow,

Still turn to Heaven thy tear-dimmed eye,

As in thy girlhood now;

Let not the clouds thy vision bar, —

Still gaze upon the Evening Star!

F. E. A.

THE SUN.

My dear children, when you receive a gift from a beloved friend, does it not give you more pleasure if you think it was made by that friend? Will it not then give you a higher enjoyment, when you look upon all the glories of creation, to know that they are the work of your Father? When you enjoy the bright, warm sunshine, or gaze upon the beautiful moon, or smell the sweet fragrance of flowers, do you not feel that they are tokens of his love? I have thought I would try to give you some hints which may turn your thoughts in this direction, and lead your hearts to your Father, through the beautiful objects with which he has surrounded you.

I will first speak of the most glorious object in creation, the Sun. Rising in unclouded brightness, or setting amid golden clouds, it affords a faint type of the glory of the heavenly world. Shining as well upon the lonely hut as upon the splendid palace, rising upon the evil as well as the good, it is an emblem of the omnipresence and the unlimited benevolence of its Maker. Its rays are tempered to our need. If there are sometimes fiercer beams of which we feel disposed to complain, even in our temperate climate, we have a balance for the temporary discomfort in the beneficial effect of the heat upon the harvests which sustain our lives.

The pleasure we have in the various coloring of all objects we see, natural or artificial, depends on

the sun. That the brightest colors are invisible in the darkness, you know by observation. And science tells us that the brilliant hues of the flowers, and the refreshing green of the leaves and the grass, are not inherent in them; the color is in the sun's rays. White light is composed of colored rays, mixed in a certain exact proportion. Red, blue, and yellow are the primary, or original colors; all other tints are composed of these. The peony is not in fact red; it has the mysterious quality of absorbing all but the red ray, and reflecting or sending back to our eyes that alone. The grass has the power of absorbing the red, and rejecting the blue and yellow mixed, which form green. So the image of the peony upon the eye is red, because the red ray alone brings it to us; the grass is green to our vision, because the mingled rays by which we see it are green. How kind in our Father that the carpet which covers the earth, and the foliage of the trees which surround us, display the color which never wearies the eye!

Besides the beauty which gladdens our eyes, through the agency of light, how vast are the wonders with which we are made acquainted by study! Think of the sun as a great globe, balanced in space by an unseen Power, and made the centre of light, and of heat also, to our earth, and other spheres revolving round it. Think what mischief would ensue, if they approached it too nearly, so as to be scorched, or flew too far off, so as to be frozen! What power keeps them in their appointed path in the heavens, and regulates their motion so wonder-

fully, that it may never be too rapid, never too slow, never stop? Learned men call it the force of gravity, or gravitation. But it is only another name for the constantly exerted power of the Creator. It is he whose wisdom has prepared for us the agreeable change of day and night, for labor and rest; and it is through faith that we expect and prepare for it. We securely trust, when the sun disappears from our sight in the western sky, that in a few hours we shall see him again, although, without our uniform experience, it would seem impossible. The changes of the seasons also, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, we confidently expect; — shall we not consider whose benevolent care we thus rest upon? What a stupendous power controls the earth's revolutions, and those of all the heavenly bodies, to produce perfect order and harmony! Shall we not praise and love that good Being whose wisdom planned, whose power created and upholds all things? His kind providence watches over us, and nothing can befall us that is not for our benefit. Let us not by our sinfulness mar this beautiful order, and cast a blot upon the face of his fair creation.

M.

WE should despise nothing for being common. Let us value things (and also people) by their qualities. The common Mullein is cultivated in English gardens under the name of the American Velvet-Plant.

GAZELLE.

A TRANSLATION.

I TOOK the turtle in my hands, and leaped into a cab, which trundled me off to No. 109 Faubourg Saint Denis; I climbed up five flights of stairs, and entered the attic of my friend, who was busy with his brush.

He had near him a bear, who was lying on his back, and playing with a stick of wood; a monkey seated in a chair, pulling pinch after pinch of hair from a paint-brush; and, in a glass vase, a frog squatting on the third step of a little ladder, by the aid of which she could mount to the surface of the water.

My friend's name was Decamps, the bear's was Tom, the monkey's, Jacko, and the frog's, Mademoiselle Camargo; I called my pet Gazelle.

My entrance made a great sensation.

Decamps raised his eyes from the wonderful little picture, a group of animals, which he was just then finishing.

Tom let fall from his mouth the stick with which he had been playing, and with a low growl backed away to his den, built between two windows.

Jacko tossed his brush behind him, in great haste, and picked up a straw, which he innocently carried to his mouth with his right hand, while he scratched his thigh with the left, and raised his eyes expressively to heaven.

Mademoiselle Camargo languidly mounted a step

on her ladder, which, under any other circumstances, would have been considered a sign of rain.

I placed Gazelle on the floor of the room, on the threshold of which I stopped, saying, "My dear friend, here is the animal; you see that I keep my promises."

Gazelle was not in a mood to be appreciated. The movement of the carriage had disturbed her so much, that she had withdrawn her whole person under her shell, probably to collect her thoughts, and to reflect upon her situation during her long journey. What I put upon the floor, therefore, had very much the appearance of an empty shell.

However, when Gazelle found, by the recovery of her centre of gravity, that she was on *terra firma*, she ventured to show her nose at the front door of her shell. For greater safety, this part of her body was accompanied by her two fore paws. At the same time, and as if her body had unanimously obeyed the impulse of some inner spring, her two hind paws and her tail appeared at the back door of her shell. Five minutes after, Gazelle had "all sails set."

She remained still for a moment, turning her head from one side to the other; but suddenly her eyes became fixed upon something, and she advanced, as rapidly as if she were disputing the prize of the race with the hare of Lafontaine, towards a carrot which lay at the foot of the chair which Jacko occupied.

The latter at first saw the new arrival with the greatest indifference, but as soon as he saw what she appeared to be aiming at, he gave signs of a

real anxiety, which showed itself in a low growling, which changed, as she came nearer, into sharp cries, interrupted by chattering of teeth. At last, when the turtle was only a foot distant from the precious vegetable, his agitation had all the appearance of despair. He seized the back of the chair with one hand, and the cross-piece, covered with straw, with the other, and, probably in the hope of frightening the strange beast, who was coming to rob him of his dinner, he shook the chair with all the strength of his arms, throwing out both feet behind, as a horse does in kicking up, and accompanying these motions with all the gestures and grimaces which he thought could possibly destroy the equanimity of his enemy. But it was of no use; Gazelle travelled just as fast all the while, and poor Jacko was at his wit's end.

Happily for him, there arrived at this moment an unexpected aid. Tom, who had gone into his lodgings on my arrival, had become accustomed to my presence, and paid some attention to what was going on about him. Astonished to see this unknown animal, who had come, thanks to me, to share his quarters, he had followed her in her course towards the carrot with an increasing curiosity. Now Tom did not despise carrots. When he saw Gazelle so near making a prize of this desirable vegetable, he trotted across the room, and raising his great paw, he brought it down heavily on the back of the poor animal, who, touching the ground with her shell, immediately drew in under it, and remained motionless only a few inches from the eatable which had

become at this moment the object of a threefold desire.

Tom was very much astonished to see her disappear, as if by enchantment, head, paws, and tail. He brought his nose close to the shell, snuffing noisily at the openings. At last, and as if to understand more perfectly the peculiar organization of the object at which he was gazing, he turned it over with his paws. Then, appearing convinced that he was mistaken in entertaining the absurd idea that such a thing could walk, he carelessly let it drop, and, taking the carrot between his teeth, set out to return home.

This did not suit Jacko at all. He had not thought that the service which his friend Tom was rendering him would be spoiled by such a piece of selfishness! But, as he had not the same respect for his comrade as for the stranger, he quickly leaped from the chair in which he had prudently remained during the scene we have just described, and seizing with one hand, by the green top, the carrot which Tom held by the root, he pulled with all his might, grinning and chattering his teeth, while with the paw that remained free he struck some smart blows on the nose of his peaceable antagonist. Tom, without making any return, but also without letting go the object of dispute, contented himself with laying his ears back, and shutting his little black eyes, each time the quick hand of Jacko fell upon him. The victory was gained, as is usually the case, not by the strongest, but by the boldest. Tom opened his mouth, and Jacko, the fortunate possessor of the

carrot, mounted some steps with the prize of the contest, which he hid behind a plaster bust, upon a shelf six feet from the floor. This done, he descended, quite easy in his mind, sure that neither bear nor turtle was capable of ferreting it out where he had put it.

A. A. V.

(To be continued.)

B E R E N G E R .

No. IV.

ONE day, when peace had reigned so long that former anxieties were nearly forgotten, Adèle's passionate screams again rang through the house. The father came running with his pen in his mouth; Ethelind flew to the spot, dropping scissors, and balls of thread, and bits of cloth along the way; Aribert tumbled into the room headlong over Sepa's back; and Marcella came from the distant kitchen, to hold up a pair of hands plastered with dough.

"My poor, dear little poppet!" she cried, "who has been aggravatin' her? I thought Berenger was too old now to make children cry, this way, for sport. Look at him! He's ashamed of himself. And he ought to be."

Berenger stood with his arms folded, but the attitude of defiance was contradicted by his countenance. Adèle made no answer to her father's

inquiries; so Berenger said, "I struck her," and bit his lip, and cast down his eyes, evidently ashamed and sorry.

Ethelind was too indignant to perceive this. She ran to embrace Adèle, turning looks of contempt on the culprit. "Manly conduct! A young *gentleman* to strike a little girl! She could not give it you back, like Jacquot!"

"Be silent, Ethelind," said the father. But it was too late. She had quenched the repentant spirit, the manly, instinctive shame in Berenger's bosom, and roused his sullen temper. Miss Adèle had been very provoking, and the blow had been scarcely more than a gesture. And the unjust sneer about Jacquot almost maddened the high-spirited boy; had he not done his best to set that matter in its true light to her?

"I'm not a gentleman,—I don't care to be a gentleman," he said, in a loud, angry tone, his eyes no longer cast down, but sparkling with anger. And when required to make an apology to Adèle for the blow, as was proper, whatever might have been the childish folly on her part that had vexed him, he went to shut himself up a voluntary prisoner in his room, anticipating his father's sentence.

"Go to your room also, Adèle," said the father. "No, Ethelind; do not follow her. She does not deserve your caresses. She will acknowledge that by and by. She must have time to think."

Adèle was soon restored to her usual place in everybody's favor, by her ready confession, and her sincere humility. But she was very unhappy, when

meal after meal went by, and Berenger's place was vacant at table. She herself carried up his tray, and begged to be allowed to come in. But he would never unlock his door till she had departed. She made apologies to him, hoping it would make it easier to his proud spirit to come down to apologize to her. But he never seemed to hear her; he would not answer.

"Papa," cried Adèle, sobbing, — when the evening prayer, in which the absent one was not forgotten, was concluded, and she received the "Good night" and kiss round the circle, — "you are very sad, now!"

"Yes, none of us who love Berenger are happy at present."

"As Adèle began the quarrel, will not *her* submission be enough?" said Ethelind, who began to be discouraged about Berenger's apology, and to wish her father to yield the point. "May I not be an intercessor, and tell him you will forgive him at my request?"

"He will not accept the mediation of one who stung him by her satire, without inquiring if his own heart was ready to reproach him enough. Berenger's obstinacy is your work; I saw that. He cannot conquer himself now; the longer the time, the harder to humble himself. If the measures I am about to take seem to you harsh, let the pain they give your tender heart be of use to you."

And Ethelind went away in tears to try her eloquence on Berenger. But he would not open his door, nor reply. Henri wrote a letter and slipped it under the door; it was pushed out, with unbroken

seal. It was returned again open; it was suffered to lie upon the floor. Leo tried joking. He showed him the absurdity of sulkiness, the pure folly of making everybody in the house uncomfortable, when it was so easy to vault over the small stump he had come against. Marcella was admitted to put his room in order, and she made the most that she could of her opportunity.

"You were always high," said she, "but your mother, *she* could manage you! How she loved you, poor dear lady! — the last stitch she did was your first square collar. If she had lived, and you had not been sent away to a boarding-school, you'd 'a been a good boy!"

There was no answer but a sigh that was nearly a sob.

* * * * *

"Walk in this way, Mr. Simon," said the father, ushering a man into the library, where the family had been all assembled, with one exception, for morning prayers.

Simon looked at his dirty boots, and hesitated. He was a man of uncommon size, and, as is common with overgrown men as well as animals, was good-natured. There was a shrewd twinkle in his eye, also, which betokened humor. He was a collier, and had just emptied his huge wagon; consequently he was grimed with coal-dust from head to foot. He walked into the room at last, with a shrug, as much as to say, "If he *will* have me on his nice carpet, — why, it is his own affair."

"Hans, call Berenger," said the father to the

astonished footman, who, with Marcella and the other servants, had been ordered to remain in the room.

Berenger presented himself, defiant and gloomy.

"This is the lad I spoke of, Mr. Simon."

"Like his looks, — guess he could work if he'd a mind, — and he will have a mind, when he knows *me* a little."

"Have you brought the indentures?"

Berenger started, and turned pale. But his spirit rose as he caught Ethelind's anxious eye turned upon him. He folded his arms, and stood proudly erect, while some papers were signed and exchanged by Pierre Simon and Charles Hubert de Rochefort.

"By these papers I transfer to you my legal authority over this minor, Berenger de Rochefort. He is now your apprentice. At his age, it is necessary he should be under government. He acknowledges no principle of authority but absolute force. He refuses to obey his father and preceptor; let him learn subordination in a different school. Show him no favor as a *gentleman's* son."

At this word, Berenger again looked at Ethelind with a bitter and meaning glance.

"Gentle born must be gentle grown," said Mr. Simon, "else no gentleman, I take it. If this young colt has good blood, he's the better worth the breaking. Ah! he's a fine stout lad!"

Berenger smiled, and shook his strong limbs, as if he rather liked the idea of trying their strength with hard toil, and a stern discipline. What he shrunk from was the dirt, the black smutch for his clean

linen and neat clothes. A proper suit had been provided for him, however, and he withdrew to change his dress. It was not without a strange inclination to laugh that he came in his peasant costume to announce that he was ready to follow his master.

Adèle had wept in silence till now; but seeing that he would really go, instead of yielding, she threw herself at her father's feet. "Forgive him! O forgive him! Oh! that dreadful man will beat him, father! Oh!"

"Berenger, I forgive all the pain you cause me," said his father, with emotion, and held out his hand. "Do not be afraid to shake hands with me. I am not wavering; neither are you. But why should we not part friends?"

All now rushed forward for a parting embrace. Berenger bore it manfully. He shook hands with Marcella last of all, but Adèle had the last glance, and his eye took a gentler and a happier expression as it rested on her tear-stained face.

There was no study, no attempt at lessons that day. Henri was to depart on a visit to some relatives in Paris, and the father signified his intention of accompanying him. Ethelind was therefore busy in aiding their preparations. Her heart ached intolerably; but she tried to be cheerful, lest she should seem to reproach the father for his severity. She thought he was wrong, and that Berenger might have been sent away where he would not so miss the refinements and luxuries of home; she could not understand that the strong contrast was intended to be felt, in order to make domestic comfort and peace the more valued by him.

THE TRUANT.

SCENE. *A public road, shaded by trees. Albert is seen approaching the play-ground in front of a large school-house. Tom, at some distance behind, running.*

Albert. For once, I've come in *precious* good time. There's not a fellow on the ground. The doors are not opened yet. (*Tom comes up, and gives him a thump in the back.*) O—oh, Tom,—how you startled me! You have a fist like a trip-hammer. Ugh!

Tom (panting). You've a walk—like an ostrich! I thought I—should never—come up with you. I am so out of breath!

Albert. And so am I, after the thwack on the shoulders you gave me. What are you so early for?

Tom. The same question to you, sir, if you please.

Albert. I have a trick of being late, you know, and I'll break it up, if I have to come at daybreak, as a penance. I hate to be a laggard. I generally come sneaking in, just a moment behindhand; the master curls his lip, and waits while I walk away round to my seat.

Tom. I saw you early on your way—and—and so I thought of something better than being in the hot crowded school-house this fine day. I do not feel a bit in the mood for studying. I say, Bert, let's go down in the swamp!

Albert. What, — now ?

Tom. Yes, — now !

Albert. Do you mean to play truant, man ?

Tom. Well, I intend to be among the missing, by and by. It is too tough to go round and round the same tiresome track always. I could settle down after one good frolic, Bert ; it would do me good, and you too.

Albert. Don't you believe it ! I am glad you asked me, rather than a boy that had not tried it.

Tom. It will be capital fun. Come !

Albert. I will tell you what sort of fun it is ; just none at all !

Tom. You're afraid !

Albert. I ought to be. I hate to feel mean, as we must, carrying in a false excuse to-morrow, for absence. Fellows of *our* standing would not be suspected, it's likely. So there is only my own blame to fear ; and that is enough, with my having tried it once, I can tell you.

Tom (*flinging himself on the grass*). Tell away, then. Here's a good shade. Make haste, — for I have got to go back for my satchel, if — But you don't convince me, if I can help it. Will you go with me if you don't ? There are berries ripe !

Albert. Not I.

Tom. His papa will trounce him !

Albert. Before I came to this school, I was at school in the country town where we used to live, and I overheard the great boys boasting of having been truant without being found out. I thought I should like of all things to have gone with them, nutting, or fishing, or sailing, in school hours.

Tom. Of course!

Albert. I was a *small* boy, you know, and all this worked in my mind, without my saying a word to anybody. I was ashamed to have any confidant among the boys of my own age; and I was afraid of the big fellows, who had set me the bad example.

Tom. Well?

Albert. I started from home one day with my satchel, as usual, and walked soberly along till I had got out of sight. Then I cut and ran for Hinckley's woods, where the boys had got chestnuts in one of their truant frolics. I found none, for it was late for them by that time. I had emptied my satchel, thinking to fill it with nuts, and I climbed tree after tree, and shook the branches, before I could be convinced that I was not to have one to comfort me. I already needed comfort, for I was uneasy in mind, and could not enjoy my liberty as I had expected to do. I had half a mind to give up, and run to school.

Tom. As you could find no nuts, eh?

Albert. But I had prepared no lessons, and what could I say for myself as a reason for that? I lay down upon a bed of leaves, and looked up into the tree-tops, and into the pure blue sky above. The wind gently waved the branches, and rustled about among the leaves. There was something solemn in its murmuring in the lonely place; it seemed to whisper, "You have no business here!" I felt heavy and dull, and fell asleep, but presently woke with a start, thinking I heard the rap of the master's ferule upon the desk. I sat up, and looked about with a feeling that I was perhaps still dreaming.

But soon I remembered, with a heavy heart, that I was playing truant. I heard a strange sound, which appeared to me to come from a great distance. I gazed far into the depths of the thick wood, but saw nothing. The sound was faint, but alarming, because, you know, I could not tell what to make of it. I supposed there could not be any prowling wild animals in Hinckley's woods; but then there *might* be! I knew wild-cats had been shot in the town. I chanced to cast my eye directly overhead, and there, on a branch of the tree under which I was lying —

Tom. Was a panther! No? Then a wild-cat, at least?

Albert. I told you the sound *seemed* to come from far, — but it was only the *cheep* of a squirrel in a great passion, right over my head. I suppose I was nearer his family residence than he liked. How I laughed at myself for having been scared! as I really was, Tom, — I confess it.

Tom. You are not easily frightened, Bert.

Albert. A guilty conscience makes a coward of anybody. I did not stay there long. My nerves were not very quiet, and I looked round at the least stir among the leaves, — not really alarmed, but not comfortable and composed.

Tom. Well, I should not care to play truant *alone*. No fun in that. You should have got a fellow to go with you; I will, if I can. I warrant you, a squirrel shall not scare *me*, at fourteen!

Albert. I remember with what a pang I thought of my kind father and mother. They thought me

all the while at school ; they had done their best to make me a good, conscientious boy, and I was capable of deceiving them ! They were always planning little pleasant surprises for my amusement in holidays and leisure hours. How ungrateful in me not to be satisfied ! what a wicked return for their kindness, to forsake my duty, and not by a sudden temptation, but a long-considered plan ! " Let me get well out of this scrape," thought I, " and I'll never be such a fool again."

Tom. Well, I suppose you were never found out, were you ?

Albert (laughing). You will see. It seemed to me an age since I left home. I wondered what o'clock it was. I came out into the road, and sauntered along till I saw a person I knew, approaching. I ran and hid under a fence till he had passed. I kept looking behind, and before, and all round, to see if I was observed. The windows of the houses seemed like great eyes, with a stare of wonder. " How came Albert Holley here in school-time ?" said every familiar object, looking strange as I looked earnestly at it. A man came galloping out of a by-street. When I heard him, I did not look behind to see whether it was man or only beast in pursuit, but I remember I *put in*, and ran like a frightened cat, till he passed me and went on. My heart beat awfully, and I thought of the text, " The wicked flee when no man pursueth," which was in my spelling-book, with some others. I *had* been as bold as a lion. I longed to get home. But it would not do to appear before twelve o'clock. I loitered

about the church, till I heard the clock begin to strike, then darted across the common in a bee line for our back door. There I chanced to meet my father. "Albert, are you ill?" said he. "No, sir," said I; "why?" "Why?" repeated he. "How came you at home, then, at this time of day?" "Just twelve, sir; I ran all the way." He held up his watch; it was just eleven. I had not noticed that the ringing of the bell had not followed the striking of the clock, and I had mistaken the hands, when I had first looked at the dial.

Tom. You were finely come up with. Ha! ha!

Albert. I threw my arms round my dear father, and as soon as I could speak for sobbing, I confessed, and begged for punishment.

Tom. That was rather unnecessary; I guess you had to take it, any how.

Albert. No, — I wished I had! My father looked grieved and distressed. He had not thought it of me! He led me in, and told my mother. Her reproachful look almost broke my heart. Neither of them ever said a word about it again; they saw I should not be able to bear it, and that I had not enjoyed my stolen excursion enough to have the least desire to try another.

Tom. I must run for my Cæsar, and my exercise-book. I have my lessons ready, thank fortune. But if I had not, I would rather take a dozen raps on the sconce from the master's ruler, than have such a dismal, sneaking sort of time out of school as you did. I have a good mother, too; somebody would be sure to tell her of me, and if not — why, it would be mean to cheat her.

Albert. And wicked too. After all, those have the best time in this world, who try to do as near right as they can. Don't you think so?

Tom. Well, I guess so; but I am *sure* they will in the next. I'm right glad you have set me right, Bert. Thank you.

E. E.

STORIES ABOUT MULES.

No. II.

THE sense of smell is very strong in mules. It is well known that they can scent an Indian who is prowling around camp a long distance off, and that they are always afraid of him. They therefore partially take the place of watch-dogs, and he would be a very unwise traveller who did not start up at once when he heard any commotion among his animals. I never knew, however, that mules could follow an animal by scenting his tracks upon the ground, until I rode Bessie; but I have often seen her do so. Bessie, like all mules, greatly objected to being separated from the rest of the train; and when we began our march she would always smell along the path. If any of the party had started before me, she would be perfectly satisfied, and very ready to advance at a good pace; but if I was the first to leave camp, her nose would very soon inform her of the fact, and after that it was useless to hope for rapid travelling without continual urging. When I

touched her with the spur she would quicken her gait, but in a moment or two I was sure to find her crawling along at a snail's pace again.

One day, two or three of the party started nearly an hour before myself. Bessie soon found that they were in advance, and began to trot to overtake them. We were travelling along quite rapidly, without looking very carefully at the ground, when we suddenly sank down in a quagmire. After some struggling Bessie extricated herself, and, without any guidance from me, trotted along the edge, like a dog, with her nose near the ground, until she found the tracks of the other mules, and then followed them across in safety.

The mule has no more striking characteristic than his great unwillingness to be separated from other animals with which he has been accustomed to herd. A white horse particularly seems to fascinate him, and he will often follow as closely as possible, even at the expense of receiving a few kicks from his favorite. Drivers take advantage of this trait, and tie a bell to the neck of one of the train, a white horse if possible. They then lead or ride him, and the mules all follow.

We once had occasion to cross a wide and deep river, with a large number of mules. Our goods were rowed across in a boat, but it was necessary for the animals to swim. For a long time we tried in vain to induce them to make the attempt. When we drove them into the water, they would advance a little way, become frightened, and turn back. At length, remembering that they were accustomed to

follow the bell, I jumped into the boat, and directed a man to stand in the stern and ring it as loud as possible, while I rowed across.

We started slowly. When the mules heard the well-known sound before them, they came bravely on. It was a funny sight to see a long line of noses and huge ears rising above the water, as the animals advanced, one after the other. I took care to encourage them by not rowing too fast, and at length reached the other bank of the river, and stood at the water's edge, watching them come ashore.

They all landed in safety except the last one. He saw the mule before him touch bottom near the bank, and tried to do so himself. The water was unfortunately too deep, and his head went under. He at once became frightened, and appeared to cease from all effort to advance. Three feet more would have saved him, but he could swim no farther. It was very painful to stand not ten feet from him and see his eyes vainly glare upon me for help. After throwing his head as far as possible from the water three or four times, it slowly sank; the swift-flowing river hurried him away deep under its surface, and we saw him no more. It is a sad thing to see even a poor mule silently and vainly struggle to enjoy the bright sunshine and green grass a little longer, and to watch his piteous, supplicating looks for help, without being able to raise a finger to save him.

Bessie once placed me in a very disagreeable predicament by her fear of Indians. We were travelling through a country where they were very numer-

ous, and where they had shown great hostility to our party. Bessie had seen several during the day, and was, in consequence, very uneasy.

In the afternoon I was riding alone through the forest, a little in advance of the party. Two Indian squaws were approaching the path on one side, and we did not see each other until they were very near. They immediately jumped to hide behind a bush in great terror, but Bessie saw them. One furious plunge sideways into a thick clump of bushes, two more to extricate herself, and we started. I pulled as hard as I could on the reins, but it seemed to me that I might as well try to stop the north wind. The bushes and trees whirled by as we rushed down the rocky path, every jump carrying me farther from my friends, and, for aught I knew, directly to a war-party of hostile savages. The boughs of the trees often hung low over the trail, and I had to watch very carefully to prevent being brushed off by them. After riding about a mile in this way, I had almost determined to strike Bessie a heavy blow between her ears with the butt of my pistol, and thus knock her down, at the risk of breaking my neck, when she began to recover from her terror. Finally, after some vigorous pulling on my part, she stopped and stood trembling in every limb until my friends came up.

There are few spectacles more ludicrous to the looker-on, or more provoking to the packer, than a number of packed mules mired, that is, sunk so deep in mud as to be unable to extricate themselves. Sometimes, in attempting to cross a swamp, the

animals pass on from soft ground to that a little softer, until suddenly their feet break through the turf, and down they sink, until their legs are entirely out of sight, and their huge packs, round bodies, and ungainly heads alone are visible above the mud. After a few struggles they quietly resign themselves to their fate, and look around for help.

A man's foot being much larger than a mule's, he can stand in soft places where the animal cannot. Knowing this, the packers advance, and some taking hold of the mule's head, others of his tail, and others of both sides of his pack, they raise him up by main strength. Then, putting their shoulders under the projecting sides of the pack, they carefully walk over the dangerous place, while the poor mule, dreading to break through again, steps along between them like a boy on tiptoe.

In fording rivers very funny accidents often occur. Sometimes the mule deliberately lies down in the water, to the great disgust of his rider. Sometimes, with a sudden kick, he sends the unfortunate man flying over his head, into the middle of the stream. Once I saw a misfortune more ludicrous than either of these happen at a ford.

We were crossing a river which had two channels, separated by a long, narrow island. Both branches were too deep to ford without wetting the packs, and we hired some friendly Indians to row the goods over in their canoes, while we drove the animals across. Those of our party who had tall mules rode over without getting much wet, by drawing up their knees as far as possible.

One man, however, had a very short mule, and we all watched to see how he would manage. This mule was very gentle, and, as he thought he could trust her perfectly, he crossed his legs over the front part of the saddle and started, holding on by the pommel, with a very unsteady seat. He crossed the first branch of the river without any difficulty, and, being considerably elated by the success of his experiment, he entered the second, crowing like a cock. Near the middle, his mule stepped into a hole, and stumbled sufficiently to destroy his balance. He rolled slowly over, thrashing the air frantically with his hands, until with a great splash he disappeared under the water.

The squaws who were paddling the canoes, and doing the work, as usual, stopped, and joined in a shrill scream of laughter, while their husbands and our packers shouted in chorus. The poor fellow's head soon rose out of the cold water. Seeing the general fun at his expense, and determining not to be laughed out of countenance, he grasped the mule's tail with both hands, and she pulled him over the river. It was remarked, however, that he seemed to forget all about finishing his crow.

Every one knows that mules excel in the art of kicking. They throw out their hind feet with great rapidity and violence, and woe to the individual that puts himself within their reach.

There was once a man, named Peter, belonging to a party with which I was connected. He was a surly, disagreeable fellow, and no one liked him. I cannot remember to have heard him say a single

pleasant thing. He only opened his mouth to grumble and complain, sometimes about the weather, sometimes about the food, and sometimes about the officers of the party.

Peter once felt a little sick, and this put him into a worse humor even than usual. On reaching camp, he spread his saddle-blanket on the ground not far from where the men were taking off the loads from the pack-mules, and lay down, looking the very picture of ill-humor. Two or three mules, in going to drink, passed near where he was lying, and he muttered to himself, that he would not bear it any longer, he would put a stop to their treading on him; in short, that he would do something next time to make the mule remember to keep away.

A moment or two afterwards a sober pack-mule came walking slowly along, to drink at the brook. She passed within a few feet of Peter. He jumped up, full of fury, and gave her a cruel kick with his heavy boot. She turned her tail towards him. Peter saw it and started to run, but too late. Her heels flew up like a blacksmith's hammer, hit Peter near the middle of his body, and, raising him entirely off the ground, sent him sprawling into a thick clump of briars. The mule then quietly walked on. Peter raised a great outcry, but it was soon ascertained that none of his bones were broken, and he was jeered and laughed at by every one. I think he was fully satisfied that nothing is to be gained by exchanging kicks with a mule.

Perhaps some little boy may like to know what became of Bessie. After riding her many hundred

miles through desert plains and over snowy mountains, we reached the end of our long journey, and the time came to part. I felt really sorry to leave my long-eared pet, but there was no choice. I did all I could, however, to make her comfortable, by selling her to a friend who I knew would treat her kindly; and the last time I saw Bessie she was standing in a nice stable, with her mouth so full of oats that she could not even bid me good by.

H. L. A.

MINNA, LILLIE, AND JENNY.

WHEN I was a little girl I had a great variety of playthings. There were dolls at housekeeping, with parlor and kitchen furniture, and tiny sets of china; villages with prim green trees, all alike; Noah's ark; building blocks; magnetic ducks, that would swim after a piece of bread; color-boxes; transparent slates, — everything children ever have given by indulgent aunts and grandparents at Christmas and New Year; I had my swing, hoop, jumping-rope, a flower-bed all my own, and many a chance plaything, and playfellow, for out of doors diversion. But I was not satisfied. My dolls could not move, without my help, nor could any of my toys. I longed for something of my own that could learn to know and love me, something that I could feed, caress, and make happy.

So when I climbed upon my dear father's knee

after tea, one night, I asked him to give me a live pet.

"What will you have, Ally?" said he. "Shall I buy you a little pony?"

"O no, papa! I could not take a horse in my arms, and carry him about the house, you know. I want some little pet that I can fondle."

He told me to make my choice, and if it could be procured, I should have it. I deliberated a long time, unable to decide between a squirrel, a canary-bird, and a kitten. My mother thought that birds and squirrels required a care I was too young and heedless to give; and by her advice, I concluded to have a kitten.

How elated I was when the little creature was put into my hands, and everybody informed that it was wholly mine! I toiled up three flights of stairs, to my sister's boudoir in the attic. She turned her eyes a moment upon the furry wonder in my apron, remarked that it seemed to her an ugly little thing, and resumed the writing I had interrupted. To be sure, Minna was nothing very distinguished at that period; a little black and white bunch, with legs as yet short, and wide apart. I carried her down again, more her friend than before; my feelings took her part. As she grew tall and strong, she became, in my eyes at least, a perfect model of feline beauty. She soon showed a preference for me; she would jump into my lap, uninvited, and, with a purr of satisfaction, settle herself down for a nap. Others might feed, stroke, and amuse her; I carried my endearments to a greater extent. It was only *I* who *kissed* her. I

taught her one little accomplishment, which seems to belong to the dog; I never saw any other cat condescend to acquire it. If I crushed a piece of paper into a ball, and tossed it across the room, or even upon a table, or window-sill, she would pursue it, and bring it back to my feet, again and again.

She was not fond of the dark, lonely cellar, and Bridget had an exciting chase sometimes before she could shut her up there for the night. But every morning the cellar-door was wide open, and Minna in the kitchen, when Biddy came down. Here was a mystery! One day when I was watching the entertaining operation of making dough-nuts, I heard a sound at the latch of the cellar-door.

"Biddy! what 's that?" cried I, a little frightened; "who 's there?"

"There 's no one, indade, Miss Alley," said she, "barring the cat."

And sure enough! in a moment the door opened, and Minna swung in, hanging to the handle. Quietly dropping to the floor, she walked up to me, with a cool "Miaw!" as if she had done nothing extraordinary. Until I read the January number of the *Child's Friend*, I had thought my pet alone in the glory of this surprising achievement.

I had a roguish cousin, who used to ruffle my temper by declaring that cats were a mean, sly, treacherous race, without an atom of spirit, or a single noble trait, and that he had an antipathy to them. But his aversion to Minna was only assumed; I saw him more than once walking about the parlor with her black, demure little face peeping out of the

pocket of his dressing-gown. If I surprised him thus, he always pretended to be extremely astonished to find her there, and turned her out at once, with comical exclamations of abhorrence.

Minna had a trick of darting unexpectedly under the feet of people coming down stairs. Once poor Bridget stepped upon her, and rolled with a pan of dough down into the cellar. As Biddy was no fairy, I never could understand how Minna escaped being crushed to death.

I was sent into the country during the severe illness of my father, and Minna, having no one to pet her, and being uneasy in her mind at my absence, perhaps, was continually rushing into the sick-room, leaping upon my father's pillow when he was asleep, and brushing her tail across his face. Ada told me that, when she came to bring me home, but had no farther information to give me, nor had any one else, when I sought for my pet in vain, through house and barn. I never knew what became of her. Cousin Fred soberly assured me that he had seen her appear with a pair of wings on a certain day, and she must have flown away. He afterwards inconsistently reported that Victoria, having heard of the wonderful talents of my favorite, had sent her prime minister over expressly for her.

To console me, another kitten was procured. As she was perfectly white, I called her Lillie. I cannot say much for her talents or fidelity; she slept nearly all the time, and as readily in Biddy's lap as mine. She was too indolent to play with a crushed paper; she would never quarrel with her reflection in the

piano-leg; she sat still when called. I was not broken-hearted when somebody stole her one day. At least I *suppose* she was stolen; Cousin Fred *said* he saw her rolling along the sidewalk, like a bunch of cotton-wool, after some Irish children who were calling her along. I was only sorry because I feared she was no longer in kind hands, and would not be allowed to eat and sleep as much as she chose.

Jenny came to us of her own accord. She was a prettily shaped, half-grown cat, of a dark-gray color. Her fore-feet were white; Cousin Fred said she had white mittens. But when he undertook to play tricks upon her, he found she had claws too, and spirit to use them. He treated her quite respectfully after that. As she grew older, she displayed uncommon abilities as a mouser. This made her a vast favorite with Bridget, and even my mother, but my regard was diminished in proportion. Her nature was no gentle one. It was funny to see her scowl, when angry. If Biddy gave her a slap or a snap on the forehead, Jenny would draw back into an attitude of defiance, put back her ears, and draw her brows together into a frown.

One night, before the lights came, Cousin Fred and I were sitting by the fire in the parlor. I told him with pride how sagaciously Jenny contrived to get admittance to the house. Instead of mewing in vain to Biddy, she came to one of the parlor windows, and sat upon the sill till some one was moved to let her in. He listened with attention, but a roguish look in his eyes made me say, "It is *true*, Cousin Fred!" He made no answer, but took up

his cap and went out. In a few minutes, I heard a scratching and mewling at the window. I ran to open it. Jenny did not immediately spring in as usual. I felt for her, thinking to take hold of her slender legs, and pull her in. A man grasped my hands! How I screamed, and how merrily Fred's laugh rang out to reassure me!

Jenny lived to a good old age. Even when the wind blew a gale, she was not to be moved to a frisk. She sat winking slowly, or nearly closing her eyes, gaping occasionally, and once in a while unfolding the paws snugly doubled under her, to give them a comfortable stretch. She gave the room a pleasant, home-like air, and I missed her when she died. I had lost a friend that had always met my caress with a ready sign of pleasure and affection, and I pensively looked back over the years we had passed under the same roof, and by the same happy fire-side. I still like live pets, but those more intelligent than cats. I am on such terms of companionship with all the little children far and near, that I find even the little O'Shaughnessys and Macgillicuddys pulling my shawl, or, kitten like, getting under my feet, whenever I come near them in my rambles.

THOSE enjoy the most uniform train of good spirits and pleasant thoughts, who are thinking much of others and little of themselves.

THE LOST CHILDREN.*

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

THEY wandered in the wood
Among the forest trees,
And caught the leaves that wafted by
Upon the gentle breeze, —

Or chased the gaudy butterfly
That flew across the track,
And plucked the flowers on their way,
Nor thought of going back.

But as the shades of night came on,
To each other they drew near ;
“ Dear sister,” said the little boy,
“ Oh ! must we both stay here ? ”

She made no answer, but the tears
Rolled down her little cheeks ;
So great was her distress, that she
Could not her anguish speak.

Her brother sat upon a log
And hid his face and wept,
Then sadly looked up to her
To see if hope was left.

His sister folded her white hands,
As pensively she stood,
And looked around to see if one
Would take them from the wood.

* The above lines first appeared in the *New York Argus*, and were written by a little girl scarcely twelve years of age. They are touching in their simplicity, and the slight verbal inaccuracies of a child's unaided work make the true poetic feeling thus early displayed the more striking. It is hinted that “ Clara Isabelle ” is now an authoress. Her real name is unknown to the Editor.

But no one came ; it darker grew,
And night soon spread around ;
They tried to find the way they came,
But it could not be found.

Sorrowfully now they wandered back ;
She made a bed of leaves,
Then laid her little brother down,
And told him not to grieve.

“ To-morrow we ’ll go home,” said she,
“ So, brother, do not weep ;
We ’ll say our prayers, and then I will
Lie down with you to sleep.”

She covered him with her apron
To shield him from the blast,
And after she had kissed him,
Then she lay down the last.

The morning came, but they woke not,
Nor from them came a breath ;
Locked in the arms of sleep they were, —
It was the sleep of death.

The cold chill had spread o’er them
As they lay upon the sod,
But its iron grasp can’t hurt them, —
They are angels with their God.

They have gone to blessed heaven,
That sweet abode of peace,
Where sorrow cannot enter,
And all their troubles cease.

CLARA ISABELLE.

GOODNESS only can affection move,
And love must owe its origin to love.

A COUNTRY FIRESIDE.

It is a glorious fire for such a wintry night! The light brushwood, boughs and twigs of living coal, are fast losing shape, falling away into the bed of coals beneath, while the broad flames embrace the solid wood, creep through the crevices, catch the curling bark, and leap blazing and crackling up the chimney. That cheerful firelight! What a bright glow it throws upon the happy circle! It glitters on grandmother's spectacles and flashes from her knitting-needles. It plays joyously over little Phebe's dimpled cheek and laughing eyes. It tinges with gold Elsie's drooping curls. It brings the rosy color even to the invalid's cheek. It glares in the yellow eyes of the musing cat upon the rug. Yes, pussy! It gives a new sense of warmth and cosy comfort to see you fold your velvet paws beneath you, and, with that contented smile upon your profile, half close your eyes to meditate and purr forth your satisfaction. What a comfortable contrast to yonder distant, chilly, shadowy corners, and to the black night outside the windows! Miniature fires are blazing in the panes, reflected from the glass. Send the bright light abroad, cheerful blaze; illumine the darkness that repels you! Perhaps some way-worn, weary traveller, wading knee-deep through slosh and snow, and buffeting the storm alone in the darkness, will bless the cheerful rays that stream through the uncurtained windows. All is life and warmth and comfort within! Without, it is cold, —

bitter cold, dark, and dreary. The wind in fitful gusts sweeps howling round the house, clatters the blinds, and drives a sharp rattle of hail and sleet against the glass; then moans away far into the distance only to come raging back sending its voice before it. Hark! Is that the wind tumbling against the door, and feeling for the latch, bursting it open and stamping in the entry? No. But the wind follows close behind, plunges headlong in, flinging an armful of sleety snow after the fugitive, holds the door wide open with its mighty hand, and blows such a blast through the chinks and keyhole, that the white ashes scatter in wild affright, and a burst of sparks whirls up the chimney. After a furious struggle, the boisterous wind is shut out, and then little Phebe runs to open the door to see who has come, and the careful mother throws on another stick, and sweeps the hearth, and dusts the polished andirons, while grandmother plies the wheezing bellows. "Cousin Leonard! Now for a story!" The joyful welcome is changed to a laughing scream, and quick retreat, as Cousin Leonard takes off his shaggy wrapper, and roguishly shakes a fairy shower over little Phebe. The great easy-chair, the next in comfort to grandmother's throne, is wheeled to the warmest, snuggeſt corner; but Cousin Leonard takes possession of Phebe's little cricket, makes great show of trying its strength, and, balancing himself exactly, stretches his feet out towards the fire, and shivers with intense enjoyment of the warmth; while Phebe, dethroned, clambers with great glee into the deep, wide easy-chair, and sits in state, her little feet

dangling high in air. She has a fine view of the shadows now, that dance with clumsy movement on the ceiling, as the flickering fire now catches the new log in light, blue flames, now vanishes to circulate in liquid streams through the red coals beneath. Then the child with loud shouts of merriment holds up her tiny hand, and lo! its branching fingers stretch from wall to wall! Cousin Leonard, wizard-like, brings apparitions of hungry foxes gaping for food, and little bright-eyed rabbits, among the shadows. Phebe would never be tired of looking at them, and hunting for the heads of all the family, and laughing at their grotesque shapes, if Elsie, thoughtful Elsie, had not hinted at *the story*. What a magic word! Phebe's doll is brought to listen, and, after being taken up and seated about a dozen times to make her *stay* up, sits in an attentive attitude in half of Phebe's chair. Then Cousin Leonard begins. Such wonderful stories! Stories of the good old times when he was a boy. What a scapegrace he was! What wild pranks he played! And what scrapes he got into! Stories of fairies, and of hobgoblins; but the terror is taken from the latter by his laughing manner. Stories with a nice moral thrown in, not in set words, but to be guessed out. And the stories of every kind always ended well. Little Phebe never would be tired of listening, even to the same one over and over again. So he talks merrily on, till the hated hour of bed-time strikes for little Phebe, and she goes round the circle with a loving embrace of her soft arms, and a good-night kiss for each one. The fire-light grows pale without her.

A hoary mantle of ashes settles sleepily over the coals, for it is late. Puss rouses herself, stretches stiffly, gapes, and curls herself into a new position. Cousin Leonard takes the hint, and, thrusting himself into his wet wrapper, sallies forth again into the storm.

The shutters are closed, the curtains drawn, everybody goes to bed; and darkness, and cold, and storm reign undisturbed.

THE SPHINX.

Grandfather. Come here, my little boy; I want to borrow your bright eyes.

Charley. But grandpa,—how *can* I lend them? They do not come out. I know what you mean, though. What have you lost? I can find it, I guess.

Grandfather. See how these leaves are bitten!

Charley. What is spoiling grandpa's woodbine, I wonder.

Grandfather. I see traces which have told me what to look for, and I have looked all over the vine. He is so sly, I cannot find him.

Charley. Is he a great bug? Or a tree-toad?

Grandfather. It is a caterpillar, or worm, as large as your finger. He is of the color of the leaves and twigs.

Charley. So he can hide nicely. Was he made

so on purpose? I think he was. You will not kill him, if you find him, will you?

Grandfather. What! Shall I let him devour my beautiful leaves in this way?

Charley. But God gave him the color on purpose that he might be able to hide away from you.

Grandfather. I will promise not to kill him, if you will find him for me.

Charley. O here, grandpa, see, — here he is! I am afraid of him, he is such a monster! He holds up his great clumsy face, as if he was looking at me. Is he?

Grandfather. He always holds up his head in that way, when he is not eating. He is named the Sphinx; do you know why?

Charley. Because he looks like the pictures of the great Sphinx in the geography.

Grandfather (laughing). He will not bite you. He is only going to eat his supper. Now see what great bites he takes! How fast he cuts away my pretty reddish-green leaf! What shall I do to him?

Charley. Let us carry him away, to the weeds over the way. He may eat them.

Grandfather. But he will not, any more than my grandson will eat hay or grass, for bread. The woodbine is his appropriate food. He would starve sooner than eat any other plant. I saw a sphinx caterpillar on the tomato plants. But he was slenderer in the body, and he had pretty stripes, like trimming, on his sides, which looked like loops and buttons on a dress. He was a tomato sphinx; not an eater of woodbine leaves, like this one.

Charley. What *can* we do? Poor Sphinx!

Grandfather. And poor grandpa! He is a glutton; he is a monstrous eater; he will ruin my vine.

Charley. O dear! I cannot have him killed! You said you would not—

Grandfather. I will tell you what we can do. I will take him prisoner. You shall supply him with leaves; where the vine is running in the grass, you can cut plenty of them.

Charley. O yes! and nobody will miss them *there*.

Grandfather. Keep him well fed, and by and by you will see something very wonderful. He will make his own coffin, and shut himself up in it.

Charley. O, you are joking!

Grandfather. We shall see.

TO A CHILD.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

WHOSE imp art thou, — with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulders round and sleek,
And soft and fair, — thou urchin sly?

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,
First called thee his, or Squire or hind?
For thou in every wight that passes
Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave, but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall;
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running; —
'T is infantine coquetry all!

But far afield thou hast not flown,
With mocks and threats half lisped, half spoken;
I feel thee pulling at my gown, —
Of right good-will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh, and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging;
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after kindness more engaging!

The wilding rose — sweet as thyself —
And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure;
I 'd gladly part with worldly pelf,
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell of horn-book thumbing.

Well, let it be! Through weal and woe
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change.

Look upon every day as a blank page which
you are to fill up with indelible characters, and
which you will read again hereafter with shame
or joy.

CONTENTMENT.

A SMALL plant grew upon a sunny bank by the roadside. Its downy leaves were of a russet-green; its slender stem was strong, and upright, and covered with a fine healthy bark. There was an old stone-wall upon the bank, dividing it from a pasture where sheep and cows were kept. The wall kept off the north wind in the spring, as well as the grazing and nibbling herd; and it never intercepted the sunshine, even when the first rosy beam came from the east, or the last golden ray of sunset from the west. The air was always fresh and cool, because there was a spring at the foot of the green bank, which the heat of summer could never dry up.

On a fine morning in June, the flower opened. Its yellow cup was not upright, like the buttercup which it resembled, but turned aslant, as if to look at the sun as he rose. The stamens were oddly twisted on one side, all in a bunch, as if they had huddled out of the way, not to interrupt the glorious view.

"I do not believe I was intended by nature for so humble a situation," murmured the plant to itself. "I am thrown away, here by the wayside, in the grass, where any passing eye would take me for a common buttercup. I have a considerable share of beauty, but I have no admirer but the sun. My breath is sweet, but it is only the passing zephyr that brushes my dewy lips with a sigh. Perhaps I have medicinal qualities that might be a blessing to

the world. Why not I, as well as my neighbor the Pennyroyal, a homely little vulgarian, yet much sought after? Had I an opportunity for culture, I might become famous."

At this moment there came along the road a lad with a tin box slung round his neck; and at some distance behind, an older youth sauntered in a zig-zag course, examining the hedges upon each side of the road, and occasionally mounting upon the wall, or getting quite over it.

"Here, Charles, — put this in your box," he said, holding out a Goose-foot.

"You gather the ugliest things," observed Charles, opening his box, however. "I do not see what ugly weeds are for. I suppose I must learn their names, since they exist, and I am going to be a botanist."

"You need not despise anything God has made," said the elder brother. "The humblest thing that grows is wonderful enough to be a study for the greatest naturalist. And every growing plant is a benefactor to us, by doing its share in purifying the air we breathe."

Charles stopped at the spring to sprinkle his specimens, while George sprang up the bank. The little plant was thinking to itself that its share of the good work of absorbing noxious gases was very small indeed. "I could never be missed, if I should cease to exist," it said, grumblingly. "Were I a pet plant, it would be different; I should then grow in some house, and be truly useful."

"O Charles, come up here! I have found the Canadian Cistus," cried George.

"A pretty thing, truly," said Charles. "I am glad I have one flower that will make a show, in my herbarium."

"Be careful how you handle it then, or you will lose these fine yellow petals before you can get the flower home. On the whole, as the plant is rare in this vicinity, I will take up the root, and we will see what we can make of it in the greenhouse."

Behold our little plant in a pot, in a glass prison-house. It is a genteel place; he has plenty of the most distinguished society. But instead of the sweet dews of heaven, the air leaves a dank steam upon the windows; instead of the fragrant south wind, bringing the scent of violets and sweet-brier, there is a dead, still, stifling air, loaded with the sickening smell of crowded exotics. The golden petals have long ago fallen; and now, one by one, the slender lance-shaped leaves curl, turn black, and drop.

The bark of the *Cistus* was beginning to crack, and scale off, when one day Charles came to see how his wild plant flourished in its new way of life.

"Ah, poor thing, it is dying," said he. "I am sorry I removed it from the pretty spot where it was blooming so sweetly, to bring it here to be put out of countenance by these artificial, flaunting geraniums. No wonder it was homesick, the dear little wild-wood flower!" He was sorry that he could not hope to find it the next June, blooming on the same pleasant bank by the road-side.

However, the *Cistus* was not dead when one day the gardener pulled it up, and tossed it carelessly

over a fence into a grassy nook in the barn-yard. Here the dews and the breezes revived it; it took root, and grew cheerfully in its unpoetical location. What little sun the high fence allowed to reach it, was welcomed thankfully, and also the drifted snow, which covered it during the severest frosts of winter, like a comfortable blanket.

One morning in June, its single golden flower smiled so brightly in the midst of the grass and burdocks, that it caught the eye of Charles, when he had come home from a ride, and was leading his horse to the barn. Happy was the little plant at his exclamations of delight. He was more pleased with its refined grace, and its delicate perfume, than when he had seen it in a picturesque and sunny spot. "It is so wonderful to find it here!" he cried, enchanted. "No one shall pluck this flower." And he put little stakes round it, to defend it from the tread of any unlucky hoof or foot. Then he called his young sisters, who were full of delight and admiration. For a day or two they brought everybody to see it, and they came by the green-house without pausing to go in. The Cistus was famous.

But it had learned its lesson of humility. So when its petals fell, and it was deserted and forgotten, it bore its fruit in happy obscurity, content to answer the purpose of its being, and to look up to the heavens, even in a barn-yard.

FAMILIAR acts are beautiful through love.— *Shelley.*

LOVE IS HAPPINESS.

IN a little dell in the forest a violet bloomed alone, the earliest in the early spring-time. The tall trees raised their great, rough arms, as if to protect the frail little flower below, and kindly made way for the sunshine to visit and cheer her. The violet timidly lifted her blue eyes towards the sky overhead, and loved to watch the dazzling white clouds sailing through its azure depths; she wondered where they went, when they passed away and were no longer visible from her little nook. The great sun looked down, and kissed her; the gentle wind loved to whisper in her ear wonderful tales of what he had seen by the sounding sea-shore; the soaring lark, in his morning trip among the clouds, sung his sweetest song to please her; the queen of the fairies reclined in the violet's cup, while the whole merry troop joined hands and danced around her.

Yet the violet was not happy; she would sometimes bow her meek little head, and sigh, vaguely longing for something more. In the morning there would be a shining drop in her eyes as she turned them up to the beautiful sky above. To be sure, the genial sun would soon kiss it away. She enjoyed the wind's stories, and the lark's compliments, and was flattered by the fairy queen's favor; but still there was a want in her little heart.

The next morning, when the violet opened her eyes, she saw blooming at her side a sister violet. Her petals quivered with pleasure as she gently

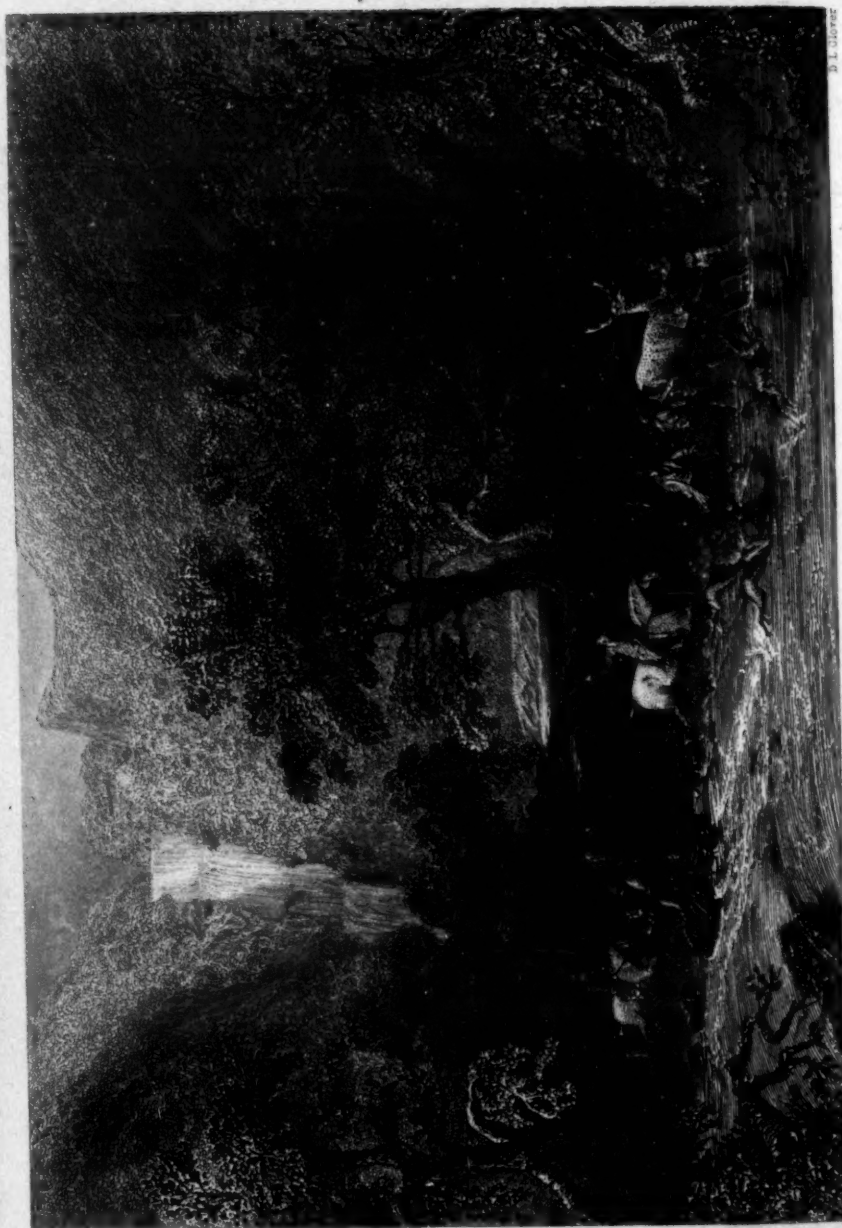
drooped her head towards the little stranger, and murmured a timid welcome. Then the two twined their leaves together; and when the smiling sun dried the tear-drops from the eyes of our violet, they were not the sad tears he had been wont to kiss away. And again the merry wind told his funny stories about the sea, and the tall ships, and the beautiful shells that were always murmuring; the lark soared again into the depths of the bright-blue sky, trilling and warbling as if he would burst his throat, and then came down and paid his morning compliments to two listeners instead of one; the trees rustled, and the grass waved, and the ferns nodded, and our little violet thought her forest-home had never been half so lovely before. That night, when the two modest flowers had shut their eyes, clinging closely to each other, the pale moon looked down, watching; the twinkling stars peeped through the dewy foliage as they slept; and the beautiful fairy of the dell smiled lovingly upon them, and blessed them.

The violet was no longer unhappy. Love is happiness.

F.

THOSE who deem that all is selfishness, let them tell me how it is that one simple word in praise of those we love will give a thousand times more pleasure than the warmest commendation of ourselves?





The Stag Hunt

FELIX.

"WHAT will you take for him?" said a young American, one of a group standing round a fawn that had been torn and nearly killed by the hounds. The hunter had been very successful; he had plenty of venison; he did not know what to do with the fawn, for every one was touched by his pleading eye, and his patient agony, and wished that he should have a chance for his life. There was a boat in the river, and the American could carry home the wounded animal, and tend him. The boatmen stood looking on, while a bargain was made. Then they gently lifted the little creature, and laid him upon a bed of twigs and grass in the boat. The young American gave him water, which he drank eagerly. Then he bathed his wounds, and bound them up, taking care to be very gentle in his motions, and speaking to the boatmen in low tones. There was something almost human in the expression of the beautiful brown eyes of the fawn, that followed anxiously every movement of his kind attendant. Either through fear, or faintness from loss of blood, he lay perfectly quiet, and soon the wet bandages solaced his lacerated flesh; he closed his eyes and slept, as they floated down the smooth stream and came out into the harbor of Cumana.

Felix, for so Mr. Gilbert called him, was upon his slender legs again in a day or too, in a green field, with a high fence made of pointed palisades. At first the barking of the dogs outside drove him nearly

frantic with terror, but, once convinced of his security, he would not even look at them, as they pushed their noses and paws between the palings, howling and whining with balked ferocity. He grew fat, and sleek, and his beauty attracted great admiration from those passing by in the street. His limbs were so gracefully slender, that their quick, light bounds made him seem to float above the ground, and the print of the little pointed hoof could be covered by a quarter of a dollar. He was of a beautiful dun color, shaded into black at the tip of the nose and ears, and at the feet. He followed his master like a dog, and always showed great joy when he appeared, although he left to another person the care of him, and often forgot to visit him for days together, in the perplexities of business. Gilbert was a man of amiable nature, and when he perceived that his pet was grateful for what he had done to save him, and attached to him, rather than to the man by whom he was fed and caressed, he was pleased. He would not sell him at any price, for the love even of an animal seemed to him a precious thing, in his almost solitary exile among foreigners.

One day, he put a ribbon round the neck of Felix, and led him into the street. Here there was an escort of sailors, ready to defend him from any dog that might assail him, on his way to the quay. He was put on board the *Almira*, a small vessel which was going up the river for dye-woods and mahogany. They soon found it was not necessary to tie him, as long as Gilbert was on board. As they slowly sailed up the river, he would frolic about upon deck, as

contented as a pet kitten, and all the men, but one, were kind to him. There is now and then to be met with, a man, or even a boy, who has a strange desire to frighten and torment animals, and thinks it fun to see them fly, or struggle, in fear and pain. Antón, the cook, was one of these, and one day, when Gilbert was writing in the cabin, and Felix careering the length of the vessel, to and fro, he muffled himself in a black cloth, and jumped out from the companion-way with a roar. The fawn leaped sideways overboard. Terrified as it was, it still followed the vessel, swimming, instead of escaping to the shore. A boat was lowered immediately; but no one could lay hold of him, till his master was called from the cabin, and came to the side of the vessel. Then he suffered himself to be taken into the boat, and lifted on board, into the arms of his protector. When the ship returned to Cumana, Antón was in irons, having stabbed one of the crew in the back, and, with a barbarity almost inconceivable, turned the knife in the wound. The indignant American had him tried in the court of justice; which deserved no such name, for it detained the vessel to pay all costs but the bribe by which the ruffian escaped punishment.

There was one place upon the river which was so infested by mosquitos that the air was dark with them. The sailors had to cover their faces with cloth masks; rather stifling in a hot climate, but fortunately the mosquito shore only extended a mile or two. Gilbert wrapped himself in an old quilt, and lay down upon the deck, to get as much air as possible. He fell asleep, and was awakened suddenly

by intolerable punches in the ribs. It was Felix dancing upon him with his little sharp hoofs.

The Almira was moored, when they came to the forest where they were to cut wood. Gilbert would not leave the fawn by himself in the vessel. He was not afraid that his dumb friend would be faithless; he was sure he would never desert him. So he took him to the shore in the boat. But the moment Felix felt the firm bank under his springy feet, he bounded off in a straight line into the woods. There was no underwood, and Gilbert watched him till the little twinkling heels could no longer be seen in the distance; and then he sat down under a tree, feeling his heart wrung as if some human love had failed him. He thought of his home, of the dead mother, and the blessing she had written in the blank page of his Bible; of his sisters, who had wept at parting; of the brother who had wrung his hand as he left the wharf in Boston. He felt sad and alone. "Nothing to love! I did not think Felix would leave me!" he said, and wondered that he felt so grieved at the ingratitude of an irrational creature. Something caught his eye, flashing up and down in the green arch of the forest. It was Felix coming back as swiftly as he went; he did not pause an instant till he checked himself close to Gilbert's side, and leaned his head against his bosom. He had only wanted a race to stretch his limbs after the long confinement on board the vessel.

THOSE who cannot bear thorns cannot have roses.

E A S T E R .

My dear children, you are rejoicing in the resurrection of nature. Every tree and shrub is beginning to put forth its leaves and flower-buds; the earth is clothing itself with a rich mantle of green. All nature, after its wintry death, is coming forth to a new life. Your hearts are bounding with happiness, for, on these fine spring days, the glad awakening spirit that is abroad pervades your own souls. It was at this season of the year that the resurrection of Jesus took place, a greater cause for joy. I wish to help you to reflect upon this wonderful event; you may not otherwise understand why it is a reason for a deeper joy and more thoughtful gratitude.

Place yourselves in the situation of his disciples, and most cherished friends. If you have ever had a dear friend restored to you from imminent peril or dangerous illness, after you had abandoned hope, and given yourself up to despondency, it will help you to imagine the joy of Mary Magdalene and the disciples; how much more, had that friend expired before your eyes, and been actually committed to the tomb, and yet by miracle raised up! It was thus with the disciples. They had lived with Jesus, and seen his life of purity and holiness; they had listened to his words, and been present at his works of mercy. How they must have loved and revered him! They had felt that he would become a great king, and knew not then the nature of his reign upon the earth. How must all their worldly hopes have been

crushed, when he voluntarily submitted himself to the power of his enemies, and the shameful death of the cross! All seemed lost and at an end when the beloved form was buried from their sight, the sepulchre sealed, and guarded by pagan soldiery.

Think of the disciple whom Jesus loved, — the only one who did not forsake him at last, — and of Simon Peter, who, in sudden terror and doubt, had denied him, and then wept bitterly at the last look of him whom he so much loved. When Mary told them the body of Jesus had been taken away, and she knew not where they had laid him, they ran to the sepulchre; and with what feelings did they stand and gaze at the empty grave, when as yet they comprehended not the scripture that he must rise from the dead? What were their thoughts, when they “went away to their own homes”? Was it Mary’s report, or the prophecy that John believed, as he saw the forsaken grave-clothes?

Does not your heart swell with emotion, as you read of the weeping, faithful Mary, stooping to look again into the dark sepulchre? Do you wonder at her slowness to recognize her risen Master, whose dead body she, and Mary, the mother of James, and Salome had prepared to embalm? Can you not imagine the joy with which she knew his voice, when he called her by name? The eye had given its testimony in vain; the voice spoke to the heart.

Try to realize the scenes described in the last chapters of Luke and John, the joy of the disciples, their renewed faith and hope, and the spreading of the joyful and amazing tidings among all people, by their testimony and preaching.

And why should not their feelings in some degree be ours? We have the same holy and lovely example to contemplate, as they relate it to us; and by the light which has spread from the Gospel, we have a better opportunity of understanding his true office and character than they had. We see what they could only hope and prophesy, the good his words have done and are doing in the world, and that his actions and spirit continue to be revered, loved, and imitated by all the good. Think of him as your personal friend, who is now living, and interested in your happiness and your endeavors to live a Christian life. He will never seem a stranger to you, if you think, when you read his instructions, that he speaks to you as well as to his immediate disciples. Think of him much and often, that he may be associated, as a present friend, with your common life. When your heart swells with gratitude to your earthly benefactors, remember him to whom you owe your knowledge of the Father, all your consolations in sorrow, your strength in duty, your hopes of heaven. When you think that he gave his life to secure those blessings for you, will not your heart melt with love to him? And when you hear him spoken of, or meet with an allusion to him in a book, does your heart throb, as at the mention of a dear friend? Even dating a letter should always remind you of him, since it tells how much time has passed since the world received its greatest gift.

In your prayers, when you say "through Jesus," or "in the name of our blessed Saviour," do not say

it formally, but dwell upon its meaning. It signifies that you ask by his direction, and as he has taught you; that you wish to ask according to his example, and in his spirit; that you believe that he is helping you, and teaching you to pray aright; and that it is to him that you owe the knowledge of a Father above, and the privilege of prayer to him.

When you become really acquainted with Jesus, as with the holy and good who show his spirit here below, you will naturally try to be like him. You will ask yourself in your studies, your plays, your intercourse with your companions, your treatment of your parents, your relations with God, "Am I like Jesus? Would he have done and felt and spoken thus?" I hope you will do this often in the course of your daily life; do it seriously, and act as your conscience tells you that you ought, as his follower. You will thus become more like Jesus each day, and he will love you, and will manifest himself to you, as he does not to the world.

We rejoice in the resurrection of Jesus as a plain and unanswerable proof of the truth of his Gospel, in which we have the glad tidings of our own immortal life. It was so considered by all those who witnessed it, for no impostor could have power to rise from the dead. It was Christ who brought life and immortality to light. "If a man die, shall he live again?" This anxious inquiry was never answered, though many hoped, before Jesus gave the promise of eternal life to all who believed on him. We have this comforting assurance in the view of

our own death, and when those we love are taken away. We never doubted, though all nature seemed dead, that in due time it would revive; and let us have the same cheerful, unhesitating faith that, when we have taken the last look of a dear friend, as the disciples did of their loved Master, we shall see him again, to be more happy than ever in his society.

I have read that a very little child, when about to die, said to her father, "Father, will you go to the grave with me?" He said, "My dear, I cannot!" "Then, dear mother, will you go with me?" she asked. She answered with streaming eyes, "My darling, I cannot go with you." "Oh!" she said, "I cannot go alone." She turned her little face to the wall, and wept a few moments; then turning again towards them with a sweet smile, she said, "I shall not go alone, for Jesus will be with me."

Yes, my dear children, we can lean on him, for he loves us, he will safely lead us through the dark valley; he knows the way, for he has been through it before us; and at the end of our journey, our Father will welcome us to the blessed home prepared for us.

Good manners should be a polish, not a varnish; the ornament of a good heart, not the disguise of a bad one.

The desire of pleasing others falls far short of the desire to make them happy.

BERENGER.

No. V.

A WOODMAN was chopping in the forest, when there suddenly appeared before him a young lady, followed by a youth carrying a little girl, and a boy bearing a wicker basket, which seemed to be no light load. They had lost themselves, and asked for a guide to the Colliery. They were glad to sit down and rest, while a cart was loaded with fagots. When the wagoner was ready, they put the little girl and the basket upon the top of the wood, and followed the cart silently. The sun was already slanting his beams, when they came out of the wood, upon an open space, where men and boys were going to and fro like emmets, among the charcoal mounds or heaps. Adèle, from her elevated perch, was the first to perceive Berenger among them. She did not know him, bending beneath a fagot, which his bare arms supported upon his head. He was completely disguised by soot, and a dirty, slouched cap. He caught a glimpse of her, and instantly threw down his load. He resumed it, however, and ran to throw it upon a pile, before he came to meet the eager eyes that were seeking him. Leo rushed forward, and caught him in his arms; Aribert next came up, to clasp him also with a pressure more expressive than his choked words. Ethelind and Adèle waited, with tears running down their cheeks, for their turn. Was it their tears, or his own, that made white streaks upon

his sooty face, when he embraced them? Berenger had left his marks upon all of them, and, perceiving this, the whole party were laughing in an excited, convulsive way, before they were able to speak. They went down to the river to wash, still grasping Berenger as closely as before.

"Where can M. Simon be?" said Berenger, looking back. "He must have missed me from my place in the gang."

"Doing your work!" answered a deep voice, and they looked up, and saw a head just above them, looking over a high paling. Adèle screamed faintly.

"I can carry two loads for one of yours. You need not hurry back, therefore; you have carried two to one of Pierre's, all day. I'll call if you are wanted. Enjoy yourself."

"Thank you, Sir," said Berenger, with unfeigned respect.

Leo and Ethelind exchanged a look, while Adèle cried, "Thank you, kind man," quite unheard by him.

A stump, newly cut, made a fine clean table, on which Ethelind set out the various fruits and cakes they had brought. Berenger went away to put on his jacket, and his shoes, and get rid of his ugly mask of soot. Ethelind felt she was forgiven, if he had remembered at all what she had not forgiven herself.

No one could swallow a morsel at first. Their hearts were swelling, and their throats too. Berenger looked round upon them with bright, loving eyes, that could not be satisfied with gazing. They pre-

sented Marcella's gift, a pot of honey ; she knew he liked it. Berenger made no answer, as they pressed him to taste it, and the other nice things they had brought him.

"My father — does he know — does he approve?" said he, with a flushed face, and downcast eyes.

Ethelind confessed she had refrained from asking leave to visit him in his exile, lest she should be denied. She had thought of it before the father had left for Paris.

"Paris!" cried Berenger, with a start and a smile. A box of books, with writing and drawing materials, had come from Paris to M. Simon's care, directed to Berenger. They were his father's kind gift then! But he said nothing about them.

"I am sorry you did not ask," said he, thoughtfully. Again Leo and Ethelind looked at each other with a glance of wonder.

The feast was not long neglected by travellers who had not dined. The sun sank lower, and Ethelind would fain have hurried the repast, but that she feared to seem more ready to desert Berenger than the rest. He soon began to talk, and answer all their questions. Yes, there was a good understanding between him and his master, for he served him with all his might. At first, he had worked sullenly, and the first time he had refused to do as he was bid, there was a roar of derision among the men. This had made him more angry, and he had declared he would not budge an inch for M. Simon, who might beat him to death, and welcome. He did not desire to live. One man he noticed looked at him

sorrowfully. The rest ducked him in the river, till he could not draw a breath. Then they laid him on the grass, and brought him to by a rubbing with rough cloths. Berenger found it a very *cooling* process, and this rough bath was not repeated. Being drowned outright, he might have braved, in his unhappy state, but the ridicule and the scrubbing were not to be borne. There was no way of escape but implicit submission to M. Simon.

Adèle put her arms round Berenger's neck in a transport of indignant sorrow. He returned the embrace, and said softly, "Forgive me, Adèle, for raising my hand against you. I am very sorry, and so I was at first."

"And I hindered you from saying so ; forgive me, dear Berenger," said Ethelind, blushing scarlet. "I must discipline my quick temper and my satirical tongue. O, I have been so grieved, so sorry!"

Berenger held out his hand.

"It is all for the best," said Leo, "if only our father will let Berenger come home again. We will beg and beseech him."

"No," said Berenger, drawing himself up a little. "I will not come home, if it is a favor granted at your entreaty."

They all misunderstood him. They thought he was still sullen towards the father, and for a moment their feelings took his part, and were ready to rebel against the severity of his punishment.

"Tell my father I will stay here as long as he wishes it. When he sees fit to call me home, he

shall have in me a son. I shall not be a disobedient, surly madcap, only fit to be ruled by force."

"What has changed your feelings towards him?" asked Aribert. "*I think he was cruel and stern.*"

"There is one man here who never laughed at my folly. I saw that the other men never kept company with him. He thought I should avoid him too, when he told me that he had been in prison for a violent assault and robbery. I have attached myself to the disgraced man, who is only what I might have become. 'Had I been restrained in my youth,' said he, 'I might be a respectable citizen now, not pointed at by every one as a convict.'"

"And you think, then, your father is right in binding you apprentice to a collier!" said Ethelind, who could not in her heart believe so.

"It is a good school for me. Since I have felt right towards him, I have rejoiced,—yes, I have been really happy in my hard labor and hard bed, my coarse food and coarse clothes. They are making a man of me. He has done this for my good. Well, it shall do me good."

"Berenger, you have many a time surprised me by something more high and noble than I could be capable of," said Leo. "We imagined you pining for the things you had been accustomed to at home, and so we have brought this load."

"With which I shall treat my friend Pierre, and my master, Simon. Pierre is a slender lad; I do half his work, and teach him to read and write. I never liked books half so well in my life as I do now, after my work is done for the day."

"Books *here*!" said Ethelind. Berenger smiled, but kept his secret. A loud and prolonged whistle was heard, and the next moment, after a hasty adieu, Berenger was running from them at his utmost speed. They saw him no more, but M. Simon came to tell them the shortest way home. He took charge of the repacked basket, but with a roguish laugh which made Ethelind suspect that Berenger would not find so much as a biscuit left in it when it reached him. She guessed right. Biscuits, apples, cakes, one thing after another, flew about right merrily in the yard, the men scrambling for them with begrimed hands, and eating them without any fastidious scrutiny, when they had rolled upon the blackened earth. The only thing that fell to Berenger's share was the pot of honey, which M. Simon reserved for him.

The party lost their way, of course, for it was soon dark in the woods. They wandered about till Adèle fell, and was rendered unable to walk by a severe bruise. Ethelind lost her slipper in a mud-hole. Leo, seeing a light in the distance, left them sitting on a log, with Aribert to guard them. Adèle felt much disposed to cry, but wished to be brave and strong like Berenger, so she only wiped her eyes in silence. Suddenly there was a rushing sound in the bushes, and Seppa came out with a clumsy gambol that almost upset Aribert, who was not a little frightened, as well as the girls, before they recognized their shaggy friend in the dark. They supposed Hans must be near, sent by Marcella to find them. Seppa could tell no tales. There was a

crashing and rustling in the underwood, the gleaming light of a lantern struck upon the trees around them, and the father emerged from the thicket, followed by Leo, while a third figure remained in the shadow.

"Father, are you displeased with us?" asked Ethelind, feeling very foolish, being conscious of deserving a reproof, and of having been disloyal towards him in her thoughts. The father was ready to excuse her imprudence, and the working of her feelings in Berenger's cause, which he had perceived.

"I have not been so far off as you suppose," said he. "Like the Invisible in the story, I have stood by Berenger's pillow at night, and have had an eye upon him at his work by day. I watched your feast, and, with Seppa's help, followed you; and I will carry you now to the carriage, which waits in the road."

Out sprang the dark figure, in order to catch up Adèle before Leo or Aribert, and the light fell upon the joyous face of Berenger, and upon his clean white collar, and home dress. He was no longer the collier's apprentice. He shouldered Adèle, declaring he could carry a whole fagot of little girls no heavier than she was, and went capering through the wood, Leo and Aribert following to hold back low hanging twigs, and keep them from brushing the faces of the others.

There met round the family altar that night once more a happy and united household. And with the tribute of joyful gratitude, there went up from Berenger's heart an earnest prayer for help. He feared his own wild will.

"I am not afraid to trust you, my son," said the father, when, long after, Berenger went out to take his part in the busy world; "you have long been controlled by a principle within. I have taught you how to be your own master."*

A. W. A.

WISHES.

Down in the field, in the fragrant air
Of a bright midsummer day,
I saw three children sweet and fair,
Amid the new-mown hay;
And pleasant indeed their voices were,
In their innocent, childish play.

"I'd be a queen!" cried little Nell;
And she quickly plaited a crown
Which fitted her fair young brow right well;
Then she turned with a haughty frown
And bade her sisters humbly kneel,
Her sovereign power to own.

"I'd be a beauty," lisped Geraldine,
"And have lovers to sue by the score;
I would not be easily pleased, I ween,
But no heart should disown my power."
And she tossed her curls. You should have seen
The coquettish look she wore!

Then gently spake dear Isobel:
"Nay, sisters, I'd never be

* The plan of this story was borrowed from "Las Tardes de la Granja."

A proud, grand queen, nor a heartless belle,
But a Sister of Charity.
I would sickness cure, and gloom dispel,
The benighted from error free ;

“ And every orphaned little one
I would in my arms receive ;
To those that were old, and poor, and lone,
A happy home I'd give ;
And when all my work on earth was done,
I would go to Heaven to live ! ”

Then the little belle forgot her airs,
And the queen threw her crown away,
As they eagerly ran to nestle near
Sweet Isobel 'mid the hay,
And earnestly talked together there
Of the good they would do, some day.

GAZELLE.

No. II.

HAVING arrived at the lower round, Jacko paused prudently before stepping on the floor, and casting his eyes upon Gazelle, whom he had forgotten in the heat of his dispute with Tom, he perceived that she was in a very helpless position. In truth, Tom, instead of leaving her as he found her, had, as we have said, carelessly let her fall, so that in recovering her senses the unhappy beast found herself, not in her normal situation, upon her feet, but turned upon her back, — a position which, as every one knows, is

peculiarly inconvenient to an individual of the tortoise race.

It was easy to see from the expression of confidence with which Jacko approached Gazelle, that he had concluded that her position disabled her from making any defence. However, having come within a few paces of the strange monster, he paused, looked in at the opening in her side, and, with an air of apparent negligence, set about making a general inspection, reconnoitring at a distance, like a general, preparing to besiege a city. This done, he stretched out his hand quietly, and touched the extremity of the shell, with the tip of his finger; then he sprang back quickly, and, without losing sight of the object which occupied his attention, began to dance on his hands and feet, accompanying his motion with a victorious chant, which he indulged in whenever, from any difficulty overcome or danger met, he wished to congratulate himself upon his skill or his courage.

Suddenly the dance and vainglorious chant stopped. A new idea entered Jacko's brain, and appeared to absorb all his thinking faculties. Having carefully examined the turtle, to which his touch had imparted a rocking motion, protracted by the convexity of her shell, he approached her, moving sideways like a crab, and, when he was close beside her, rose on his hind feet, bestrode her like a cavalier about to ride, and watched her rocking helplessly between his two legs for a moment or two. Feeling perfectly secure after so careful a scrutiny, without raising his feet from the floor, he seated himself and began rocking rapidly to and fro, balancing him-

self joyously, winking, and scratching his side, gestures which, to those who knew him, expressed an indescribable joy.

All at once, Jacko uttered a piercing cry, leaped three feet from the floor, and came down again on his back; then, springing upon his ladder, he went to take refuge behind the plaster cast. This evolution was caused by Gazelle, who, tired of a sport in which the fun was evidently not for her, had given signs of life, by scratching with her cold and sharp claws the bald thighs of Jacko. He was the more confounded at this aggression, as it was wholly unexpected.

A. A. V.

THE LONELY BIVOUAC.

Soon after gold was discovered in California, the country was overrun by a set of abandoned villains, whose only object was to secure wealth, no matter at what cost. They abused and ill-treated the poor Indians to such an extent, that war broke out in many parts of the territory, and occasioned great loss of life and property.

A small band of United States troops, which were stationed at a little fort in the Indian country, were, at one time, surrounded by a large party of savages, and placed in imminent danger. Their provisions were nearly exhausted, the men were wearied by long watches, and discouraged by the numbers of the enemy and the small prospect of relief.

A consultation was held among the officers, and it was decided to be absolutely necessary to send an express rider to the next fort for assistance. The question then arose, who was to go. It seemed a desperate undertaking to attempt to pass many miles through a forest thronged with hostile Indians, but a young officer volunteered for the service. Well acquainted with the country, he hoped to be able, by making a large *detour*, to escape the observation of the Indians, and reach the other fort.

He started alone before light, evaded the hostile scouting parties, and travelled all day, as fast as possible. Night came on, and found him still far from his destination, in the midst of a dense forest. Fearing to lose his way, he stopped, and prepared to wait for daylight to appear before resuming his journey.

To prevent a surprise, he lay down among some large rocks in the dry bed of a torrent of the rainy season, with the bridle of his good steed on his arm, and his rifle by his side. The night was cold, and light clouds flitted across the moon, now obscuring her face, and now revealing her full splendor. Resolved to watch all night, he had stationed himself so that the point where the trail came out of the woods to cross the stony bed was in full sight; but although shivering with cold, the fitful sighing of the wind among the trees, and his own overpowering fatigue, lulled him to sleep.

A sudden start of his horse awoke him. He saw by the position of the moon that it was nearly midnight, and that he must have been asleep several hours. While wondering what had alarmed his

horse, he heard a little rustling among the leaves in the forest, in the direction of the trail. Instantly the thought flashed across his mind that he had been followed by the savages, and that they were now trying to steal upon him unawares.

With his sense of hearing rendered painfully acute by this fearful thought, he listened. Sometimes for a moment no sound was audible; then the snapping of a twig or the rustle of a leaf told him that something was stealthily approaching. His horse evidently heard and was frightened by the sound. Fully convinced that his last hour had come, he cocked his rifle, and resolved to disable at least one enemy, as soon as the savage should emerge from the forest into the little belt of moonlight upon the border of the rocky bed.

Few men were braver than he, and yet, as he lay shivering on the cold stones alone in the wilderness, and listened to the slow approach of the mysterious footsteps, his very blood seemed to stagnate in his veins with horror. The sound came nearer and nearer. Now it was just on the confines of the dark shadow, and with his finger on the trigger, and his eyes glaring into the darkness, he lay listening to the loud beating of his own heart. Suddenly a slight movement among the bushes was visible, and out jumped into the bright moonlight — a little rabbit!

It is only necessary to add, that on the following day he reached the fort in safety, obtained assistance, and rescued his friends.

H. L. A.

A SPRING MORNING SERENADE UNDER A
MOTHER'S WINDOW.

WITH lightsome tread our little throng
Have sallied out so soon from sleeping,
And by the pear-tree, old and strong,
And where the freshest grass is peeping,
We'll wake our mother with a song.

The sun ray comes the skies to cheer,
And on from cloud to cloud is beckoned ;
And look ! how glad the hills appear,
From out their morning dream awakened
By such a rosy pioneer !

Our earliest wish is all for thee ;
May this day bring no thought of sorrow !
Come to the window ; come and see !
Your grateful children sing good-morrow :
What truer tribute can there be ?

W. C. B.

WILLOW FARM STORIES.

No. IV.

" COUSIN Julia," said Richard, when we were collected around the fire the next evening, " it seems to me you have not told us much about the farm, after all. I thought, when people went into the country, it was to make butter, and play in the hay."

" O, certainly ! we used to play in the hay," said

I, "and we made butter too. I suppose we were terribly in poor Patience's way in the dairy. But we *thought* we were helping very much when we took turns with her at the churn. I remember well how it made my arms ache.

"The haying season was over, long before we left Willow Farm. There were no haycocks in the meadow; but whenever a rainy day came to interrupt our out-door plays, we went to the barn; and many a merry afternoon did we spend leaping down from the upper loft upon the thick bed of hay on the lower floor. We used to play we were birds; and having made our nests in the hay, flap round with a great noise to visit each other.

"Edith and I were tenderly interested in the dear little birds that built their nests and sang their sweet morning songs about Willow Farm. There were some swallows domesticated in the chimney of our sleeping-room. They often waked us at the early dawn, sometimes indeed in the night, whirring in and out of the chimney, and chirping to the young ones. We discovered a nest of robins too, in the hollow trunk of an old elm in the field; and morning and night we ran down to put crumbs of soft bread into the open bills of the young birds. In one of the maples that stood in front of the cottage a linnet had made his home, and in another lived a noisy family of wrens. Towards each of these little creatures, whose homes were under our protection, Edith and I felt a strong and peculiar affection. After we had gone to bed, we often lay awake 'making up' long romances about them. But the chimney swal-

lows were our especial darlings; and when, one morning, after a night of wind and rain, we discovered two of the young birds lying dead upon our hearth, it was no trifling sorrow to us. We shed many tears over their wet, ruffled feathers, and felt grieved all the day."

"Were you sure they were *quite* dead, Cousin Julia?" asked Mollie, piteously.

"Yes, darling; we could do nothing for them but to lay them under the willows in the yard. But I did once save a little bird's life, Mollie. I will tell you how it happened. One day I was hunting all over the house for Edith, and, in the course of my search, found myself in the attic. Not seeing Edith there, I went to the window, and looked about for her in all directions. My attention was presently attracted by something fluttering from one of the boughs of a little peach-tree in the garden beneath. It looked like a bright yellow leaf, but it was whirling about and flapping up and down in the most unaccountable way, for there was not a breath of wind. While I was watching and wondering, I saw a large gray cat crouching down to the ground, and drawing near the tree. Her gleaming eyes were fixed upon this fluttering object. Then it flashed upon my mind that it must be a bird, caught there, or fascinated, and unable to free itself. I flew, rather than ran, down the stairs, and leaped through the long window. Clapping my hands and shouting at the cat, just as she was in the act of settling for a spring, I sent her off in a fright. Then I ran to the peach-tree, and found that what I had at first taken for a

yellow leaf, was a beautiful hemp bird that had entangled his leg in some twine which Edith had arranged for her morning-glories to run on. The more the frightened bird fluttered and strove to extricate himself, the more did he twist and knot the twine about his poor little claw. When he was exhausted with his vain struggles, he would hang motionless for a little time, with his head downwards. I took advantage of one of these moments of quiet to take the little creature gently in my hand. At my touch he redoubled his efforts to escape, and I fancied I felt him first grow very hot, and then cold, in my hand, and that a film began to gather over his eyes. All this time his mate was flying around my head in smaller and smaller circles, and uttering cries of distress. I almost believed she would attack me in her loving fears for her poor companion. I could not untie the cord. I shouted as loudly as I could, 'O m-a-m-m-a! O Edith! Tracy! O *do* somebody come, and bring me a pair of scissors!'

"After what seemed to me a very long time, mamma came to the rescue.

"The instant the cord was cut, the little bird, a moment before apparently lifeless in my hand, glided out of my gentle grasp, and flew through the air like an arrow. Soon he was twittering and chirping in the maple-tree with his happy mate. No doubt both were in a perfect ecstasy of delight at his wonderful escape."

"I am glad old puss did not get hold of him, instead of you," said Jane.

"So am I," said Richard. "Well, tell on, Cousin Julia."

"At Willow Farm there were horses, and oxen, and cows, and sheep, and pigs, and ducks, and hens, and chickens, besides a turtle that belonged to Tracy. We knew most of them by name, except the sheep and pigs, who were too numerous to be individualized. Tracy, Edith, Edward, and I each had our favorites among these, however, which we considered our own.

"We were very much acquainted among the poultry; we could talk eloquently of the peculiar traits of 'Gray Tail,' 'Yellow Legs,' and 'Little Snowball. And we used often to search patiently to find their smooth white eggs among the hay in the barn, and carry them into the kitchen with pride.

"One day we happened to observe an empty hog's-head lying on its side under the trees. This proved the theatre of vast amusement to us. Edith gave it the sounding title of the 'Alhambra,' and here we often remained for hours, packed in together, telling stories. If we had not been very harmonious in our plays, such limited quarters would have been highly uncomfortable. The boys' imaginations were much excited, at that time, upon the subject of Indians. After they had formally agreed, with some reluctance, not to introduce tomahawks and scalping into our plays, we consented to imagine ourselves savages, and the hog's-head our wigwam. We laid in large stores of grass, and Edith and I would pretend to braid the pliant blades into baskets, while Tracy and Edward went off with their bows and arrows on long hunting expeditions. Their war-whoops were terrific to hear! Edith and I did not remonstrate, if

they were ever so loud and frequent, though we secretly wondered how our cousins could enjoy making such a disagreeable noise.

"Once we all four stayed in the 'Alhambra' through the whole of a heavy thunder-storm, exulting in our singular place of shelter. We found our friends in no slight anxiety about us, when we ran home in high glee after the rain was over.

"At last the leaves on the trees began to change to most gorgeous colors. The birds gradually disappeared. In the morning, when we looked out of our chamber windows, we often saw the fields white with hoar frost. The summer was over, Autumn had arrived, and our long, happy visit was drawing to a close. We felt sadly to think we must leave Willow Farm, and our dear uncle and aunt and cousins. And when the last morning before our departure arrived, there were four very grave little faces around the breakfast-table, for Tracy and Edward were sorry, you may believe, to lose the play-mates with whom they had passed so many merry hours in that long, bright summer. After breakfast we went round in a doleful procession to make a last visit to our pets together. I cried a little when I took up my little Snowball, to bestow a farewell kiss."

"'Julia,' said Edith, earnestly, 'we are going back to school now. Let's try to learn just as much as we can this winter, and try to be good, and to improve in every way, to thank mamma for our beautiful visit at Willow Farm.'

"I responded with a warm glow. Edward suggest-

ed the bright thought that we might come again the very next summer, — nay, *every* summer ; why not ? This idea, and our good resolution, lightened our hearts very much, and by the time we had been over the barn, and out to the pig-pen, and were ready to go down to the meadow to bid good by to the sheep, we were laughing as gayly as if there was to be no end to our rambling over the farm together.

“ Tracy and Edward had made a bow of a piece of barrel-hoop, for each of us. With these and a stock of arrows in our hands, we drove away from the door. We leaned out of the chaise to look back at the cottage, as long as its low roof and vine-clad walls were in sight, and when the trees finally shut it out, we gazed wistfully up into mamma’s face, and sighed. That was the end of our visit at Willow Farm.”

JULIA.

GOLD PENS.

George. Ah ! who has stubbed my pen ?

Charles. Why ? Won’t it write ?

George. It is you, mischievous loon, who have done this evil deed. Write ? Not a jot.

Charles. It is true I dropped the pen, and it stuck into the floor like an arrow. I thought, however, it was not injured.

George. Alas, and alackaday ! My faithful old

pen, which has done all my writing for — let me see how long? It is marked January 1st, 1855.

Charles. And if it has done more than two years' work, I should think you might be satisfied. Here! Give it to me. If I had a file, I could mend it. Gold is soft, and easily brought to a point.

George. Is that all you know about it? A gold point would not wear long, for that very reason. Therefore the points are tipped with iridium, or more properly iridosmium, a mixture or alloy of two metals, iridium and osmium.

Charles. Then repointing is not so simple a matter as I had supposed.

George. The tip is much more valuable than gold, and the tips of old, worn-out pens are often carefully saved, to be employed a second time.

Charles. Yours, I presume, is fixed in that board. It must be very small, for I did not miss it as I looked at the point. Well; I am sorry.

George. I once visited a gold-pen manufactory; you see how I came to be so much wiser than you upon this point.

Charles. Where do they get iridosmium?

George. It is a somewhat rare metal, found sometimes with gold, oftener with platinum. It seems as if intended expressly for the use that is made of it, for it comes only in small quantities, in small lumps, little grains, and fine sand. The grains are about the size of a mustard seed, and being selected, and all fit for use, sell for two hundred and fifty dollars per ounce.

Charles. Make me believe that!

George. As it comes to market, you know, a great deal of it must be rejected. It costs from five to twenty five dollars an ounce, ordinarily.

Charles. Oh!

George. Each grain is soldered upon a piece of gold, called a blank, which is then rolled out flat, and split. It is afterwards stamped into shape, the points carefully ground, and the pen finished.

P. & S.

THE DISINTERESTED GIRL.

A TRANSLATION OF THE LITTLE FRENCH STORY IN THE MARCH NUMBER
OF THE CHILD'S FRIEND.*

I AM going to tell you a little story. Look at this house, surrounded on three sides by large trees, with a lawn extending before the fourth. The door is half open. Two children come out, holding each other by the hand. One is five years old, the other only four. The polite and gallant bearing of the youngest, his robust stature and large feet, show him at first sight to be a boy. The genteel figure of the

* As most of the translations sent in have been either anonymous, or with initials, and no address, the Editor must here present her thanks to the unknown friends who have so kindly gratified her wish. Formerly a teacher, she can well appreciate the labor and patience of the juvenile writers. She examined each manuscript with interest and pleasure, and will preserve them all. The choice was made by the writer of the story.

other, her beautiful brown hair, tied up with blue ribbons, her modest air, all declare her to be a girl. These cousins love each other tenderly. Necessarily separated for several months, they are very happy to be together again.

Running, jumping, and walking, they soon find themselves at the door of a neighboring cottage, and addressing an old man, who was working in the garden, the little boy says to him: "Sir, will you have the goodness to give my sister, who is just now not very well, a fresh egg?" "With pleasure, my child," replied the old man, "I will find one if it is possible"; and to the little girl he says, "O my dear Lucy! then you have come back again! I am delighted to see you once more!" And saying these words, the good man forgets his gout, of which he just had a cruel attack, and climbs into a cherry-tree, to get some fruit for his darling; he picks a dozen cherries, and puts them into Lucy's hands. The large eyes of the child sparkle for joy. Having received the egg, both ran eagerly home, to tell their aunt all that had happened to them. "You have doubtless thanked the old man, my children." "Alas! we have forgotten it." "Go back again, my darlings, and make amends for your fault; I will keep the cherries till your return."—"Here we are again, dear aunt; we have done what you wished." "Give me the cherries," cried Lucy, "and I will go and divide them with my brother and two cousins." "Stop a moment, my dear; I advise you to give three to each of the domestics, who do so much for you; and as little May is not here, and is besides not very well,

I prefer she should not have any." "O yes, aunt; you are right. I will go and find Maria, Catherine, and Caroline immediately";—and saying these words the amiable child disappeared from the hall. She came back, holding by the stems the three remaining cherries. "Look at this one," said her aunt; "it is not a good one, and as you cannot give it to any one else, you must keep it yourself; I will remove the decayed part." "Very well, dear aunt; have the goodness to keep this one, which is very good, for my dear brother. Come here, cousin; I will give you the other," and she kept the bad one herself.

At this moment, the pretty little May entered the parlor. "Cherries?" said she. "O how beautiful!" "Well, Lucy," said her aunt, "here is May, and she is so young, she will fret, if you do not give her some of your cherry. We can let her have one little bite." "With pleasure," replied the amiable child, holding out the rest of her cherry to May's pretty mouth. The little thing, not understanding that she ought to take but one mouthful, eat the whole. Lucy looked astonished, but said nothing. "Never mind, children," said their aunt, "we must not scold the darling; she did not understand you. Now go and play." "Yes, yes," cried Lucy, "come, William, come May; let us be quick, and go and feed the chickens."

MARY G. DANA (aged nine years).

Boston, March 30, 1857.

The poor are the best paymasters, for God is their security.

THE MAY-DAY WREATH.

SUCH a clamorous shouting as there was out beside the old white school-house in the lane! Such a vociferation, of which nobody could distinguish a word! And it was not the boys either, but the *girls*, who made all this noise. What could be the matter?

It was drawing near the end of April, and the children had just begun to think and talk about May-day; when one of the girls brought news that her mother had given her leave to invite all her schoolmates to her house. For a May-day party it was necessary to choose a queen, and that was what all this clamoring was about. Two were nominated at the same moment. Which of the two should be preferred? Everybody answered this question; nobody listened. So it was put to vote. About an equal number of hands were raised for each candidate. As some scholars were absent, the matter was postponed.

But the next day brought us no nearer a decision. Queen Ellen's party would not succumb: their candidate was the *tallest* girl in the school. Moreover, she was so good-hearted, so quaint with her half-motherly ways and droll remarks, keeping us all laughing and in good humor, that even the warmest friends of Queen Anne could not help admitting that Ellen would make a good queen. But then Anne was so pretty and so good! Her head would be *so* beautiful with its crown of flowers! Finally we came to a decision which, so far as we knew, had no prece-

dent, that of having *two* queens, equals in honor and command.

This point settled, we began to discuss the means of finding a sufficient number and variety of flowers to make the wreaths so essential to a May-day party. It was an early spring. Violets were already peeping through the short grass on the hill-side, and among the long grass in the meadow. Cowslips, buttercups, wild tulips,* and crimson columbines might be reckoned upon; blue-bottles would bloom in the front-yards, and daffies and jonquils and pansies in the gardens.

Just in front of our house there were some lilac-bushes. The place was sheltered and sunny, and our lilacs used to be the first to unfold their tender green buds in spring, and the earliest to send out their delicate blossoms. They had never been in bloom on May-day since I could remember. Now, however, as the first of May drew nearer, the dark clusters of buds were so forward, that I began to hope strongly that I should have some lilac-flowers for my wreath; I knew none of the others would. Many of the girls had older brothers to ransack the woods, and pry into rocky recesses, for them. I had no one to purvey for me, and must rifle meadow, hill, and garden for myself; but I hoped to finish my garland with the sweet early lilacs. And some of the girls knew curious ways of braiding or weaving flowers together, so that the wreath might be supported altogether by the stems of the flowers. That was a

* Probably the *Erythronium*, sometimes called Dog's-tooth Violet.

skill which I did not possess. To make my wreath in my own way, I went to find a vine-stem about which to interweave my flowers. My father's land bordered on the school-house lane; about half the height of the bank was walled up, the rest was uneven and grassy, and gave a foothold to many blackberry and wild raspberry vines, and hiding-places for the sparrows' nests. Here I found a young, slender stem of a wild vine, of a delicate purplish color; I carefully removed the thorns, leaving the sprays of green leaves which grew out from it. I collected my wild-flowers the last evening of April, and put them in fresh water in the cellar to keep them bright. Those which were in the garden and vicinity I left on their stems till May-morning. I rose early and gathered the blue-bottles, the jonquils, and the hyacinths, the periwinkles, the daffies, and the pansies, from the garden. I found my long-wished-for lilacs still but hard, dark, purple buds; not one delicate corolla was unfolded; and O how disappointed I felt! My slender vine, measured to the size of my head, was to bear more flowers than one vine of its length ever bore, before or since, probably. There were the green leaves, and flowers, scarlet, white, yellow, and blue; purple, too, but not the peculiar tint I had hoped for. Had n't I told all the girls I should have lilac in mine? And now what would they say? Well, it was a consoling reflection that they did not smell agreeably, and I began to wind on and arrange my flowers; but finally laying down the wreath I had begun, I went out into the front-yard, and by the help of a chair reached and

cut the highest branch of lilac buds, larger grown than the others. Having separated it into small pieces, I bound it on, dark as they were, with the yellow and white and crimson and blue flowers, for contrast. And so at last the wreath was finished. I have a strong suspicion now that it was more imposing in size than remarkable for beauty. I found it rather heavy and cold upon my brow, with the dewy flowers. Wreath-laden, we gathered at the school-house yard, and those earliest there walked impatiently up and down the lane, waiting for the arrival of their later companions. We at last formed our procession, with our two queens side by side at the head, and with our wreaths and bouquets, and merry chat and laughter, we went on to the house of our schoolmate, where a cordial welcome awaited us. The teacher, too, was there, and she, with our friend Sarah's mother, was waiting in the parlor into which we were ushered, to hear the poetry which the occasion had elicited from some of the older girls. There was a sort of Coronation Address to the two queens, the burden of which was "Dear Queen Anne, and dear Queen Ellen." It had at least the merit of being very affectionate. There was a Sweet Song of Spring, which the reader said "mother and aunty" had helped her to write. And then I was called upon for my verses. There was much about Spring and May, I remember, and also about the *trees* and the *breeze*, the *flowers* and the *hours*, for rhyme. Though the girls expressed their approval, I suspect that my rhymes and my wreath were about equally "flowery," and equally clumsy. Poetry soon

gave way to a more practical matter, play; for which we adjourned to the barn, where the broad floor had been swept clean for our accommodation, on account of threatening clouds. Pattering rain soon began to fall, and we could not run about in the open air; but the great doors were open, and the fresh breeze came in, and what cared we? And there we played and sang and laughed. The quiet, sober old cattle in their stalls were spectators of games they had never witnessed before, — "Hide and Seek," "Hunt the Squirrel," and all other practicable plays. The entrance of a covered basket upon the scene caused our gambols to subside temporarily, and the drawing forth of oranges and many sweets from its capacious depths gave us quiet employment and rest for a while; and then we played until the tea hour. By that time the clouds had rolled away from the western sky, a rainbow spanned the east; the sun smiled on the closing of our May-day. After tea, we formed our procession again, and with joyous steps marched homewards, one after another leaving the company, as we passed the different residences of the scholars. There had been no jars to break the general harmony, and for me, no drawback to my happiness, except the lack of full-blown lilacs in my wreath. And I have often thought of them since, seeing how often we fail to enjoy what we *have*, on account of what we have *not*. I have long since done sighing for the lilac in my wreath of happiness; I have learned to gather and cherish the wayside flower, however tiny; I do not pass by the *little* joys unheeding, in the anxious press after the greater.

It is not many years since the May party, but great changes have come upon the school-house lane. It is "School Street" now; dwelling-houses cover the ground where we used to play; the old school-house is gone, and a stately brick edifice near the old site gathers daily the two hundred children who have succeeded the sixty of those days; the brook is covered and flows in darkness under ground. And the scholars of the May party are scattered far and wide. There was once a time, long back, when I did not love Queen Ellen; my prejudice was as unreasonable in its cause as Rosamond's antipathy to a most excellent lady, on account of a pinch in her bonnet. Ellen, when I first knew her, wore a *long green apron!* And so I was unjust and rude to her. She was always kind and forbearing and gentle to me, and so, when I knew her better, I came to love her very much. After the May party, we all loved her better than ever before, and she became a sort of leader for us all. We called her Queen Ellen all summer. "Dear Queen Anne," when she grew up, became a teacher, but "Dear Queen Ellen," with all the fresh brightness of youth upon her, was gathered home to the beautiful land where all is unfading.

H. W.

"Guard well thy thought: our thoughts are heard in heaven."

"Who bears a spotless breast,

"Doth want no comfort else, howe'er distrest."

THE APHIS,
AND OTHER ENEMIES OF HOUSE-PLANTS.

A LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I PREFACE my letter with an extract from one I received a short time ago:—

“My flower-stand, which was such an ornament to the parlor, when you saw it at Christmas time, is shorn of its beauty. The Italian and the narrow-leaved myrtles, that made such a beautiful background, with their dark, glossy green, for my gay flowers, are covered with little mud-turtles, of different colors, and minute beds of tiny oysters; and though I can neither see them eat, nor even move, they seem to be draining the plants of their lifeblood. My geraniums, especially grandmamma’s favorites, the rose and the lemon scented kinds, are swarming with the aphis. These greedy little beasts huddle together on the stems and leaves, and look like small green pigs, crowding each other away from their dainty fare. Here and there, however, an overgrown fellow has wings; and I believe that the Middle Ages, with all their monsters, never produced anything quite so ugly as a winged pig. I can no longer carry grandmamma a fresh leaf every day from one of these fragrant plants, as I used to do. But the saddest sight of all is the fuchsia and the salvia. They were so graceful and so brilliant, that I was a little too proud of them. But now the flowers fall off before they have fully expanded, and the leaves

too, except here and there on a withered branch, covered with fine cobwebs; and the plants seem to be dying. I picked up a fuchsia leaf, covered with brown dots, and, on looking at these through a magnifying-glass, I found that they were alive, and moved slowly about; so I suppose they are the red spiders, that I have heard of, but never saw before."

MY DEAR JANE, — I hope your account of the present appearance of your flower-stand, which made your room so bright and cheerful, and so filled it with fragrance, when I was with you last winter, is a little exaggerated. It gives me such a grotesque image of your suffering favorites, that I am as much inclined to laugh as to cry over them, though you are evidently almost in tears yourself. But if I do smile at your description of your troubles, I certainly sympathize with you; and as you say you should like to understand something of the nature and economy of the little creatures that are killing your plants, as well as how, in turn, to kill *them*, I will give you what information I can, on both points.

I will begin with the Aphis. You know, perhaps, that the great divisions, or *orders*, in the insect kingdom, are named from some peculiarity of the wings, as Lepidoptera, *scaly wings*; Hemiptera, *half-wings*. The aphis belongs in the latter order. So, in fact, do the Liliputian oysters and turtles, in spite of your scientific disposal of them amongst shell-fish and reptiles. Though this order is named from the principal group in it, (of which the common squash-

bug is a specimen,) in which the perfect insects are provided with both wing-covers and wings, and have wing-covers that are *half thick* and *half thin* (the thin part, at the tips, being transparent), yet it includes some insects which have wing-covers that are of the same texture from the base to the tip, either wholly opaque, or wholly transparent. They are classed by entomologists with the Hemiptera, because in other respects they resemble them more than they do any other insects.

One important part of their structure, the contrivance by which they take their food, is common to all the hemipterous insects, and this, I suppose, will be an interesting one to you, who have furnished some of them with such a profuse and delicate table, against your will. They have no jaws, as beetles have, but are provided with a beak, with which they pierce the plants on which they live, and then suck their juices. This slender beak has a hard sheath, and in it are three little needles, sharp and fine enough to prick your tender geranium leaves, over and over, without leaving a wound large enough to be seen by you. When they are not feeding, the beak is bent under the body, and lies flat on the breast.

You are familiar with the fact that all insects live in three different states, and undergo corresponding changes of form. These changes are more striking in butterflies and moths than in most other insects, for in them they are not merely changes in degree, but in kind. The transformation of the gross, clumsy, crawling caterpillar — cutting down with his

powerful jaws and devouring all before him, stem, leaf, and blossom — into the chrysalis, that lies wrapped up in a hard and seemingly insensible case, eating nothing, seeing nothing, and scarcely moving; and of the chrysalis into the airy butterfly, sipping through a delicate tube the nectar of flowers that forms his only food, and, whether poised on a flower or soaring in air, exhibiting perfect grace and the most resplendent coloring in nature, is one which must excite our admiration as long as we have eyes and souls; and, as an emblem of man's life on earth, of death, and of his transfigured and ennobled existence in the spiritual world, it can never become an antiquated or commonplace illustration.

The changes that take place in hemipterous insects are more gradual, and the form and habits are less varied in each stage. The young insect has the same general form as the parent, and takes its food in the same way, but has neither wing-covers nor wings; it sheds its skin when it grows larger, and little scales begin to sprout out on its back; it then slips off its skin again, and comes out a perfect insect, with wings and wing-covers. In each stage it has a beak, and lives upon the same kind of food.

This is a singular tribe, and the aphid is one of the most singular insects found in it. The name is derived from a word that means *to exhaust*, and the plural is *aphides*. There are a great many species in this genus, and it is said that nearly every kind of plant is infested by one peculiar to itself. Some of them live on the leaves and stems, and some on the roots of plants. You will not be surprised at finding

yours completely coated with these insects, of every size, when I mention a calculation that Réaumur made as to their increase. Counting down as far as great-great-great-grandchildren, he says one aphid may have six thousand millions of descendants. In the perfect, winged state, aphides lay eggs. From these eggs a brood is hatched that never acquire wings, even when fully grown. These, instead of laying eggs, have young ones born alive, and these again never are winged. Thus brood after brood are born alive, till, after a while, a generation springs up again of perfect, winged aphides, that lay eggs.

The wing-covers are thin and gauzy, like true wings, so that, unlike the rest of the order, aphides may be said to have upper and under wings. Their beak is a long, delicate tube, as you may see, if you look at them through a lens; and you need no glass to show you that their legs are so long and slender that you wonder, sometimes, that they can support such stout, full-fed bodies. You will observe that those that are winged have the upper larger than the under wings, and that these are so placed as to form a sort of steep roof, extending over the body, and considerably beyond it behind. If you watch these little creatures, you will be amused at their odd postures and actions. They look, sometimes, as if they were at a game of romps. They will kick out, like little colts, then sprawl about, and jerk their bodies up and down, as if they were practising gymnastics for their health.

There are two little tubes at the extremity of the

body, from which a very sweet fluid exudes, and they keep up such a constant suction, that this honey-like juice is constantly oozing out. I dare say you have found your plants covered with a sticky fluid. Have you ever observed ants running up and down the stems of rose-bushes in the garden? They go after this sweet liquid, of which they seem very fond. Ants generally prey upon insects that are smaller and weaker than themselves, but they are very gentle and kind to their little honey-providers, and it is said that they will even drive away the tiny ichneumon-flies that are trying to lay their eggs in the bodies of the aphides. A very amusing account is given by Kirby and Spence of the care that ants take of the aphides that feed on the juices of roots. They make their nests near them, so as to have their herds of milch kine, as these little creatures have been called, at hand; they carry their eggs into the sun to warm them, and when disturbed, they will carry both the eggs and the young of the aphis to their own nests for safety.

There are several applications that may be made to destroy the aphis on house-plants. I have used soap and water, and a strong infusion of quassia, with good effect. Fumigation with tobacco will also kill them; but it is a disagreeable remedy for the evil. I have often heard people say, that when they have put their house-plants out of doors, in spring or early summer, they soon found that the aphides were gone. This was probably owing to some of their insect enemies, of which lady-birds and their young are among the most active. This pretty little bee-

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tle, that every child sings a song to, and watches with wondering eyes, as she wings her way to her burning house to take care of her children, lives upon aphides in the perfect state, and lays her eggs in clusters among them, so that the larvæ, or young, find food within their reach, and begin to prey on them as soon as they are hatched. They will seize and devour them one after another with great rapidity. A friend of mine told me once that her moss-rose bush seemed to be dying. She said that it had not only been infested with aphides, but that after it had been exhausted by their ravages, little flat worms of a dark-blue color, spotted with red, had made their appearance, to put the finishing stroke to its destruction. I was glad to tell her that these were the young of the lady-bird, and that they had saved her rose-bush. There are some other insects, the young of which live upon aphides; but as the grubs are not so peculiar in their appearance as the larvæ of the lady-bird, I suppose you would find it hard to distinguish them from others that are really destructive to plants. In my next letter, I will try to give you some account of the turtle-like insects, and of the red spider.

Your friend,

S. S. F.

NEVER put off a thing you can do now to a future time, for that time you are not sure of having.

LITTLE MAY.

WE had a beautiful cousin once,
A dear, little, merry thing ;
She came from afar to dwell with us,
When the snow-drops came in the spring.

Her soft, dark eyes were clear and bright,
And her brow was fresh and fair,
And around her snowy neck hung down
Thick, clustering curls of hair.

In memory now the sound of her voice
Still rings in my listening ear,
Though her gentle tones and loving words
No more we on earth may hear.

We loved darling May with all our hearts,
She was always so pleasant and good ;
She was ever ready to help, or to give,
And was never wild or rude.

If we any of us were sick or sad,
Little May was sure to draw near,
And her pitying eyes, and soft, low voice,
Could never fail to cheer.

And when she fell ill in the summer heat,
And the fever was strong and high,
We would not endure the sad, sad thought
That our dear little cousin could die.

How patient and meek she lay for weeks,
In her dimly-lighted room ;
And how trustful and happy she was when they said
That her dying hour had come !

And now, when the busy day is past,
We go to the garden where
The fair young form was laid to rest ;
But we know she is not there !

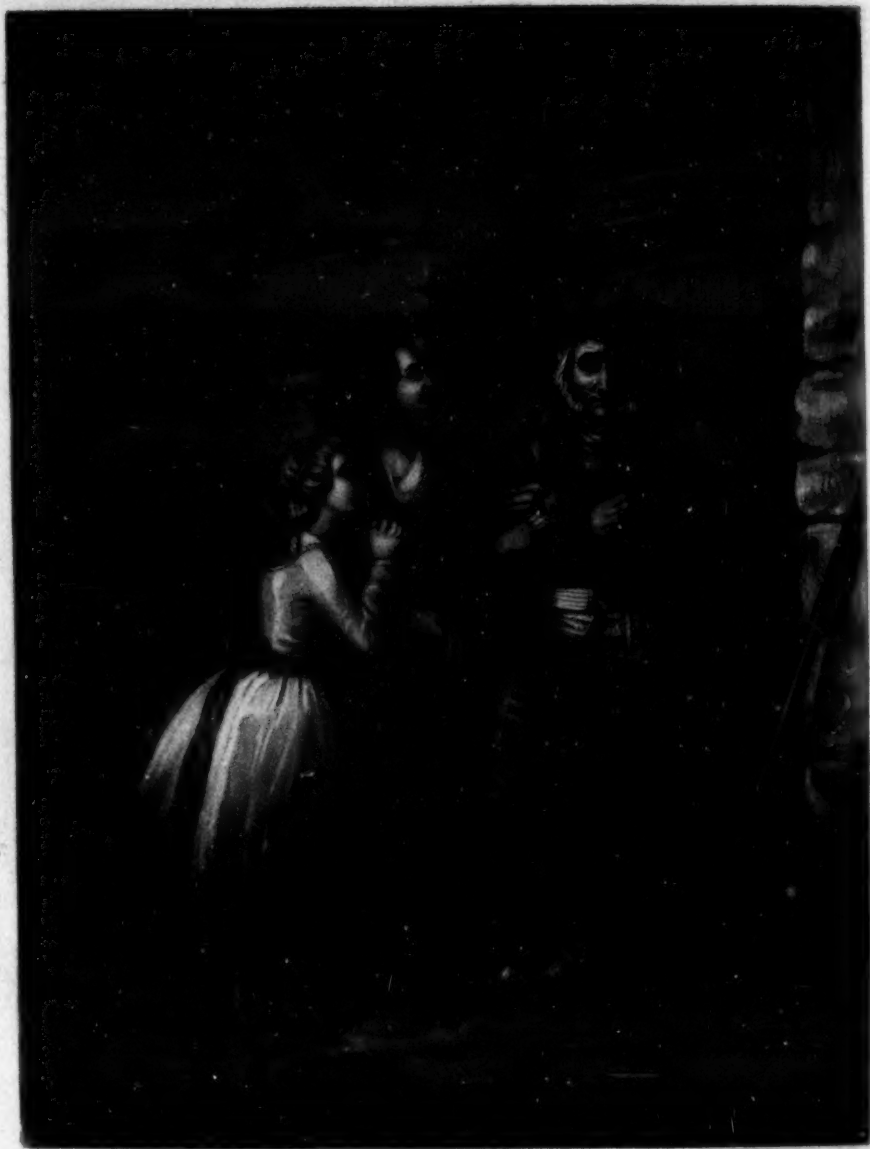
We know that her spirit has fled to heaven,
Its own bright, happy home,
And that now she watches us here below,
And waits for us all to come.

No marble rests on her lowly grave,
But a fragrant violet bed
Lies at the foot of the grassy mound,
And a rose-tree at its head.

It was here we laid her earthly garb,
But her spirit still lives above,
As perfect and pure as the angels there,
In a region of light and love.

But O little May, our home is sad,
As we miss thy smiling face,
And with earnest hearts we long to dwell
With thee in that blessed place !

THE truly graphic sketch of a winter's evening by a country fireside, in the April number, was by an oversight left without the initials E. E. A. The articles furnished by the Editor have hitherto been printed without signature, but she will atone for her indirect usurpation of what did not belong to her, by signing them with her initials in future, except the short sayings, which are seldom original.



J. Andrews & E. W. Smith.

LADY TERESA.

LADY TERESA AND ISABELLA.

"O THAT I could sleep and wake no more, wretched man that I am!" groaned a prisoner, waking as the first faint ray of morning light entered his grated window. "I am betrayed by those whom I have flattered and feasted; I am deserted by those who are of my own blood. There is no hope for me on earth. I have forsaken my God. There is no hope for me in heaven. I am lost — lost — lost!"

"O let me but go to him, and you shall keep me a prisoner also," said a sweet voice, at the prison door. "He knows not that we forgive him, that we love him, and pray for him. O let me comfort my poor brother!"

The jailer turned his head away, for he could not look upon the young face, with its pleading, tearful eyes looking up into his; he would not see the little hands clasped and wrung in agonized entreaty.

The Lady Teresa drew forth a heavy purse. She laid her hand upon the old man's arm.

"What will your gold do for me, madame, should I fall under the displeasure of the king?"

"It is a small favor we ask," said the Countess, coldly. "I will answer to the king, should he ever be informed."

"I am under orders to let no man, were it a royal duke, come to speech of him."

"I am but a woman; and this child, at least, might speak to the Marquis without danger to the

state. Let us pass, good man ; my lord will intercede for thee, if thou come to trouble."

"The Marquis of Mondejar has powerful enemies ; he is a doomed man. Ah ! I have locked this prison door on many such. Were I weak enough to take a bribe, I dare not. Your haughty lord would as little turn out of his way to save me from being crushed, as though I were but an ant on the common pathway."

Donna Teresa proudly turned to depart. But the child drew the hard hand of the jailer to her lips, and her warm tears flowed over it. The old man's heart was touched.

"Go your way, my lady ; begone with your gold. If thou durst stay here alone, little one, thou shalt presently see thy brother. He little looks for such company at his breakfast. I am forbid to let him converse with any ; but thou, poor little child, knowest too little to be dreaded. Thou canst do no harm, I judge. Yet not for gold would I do this thing ; the saints preserve me !"

And soon after, Isabella entered the dismal cell.

"I beggared you, yet you did not reproach me ; I have disgraced our name, yet you do not forsake me," said the young man, as his sister threw herself sobbing upon his breast. "Canst thou then love me yet, my poor Isabella ?"

"Tell me quickly, Flavio, what can be done to save you ?" said Isabella. "Write, if I cannot understand it. I will fix it in my memory ere I leave you. I may not take the paper, lest I be searched."

"Leave me to my fate ; I deserve it, albeit I am innocent of the base crime imputed to me."

"Your innocence can then be proved."

"Not so; the proofs are in the hands of those whose sins I am made to bear."

"The king, — is he not just?"

"No papers will ever reach his eye, but those which answer the ends of my accusers. You see it is all in vain for any one to move in my cause, had I any friends but you who would care for me."

The wooden sabots of the jailer hurriedly clattering to the door, and the key rattling in the lock, as if applied by a trembling and uncertain hand, alarmed them. Isabella sprang to her feet. Instantly the jailer entered, and, with brows knit together with fury or terror, bore her away to an empty cell close by. He locked the door, and left her on the ground in the darkness. With difficulty she repressed loud screams of terror. But the jangling of spurs and the stern beat of iron-bound heels on the pavement of the court caught her attention. They came along the passage. There were loud voices, too, mingling together in eager converse. "He must," — "He shall," — "No shuffling," — "Flight," — "The scaffold," — "Escape," — "Safety," — she could distinguish only these words.

"Do they come to *save* him?" thought Isabella. "They are in his cell." Then she heard a confused murmur, that rose into a hoarse, angry tumult.

"I will not! Before the human law I am guiltless. I acknowledge nothing. I will not escape," cried the Marquis. "Crush me, if you dare."

Again thronging footsteps resounded through the passage-way; a sullen echo rolled back, and presently all was still as before.

The jailer tenderly raised Isabella, brought her again to her brother, and left them together.

"There is hope, my sister. They fear me; they dread my trial. They cannot have found the vouchers I deemed already destroyed. If I had *one* friend I could trust! But in this court no man can know who are his enemies. They besiege the king; he is to me as an enchanted prince; the truth cannot reach his ears or his eyes."

"Give me the message."

"It will avail me naught, and may compromise others."

"No one shall know what I do."

Isabella's step was firm, and her eye serene and bright, as she followed the jailer to the gate of the prison. She was not dismissed until she had been searched by the jailer's wife, but a little key and a small roll of paper remained hidden in her thick plaited hair.

Philip was walking up and down in the formal walled garden of the palace. The smooth, strait walk extended between rows of prim trees, cut into regular forms; not a twig or spray dared wave beyond the ungraceful outline, and not one dry leaf lay upon the path. The very sunbeams seemed constrained, and fell upon the ground in a sullen glare; the air was oppressingly still and hot. The king had a sad and weary look, and frequently raised his hand to rub his brow, or to stroke, with a slow, thoughtful movement, his wig. He observed with cold surprise that an intruder had come into view among the trees,—a child in a rustic garb, who strangely stood

her ground, instead of withdrawing in confusion, on meeting his glance.

He passed on, pretending not to observe her, but feeling slightly offended at the presumptuous carelessness of the gardener, whose daughter he supposed to be gazing curiously upon majesty in retirement. Poor Isabella stood trembling, as the pensive monarch paced by, with his eyes upon the ground. She had not courage to break in upon his meditations, though his countenance was melancholy, rather than stern. Weary of the cares of state, and the tiresome etiquette of the court, he was meditating the fruitless abdication, which afterwards took place, by which he vainly hoped to lay his burden upon other shoulders, and finish his days in indolent repose.

He had forgotten Isabella entirely, when, on his return up the path, she threw off the coarse mantle of the peasant, and threw herself at his feet. A diamond cross which she wore upon the bandeau that confined her hair immediately fixed the king's eye.

"Rise up," said he. "The wearer of that cross, the gift of a grateful monarch to a devoted subject, cannot speak in vain."

In a few simple words Isabella pleaded for her brother's release, declaring his innocence. She put into the king's hand the little scroll, and the key of a private drawer in the *escritoire*, which, containing the official papers of the Marquis, seized at the time of his arrest, had been put under the seal of the state.

"Let him take this lesson to heart," said the king. "But for his riotous and extravagant life, no one had

dared to accuse him of turning the treasure of the state to his own use. I now know by whom the exchequer has been robbed, and he is saved. He shall abide his trial in prison, however. His enemies must have time to perfect their machinations, ere they fall into the pit which they have digged; he will have the more leisure for reflection."

Isabella stood in the attitude of entreaty, and the king said with a smile, "Daughter of brave Mondejar, hast thou nothing to ask for *thyself*?"

"That the king's displeasure fall not on the aged warder, who refused gold, but could not resist my prayers."

"He shall lose his post," said the king, turning away to resume his walk.

The old man retired on a pension, however, and the keys descended to his son. After a tedious imprisonment, the Marquis was restored to his place, a wiser and a better man.

A. W. A.

LIFE IN DEATH.

Charley. I cannot bear to think you are old, grandpa, and must die soon.

Grandfather. It does not make *me* sad. Come and sit here in my lap. Lay your head on my breast. You love me very dearly?

Charley. Yes, grandpa. I am almost crying. Why are you not sad too?

Grandfather. When the evening has come, and the work of the day is over, the laborer rests awhile, calm and happy. Then he lies down to sleep, trusting in God that he shall wake again. Do you understand me, dear child?

Charley (sighing). Yes, grandpa.

Grandfather. The evening of my busy life has come. My work is over and done, and I am very happy now, in my arm-chair, with my dear little grandson who loves me. By and by, in God's good time, I shall go to my rest.

Charley. And then I will pray to God that I may die too.

Grandfather. Ask not to die; your work is only begun. Pray that you may live well, and do what God requires of you in your day. You are strong; you can run and leap; you are not ready for rest.

Charley. But my brother died. He was younger than I, too; only a little babe!

Grandfather. His day was short. God took him early home. But his work was done. He made our hearts more tender and loving, and he drew our thoughts after him to heaven, when his pure soul left its little, feeble, suffering body with us to be laid in the tomb. You are strong; God will give you such a time to live as shall please him, and you must do your work worthily and faithfully.

Charley. I will if I can. Shall I know how?

Grandfather. His providence will lead you, if you wish to serve him.

Charley. I do wish it. But sometimes I forget, and so I do wrong. I am only a little boy now, but I shall be a man. I will be a good man.

Grandfather. Through being a good boy, you will become so.

Charley. You shall see. O, now I am sad again, for I think you will not be alive when I am a man.

Grandfather. Do not grieve. See how wrinkled and bent and worn-out this body has become, which I must soon lay down. My ears are dull, and my eyes — do you remember, Charley, how quickly you spied the sphinx, when I had looked all over my woodbine, and could not find him?

Charley. O, let me look into the box! I have not opened it since he left off eating, and turned into a — what?

Grandfather. A chrysalis.

Charley. You told me not to handle it too much. So I have not disturbed it at all.

Grandfather. And your obedience will have its reward. Look upon the sunny window-sill; here he is?

Charley. O the shell is broken! This is not my caterpillar inside; did you take him away?

Grandfather. No, I did not. He burst the shell himself. He went into his curious little coffin an ugly, crawling worm, that could never rise above the earth; he is coming out — look and see! — so wonderfully changed, that he can soar into the blue sky; yes, and now he will sip a little dew and honey from the flower-cups, instead of cramming himself with leaves, to the ruin of my woodbine.

Charley. O, beautiful! He is stretching his wings out; and unfolding them more and more. The sun is drying them. O, the beautiful colors! See him

standing upon his slender legs ! Was he really that clumsy, creeping caterpillar oncē ?

Grandfather. He was. You saw him motionless, senseless, entombed ; you called him dead. But now you see him living again, in a more glorious and beautiful form.

Charley. It seems as if the butterfly was the soul of the caterpillar. O see ! now he is flying up, up — O, it makes my eyes ache to look after him ! Now I cannot find him ; he is gone, over the highest trees.

Grandfather. The butterfly was folded up, imperfect, and hard to be discerned, within the coarse body of the caterpillar, and mixed with his flesh.

Charley. Who would think it !

Grandfather. It could not escape from its prison, so long as the caterpillar could move and eat. It was only when the worm seemed to die and be buried, that its beautiful new life began.

Charley. Can he remember ? If so, how happy he must be now ! But he is only a poor butterfly ; he does not know who made him, and kept him alive when he seemed dead, and gave him such beautiful gold-spotted wings to fly with, and honey to eat.

Grandfather. But *we* know God. We love and thank him that, through Jesus Christ, we have the hope of another and a higher life after this.

Charley. Then why do people always weep, and wear black, gloomy clothes when any one dies ? Is it because they want to die too ?

Grandfather. It is because their souls are in a body

which must die, like the worm, before they can see heaven clearly. Though we trust, we also tremble, for our souls are in danger from sin. If you live humbly in the love and fear of God, he will remove all doubts at last. Death shall then have no sadness for you.

A. W. A.

LAURUSTINUS GLEN.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER DATED FAYAL, APRIL 4, 1856.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, — I am going to tell you about a donkey-ride among the hills. There is a beautiful waterfall a few miles from where we are living. In dry weather there is no water there, but after every rain the little brook swells up and overflows, and then pours over some very high rocks, — as high as a steeple. On each side there are steep hills, and it is very pretty. One day, when it had cleared away, after a heavy rain, we said, "This would be a good day to go to Laurustinus Glen," which is the name given to the place, from a shrub that grows there in great abundance. So we sent for our donkeys; and we had ten of them in all. Donkeys are smaller than horses, you know; they are funny little things, with long ears, very patient, and rather obstinate. Each one had a queer broad saddle, a sort of chair, with cross-sticks to take hold of, like those of a wood-horse; there are no stirrups,

but it is very easy to ride without any, the feet swinging as yours do when you are perched on a high seat. The ladies used chairs to get up by, though it is not very far for a jump to the little creatures' backs. When we had all mounted, we set off, five or six barefooted men and boys with long sticks going with us to drive the donkeys; for they do not care much for any drivers, except those whose voices they know. First, we rode up a very steep street, and then over some smooth roads, between high stone walls; here the donkeys galloped quite fast, but the boys and men could run quite as fast, and, being accustomed to it, kept up with us very easily. After that, the road grew narrow and muddy; the donkeys would sometimes put their heads down to look, and stop, and two of the men would be obliged to come and push the obstinate little things, to make them go on. The people came out of their little stone huts to look at us. We gazed quite as earnestly at them, as we went by. They were very picture-like, the very aged, and the young, cats, dogs, pigs, hens, and goats grouped together. We saw men going to the fields with their ploughs on their shoulders, made almost entirely of wood, and so light that they can carry them easily in this way. Whenever we came near the brook or river, which winds through the pretty valley, we saw women and girls, in blue jackets and white skirts, kneeling on the stones, washing clothes in the water, or hanging them out on the stone walls to dry. And when we began to go up among the hills, and could look down, the green valley looked very pretty;

with these white and blue things scattered about everywhere. But oh! it was so steep when we began to go up! Only one could go in the path at a time, so we went in single file, the donkeys picking their way over the stones, and sometimes stopping to bray, making a noise like a rusty pump, only much louder. The driver poked, and shouted *Saccaio!* and *Saccapardiente!* with many other sounds, which nobody but a Portuguese driver can utter. The road grew more and more steep and rocky; some of us got off, others pulled at the bridles, till they nearly upset backwards. But the animals were very sure-footed; they never slipped, till, at one very steep place where I was walking, I heard a little cry, and, looking round, I saw a donkey fallen in a sort of rut in the rock, and a lady trying to get out from under him. We pulled away the animal, and picked up the lady, and I was going on again, when I heard another cry, and, looking round, there was another donkey down in exactly the same place. So I ran again, and we picked up the donkey, and looked about for the lady; there was no lady there! As soon as she found she was falling, she gathered herself into a sort of ball, and rolled away on one side, and there she was upon the bank, laughing. Along came another donkey, with a lady on his back. She saw the danger, but the jackass would not stop. They are not obedient to the bit, like horses, and it did no good for her to twitch the bridle. The driver called out *Eeeeh!* (which means *Whoa!*) but he was not near enough to pull back by the tail besides, and the donkey determined to follow

the others. The lady quietly slid off at the slippery spot, and stood on her feet on the top of the rock. The headstrong beast took a slide, but did not fall. Soon after this, we were told we could go no farther, except on foot. We all alighted therefore, and while we were shaking ourselves, and preparing for a hard scramble, it began to rain violently. Sudden showers are so common here, that people always take umbrellas, when going far from home. We put up ours, and got a sheltered place under the rocks, if we could. The little donkeys stood with their heads together, and hung down their long ears, looking quite disconsolate. Then all at once it stopped raining, and the sun came out. So we climbed along upon rocks and ridges, and it was very pleasant to look across the country, and see the ocean stretching out beyond, with a ship sailing out of the harbor, and the high mountain Pico rising out of the water five miles off, with its sharp top, all white with snow, stretching up among the clouds. At last we came to the waterfall. It was very beautiful. The water rushed along so fast it was full of white foam, and when it leaped over, the sun shone upon the falling drops, making them look like silver. At the bottom, where it struck, it was dashed into spray. Some of the party clambered down to it; the sides were very steep, and covered with bushes and ferns. Only three of us got quite to the bottom, and one of those three was a small dog. A young lady and I overtook and saved the little animal, who wanted to plunge into the water just above the fall, where he would certainly have been carried over and

drowned, or dashed to pieces. Soon it began to rain again. I got under the bank with my umbrella, and it was funny to look up the high steep opposite, and see the other umbrellas, dotted about here and there, each with two or three people under it. The rain came down for a while in torrents; then it cleared up, and we returned to our waiting donkeys, dripping, but merry. The sun shone on the wet foliage and the waterfall more brightly than ever. But still another shower came before we got home.

H.

OBEDIENCE.

THE duty of obedience, my dear children, is the earliest which you learn. "Little children should mind what is said to them," is a lesson which you comprehend even before you can understand the words, and you never are allowed to forget it, for want of repetition, by parents, nurses, and others. But with line upon line, and precept upon precept, have you learned to be really obedient? There are many ways of obedience, or rather, there is but *one*: there are many ways of *disobedience*, which children too well taught and too conscientious to be positively refractory fall into. I will give you an illustration of this.

Mr. Jones had four sons, Robert, Willie, Jemmie, and Harry. One day, in their vacation, their father

entered the room where Robert and Jemmie were engaged in playing checkers, Willie and Harry reading. "Come, Robert," said Mr. Jones, "I have an errand for you to do." Robert looked up from his game with a disturbed countenance: "Why must I go, father? I do not want to leave this game. It seems to me that I have all the errands to do." His father said calmly, "If that were the fact, then you should consider yourself the most privileged, in being the most useful. But it is not so. As the eldest, the most laborious errands may devolve upon you, but I endeavor that each of my sons shall have his proper share of useful exercise." Robert most unwillingly rose from his seat, sulkily received his commission, and went out, slamming the door behind him. His father took no notice of this improper conduct, though he was pained by it, but turning to Willie, who was still occupied with his book, said, cheerfully, "Willie, my son, I have an errand for *you* too." Willie, who was a very good-natured little fellow, answered very pleasantly, "Yes, father," but without leaving his book. "Come, my boy," said his father. "Yes, father," he replied, "in a minute, just let me finish this chapter." "No, my son, you must go *now*." Still Willie lingered until his father took the book from his hand; then, with an expression of shame on his usually cheerful face, he departed on his errand.

"Come, Jemmie," said Mr. Jones, "now it is *your* turn. I have a commission for you of some importance. This package is to be taken to Mrs. Williams, who is going to start for New York to-day,

and has kindly consented to take charge of it. There is no time to be lost, as the train will leave at half past three." Jemmie obeyed very promptly and pleasantly, much pleased with the trust committed to him, and was soon on his way. As he turned the corner of the street, he saw some of his schoolfellows coasting down hill. "Come, Jemmie," they said, "do stop and join us; we are having such a nice time!" "No," said Jemmie, "I cannot possibly, for I must take this package to a lady who will go in the cars at half past three." "Nonsense," they said, "it has but just struck two! You can certainly have one slide; that won't take you five minutes." Jemmie could not resist; he took one slide. He enjoyed it so much that he suffered himself to be persuaded to take just one more, and then another, and so on, until he heard the clock strike three. He was alarmed, and hurried off as fast as possible to the house of Mrs. Williams, which was at a considerable distance. On ringing at the door, he found that she had gone to the station. All breathless as he was, he hastened to the railroad, hoping that he might not be too late; he was just in time to see the cars moving away. He returned home with feelings of shame and mortification. He was yet a little boy; it was the first commission of importance with which he had been intrusted; his father had placed confidence in him, and he had abused it. I am happy to say, however, that he readily owned the truth, and I hope learned a lesson of faithfulness for the time to come.

"There is still another errand, my little Harry," said Mr. Jones, after he had despatched Jemmie,

"and I wish to see how well you can do it. It is to take a letter to the Post-Office, which is not yet written, I do not wish you to go away until it is ready." In an hour Mr. Jones returned with the letter, which he gave to Harry. He delayed not a moment. But temptations were in store for him as well as Jemmie. First, he met the same party of boys who had led Jemmie astray, and they called out, "Come, Harry; don't you want a grand slide down hill?" Harry said, "No, I cannot stop, for my father has sent me to the Office." "Pooh! you will have time enough; just stop *one minute*," they said. "I cannot stop even *one minute*," he answered, "for it would be disobeying him," and resolutely passed on. A little farther on, he saw a number of men and boys watching for a military procession, which was to pass the foot of the street. He knew that it was expected to make a splendid show, and the music, as he heard it approaching, sounded delightfully. But he did not pause, lest he should be tempted to remain; he crossed the street, and kept on his way with the same determined step. He accomplished his errand, and returned home in so short a space of time that his father could hardly realize that he had been. Yet he had only walked on steadily, without running himself out of breath, as Jemmie had done to no purpose at all.

Now these boys were as good as boys in general; frank, kind-hearted, and in the main well-intentioned. But Harry alone was *truly obedient*.

M.

THE CACKLING HEN.

Cut! cut! cut ah cut! — heyday! heyday!
Such a sweet pretty thing as I've left in the hay!
I feel rather proud,
And must cackle aloud,
For I make such a pretty thing every day.
Who else 'neath the sun
Such a thing could have done?
How it was I don't see, —
But 't was easy to me.
I never took lessons; no copy had I,
(I tell you no lie);
And I made it *so* smooth and *so* white!
Whiter, smoother, believe me,
Than any chalk egg ever made to deceive me,
And I'm sure 't is worth ninepence a sight.
But 't is down in the dark, where the sun could not see,
And I'll keep it a secret 'twixt myself and me.
Cut ah cut! cut ah cut! I do feel so proud
That I *must* cackle loud.
There's a little girl going up to the hay! —
I hope she'll lose her way! I hope she'll lose her way!
I'll go to law about it, without delay,
If she gets the pretty thing that I've left in the hay.
Deary me, deary me! they are stolen away
As fast as I make them, and hide them in the hay.

Snugly wrapped in that white shell
All my hopes and day-dreams dwell;
Break too soon that pretty ball,
And my airy castles fall.
Let me but live to see my eggs
Running merrily on two legs,
To see them scratching gravel too!
To hear them cackle, — may be, crow!

Perhaps I am vain ;
But this let me live to see,
Then make a broth of me,
And I'll not complain.
Welladay ! welladay !
There 's the little girl coming down from the hay.
Like barley I 'll *thresh* her ;
She has stolen my treasure !
The cook will soon get it,
And into froth beat it,
Or fry it in butter for dinner or supper,
Or otherwise cruelly treat it.
O sorrow ! sorrow ! sorrow !
I 'll not be so proud,
Nor cackle so loud,
If I should lay fifty to-morrow !

A. A. C.

THE FLYING SQUIRRELS AT HOME.

ONCE on a time an old gentleman went forth to superintend the cutting down of some old trees. One was so far cut through that it began to shake, then shudder, then slowly fall ; when a poor little flying-squirrel, that seemed in some degree stunned by the jar of the strokes of the axe, sprang to the ground. As the tree measured its length on the earth, five young squirrels rolled out of their home in the trunk. The gentleman put his hat on the ground, and made a soft nest in it ; then, gently picking up the helpless little family, he placed them one by one in the bed he had prepared.

The mother had recovered, and was quietly watching these proceedings at a little distance. She was so well pleased with the gentle movements of her kind helper, and his comfortable arrangements, that, before the hat was raised, she jumped in, offering her services much as those of Moses's mother were offered to the daughter of Pharaoh, who had undertaken the care of her progeny.

However, as the party were moving towards the house, Mother Squirrel flew out, not being quite sure about the expediency of riding in an old gentleman's hat to unknown quarters, even with all her babies. But she liked as little being separated from them, so she returned to the hat, as soon as it was put down. It was gently raised, and she rode a little farther before her little heart fainted again; then she again sought her own liberty, leaving her little ones in captivity. When the hat was placed on the ground near her, she returned to her darlings. And thus she flew out, and flew in, as love for her little ones or fear for herself prevailed, till at last the whole party reached the house. Here new danger was to be guarded against, from the busy fingers of children, and the sharp claws of the cat. Luckily, pussy was prowling somewhere else, or taking a nap, and the children had not got home from school. The hat with its passengers arrived in safety in a spare chamber. Here a good larder was provided, and all things made as comfortable as possible; then the door was locked, and the key went into the old gentleman's pocket. The children came home, and puss made the tour of the house, no doubt, but the hidden treas-

ure remained as secret and unsuspected as California gold not many years ago.

The next day was Sunday; the room was not visited.

Early Monday morning, the secret was told. Of course there was no peace till the door was unlocked. The children rushed in. Well, what do you suppose they saw? Just nothing but an empty basket! Mother, babies, nest, and all, had vanished. The room was searched in vain. No one who has never lost a flying squirrel, or had one for a pet, can properly imagine the disappointment, and the lamentations, or the dull blank where the dear little things had been.

Three or four days after, a very suspicious little scratching was heard in the room, and then a light scampering. The door was opened, and another thorough search made. All was quiet, but some of the nuts had been taken. No doubt remained that the mother had conveyed her family up the chimney, and now and then returned herself to the stores that had been provided for her. So day by day the nuts were replaced, and day by day were found to have been appropriated.

One day a mysterious little pile of shells was found under a table. The table had a drawer, which shut close, and had not been opened; it was now pulled open, and six pair of the brightest little eyes ever seen looked up in surprise, as if to ask what business anybody had to disturb a family in their retirement, and interfere with their domestic arrangements.

The table was an old Pembroke, and when the drawer was shut, there was a gap of five inches at the back of it, quite out of sight, except from below. The nimble little mother must have run up the leg, and conveyed the nest, and then one little one after the other, till all were snugly hidden away. They had lived here in luxurious comfort till they were nearly as large and strong as their mother. They were quite as merry and confiding. It was a funny expedition which took place one day, when the young family were fully able to take care of themselves. The whole company of their protectors marched out into the woods to find a home for them. They came to a nice old tree, with a hole in it that seemed made on purpose, and moss all about, ready to make a soft bed.

Never did a party of squirrels go into winter quarters with so generous a supply of nuts, both foreign and home-grown.

M. H. F.

OLD HOVEN AND HIS MONKEY.

WHEN I was a very little girl, not more than five or six years old, I went with my mother and my little sister to make a visit at my grandfather's. He lived in a large, old-fashioned house in the country. It had large trees all round it, nice gravelled walks, and a garden. There was a great barn in the side yard, where the horses and cows were kept. I used

to like to run about and amuse myself. My grandfather and my aunt were very kind, and did everything to make me happy.

Grandpapa's man was an old German, by the name of Hoven. He was very odd, and used sometimes to say rather cross and disobliging things, so that many folks disliked him, and thought he was not good. This was a mistake, for he had a very kind heart, and was glad to do a favor to any one. To me he was always good-natured. He liked to have me follow him about, and ask all sorts of questions, and he never seemed tired with answering them.

One day I asked him why he was so cross to other people, when he was so kind to me.

"O," said he, "my bark is always worse than my bite."

There was one thing that took away a great deal of my pleasure in a visit at my grandfather's. Old Hoven had a monkey, of which I was terribly afraid, particularly when his master was not by. I suppose Pug knew this; he was always peeping out of some corner, and as soon as he saw me alone, he gave a great leap, and chased me with all his might. He never hurt me, but I was always afraid he would, and so I ran to get out of his way. He liked to see me scamper.

He was a very ugly little fellow. His shoulders were very round, and his arms long and lean. His face was small and black, and he had wrinkles on his forehead. He looked to me like a very wicked and cross little old man. Some folks said that he looked and acted just like his master, but I did not like to have them say so.

When I had anybody with me, I was much amused with Pug's pranks. There was great fun when grandpapa came down in the morning. Pug always came in, and jumped up on his shoulders, and peeped cunningly round into his face. Then he pulled off grandpapa's linen cap, and threw it on the floor, and waited for me to bring his wig from the sideboard. I had a great respect for this wig. I remember the very perfume of it, and how heavy it was, and full of white powder. It seemed to me a part of grandpapa himself. So I handed it very carefully to him. Grandpapa flung it on, always contriving to hit Pug a good knock with the tail of it. Pug managed to keep his place, and rubbed the powder out of his eyes in a very funny manner. Then, to revenge himself, he snatched off grandpapa's spectacles, and peeped through them at me. This ended the fun, and Pug had to come down pretty quickly.

When old Hoven went away anywhere, he used to put a little chain on Pug's leg, and fasten him to a hook in the barn; but the rogue of a monkey would sometimes get loose. One day I was playing in the great hall, when I heard the rattling of the chain in the next room. I was frightened out of my wits, and ran up the stairs to find my mother. Pug saw me, and gave chase, and he got going so very fast, that he could not stop. Away he went right by me to the top of the stairs. So I turned, and ran down again.

My mother found Pug, one day, sitting on the floor, with a very important air, behind my little

baby sister. He had picked out all the pins from her dress, and untied all the strings, and was patting her white shoulders with his little black hand, chattering all the time as sociably as possible.

Such a mischievous creature as he was! He would lick off the cream from the milk, dig holes in the loaves big enough to put his head in, and stuff his pouch, a sort of bag that monkeys have under the jaw, with all sorts of good things from the store-closet. Once my aunt had set a tray of nice custards in there, meaning to have them upon the table at dinner. The rascal watched her, and as soon as she turned her back, he leaped on the shelf, and poked his little black thumb into one of the custards. Finding it tasted pretty good, he grinned, and looked round to see if anybody was coming; then he did the same thing to every cup. I saw him do it, but was afraid to come out of my hiding-place, behind the door. I could not help laughing though, and he ran off, when he heard me snicker out aloud.

One Sunday Pug went to church. He did not get much benefit from it, I fancy. We had been seated there a few minutes, when we heard the clatter of his chain. I suppose he got loose, after old Hoven tied him. I saw him jump on top of a pew-rail, and I stood up on a cricket to see what he would do. There was a fat old gentleman sitting in the pew. Pug boxed his ears, pulled his white hair, and then twitched off his spectacles, and threw them down. Then he leaped over to another pew, on the other side of the aisle, where there was a young lady. He untied her bonnet, and gave it such a jerk, that he

lost his balance, and tumbled over into the pew behind, with the bonnet in his hand. The poor young lady blushed very much. A man in the pew tried to catch him, but got smartly bitten. By this time old Hoven, who sat in the gallery, saw what was going on, and came down. When Pug saw him, he ran up one aisle, and down another, clinking his chain, and chattering as he went. Poor old Hoven followed after, all out of breath. Before he reached him, Pug darted out of the open door. There was so much noise and confusion, that the minister could not go on. Nobody could help smiling, and one little boy laughed out.

Pug delighted in plaguing my kitten. She was not much afraid of him, but always tried to get out of his way. He would follow her, and pull her tail, and bite her ears. Or he would roll her gently over on her back, and keep rocking her to and fro, till her patience gave way, and then, perhaps, he got a good scratch for his pains.

When he felt sleepy, he used to take kitty round the waist and lie down to get a nap. She would be very quiet for a while, and perhaps get a nap too; but the moment she moved, he would hug her so tightly that she could not stir an inch. She had no chance to free herself by using her claws. So poor kitty had to wait till the tyrant chose to let her go.

Pug sometimes had to pay for his naughty doings. When he had been eating too many good things, one day, he became sick. I went into the kitchen with my aunt to see him. He was sitting on a block

by the fire, with his elbow on a chair, and his cheek leaning on his little paw. He really looked pale and sick. He glanced at me very dismally, with his face all puckered up, but he did not offer to come near me. There was no fun or mischief in him now.

Old Hoven sat opposite to him with a bad toothache. He was holding his head in the same way, and he had the same rueful look upon his face that Pug had. I could hardly help laughing, they looked so very much alike; but I felt sorry too, and I told him so. My aunt gave old Hoven some toothache-drops, and I said I hoped they would cure him. All he said in answer was, "What a plague 's the reason people's teeth can't last as long as *they* do?"

E.

NIGHT SCENES IN CAMP.

It was a hot night in August. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves of the huge gnarled oaks under which we were lying asleep. The voices of the frogs in a neighboring swamp, and the low hum of clouds of mosquitos, alone broke the silence which reigned over camp. The mouldering embers of the cook's fire, and the quiet among the animals picketed among the trees, showed that the hour was that in which sleep is the soundest and most refreshing.

Heavy banks of clouds rising in the west had gradually spread over the sky, and shrouded us in darkness so profound that the solitary sentinel, who sat

drowsily nodding near the line of packs, could not distinguish the men lying on their blankets from the ground on which they reposed.

As he was lazily scrutinizing the face of the time-piece by the dim light of the embers, and wishing that the hours of his watch would roll more swiftly away, his attention was attracted by a low, distant sound. It gradually approached, and as it became louder and more threatening, he recognized the savage lowing of a herd of wild bulls.

His hurried call aroused every one to listen to the ominous sound. Unseen in the thick darkness, the animals approached, pawing the ground, and evidently enraged at our presence. Every moment we expected a charge.

Some hurried on their clothes, others threw sticks on the fire, in the hope of obtaining a little light, and every one prepared his fire-arms. One man rashly attempted to drive the animals away; but they charged upon him, and he narrowly escaped with his life by taking refuge in a tree. There was something inexpressibly horrible in being thus surrounded by an unknown number of furious beasts, whose presence was indicated only by their savage bellowing. Afraid of injuring each other or the terrified mules by firing upon the enemy, we stood uncertain what to do.

Suddenly, a huge mass, blacker than the surrounding darkness, approached the outer confine of the flickering light from the fire. One of the men, armed with an army revolver, crawled towards it, concealed by the huge trunk of a fallen tree. When within a

few feet of the monster, he rapidly fired the pistol several times before the eyes which glared in the fire-light like balls of red-hot iron.

Dazzled by the unexpected flashes, and terrified by the loud reports of the pistol, the animal was seized with a sudden panic which communicated itself to the whole herd. They rushed away, and the heavy sound of their retreating footsteps was soon lost in the distance.

One by one we lay down to sleep; and unbroken silence soon again reigned supreme. In the morning the incident seemed like a vision of the night; and had it not been for the tracks which covered the ground near camp, we might almost have believed that the scene had occurred only in the land of dreams.

We once encamped on a small promontory, which jutted out into a lake more than twenty miles long. Its shores were surrounded by heavily timbered ridges which had never echoed back the blows of the woodman's axe. A range of rugged mountains, one peak of which towered high into the region of eternal snow, lay to the westward of the lake, and separated it from the infant settlements of one of the new Territories. On the north, east, and south savage tribes of Indians held undisputed sway over a country as wild and irreclaimable as themselves.

We had chosen our little promontory for a camping-place, partly because it offered peculiar advan-

tages in case of an attack from a war-party of savages, and partly because it was covered with a thick growth of bunch-grass. This grass was now dry and yellow, for rain never falls during the summer months in that region; but it still retained much nourishment, and our hungry animals considered it a rich feast.

The sun had set behind the mass of fir-clad ridges, bathing the lonely snow-capped summit in a sea of golden light. Our animals had all been securely picketed near camp. A line of sentinels had been stationed to prevent the treacherous savages from stealing unseen upon us, from the land, or in canoes. The men had gradually left the blazing fire, around which they had been whiling away the hour with stories of perils by land and sea, to roll themselves in their blankets, and watch the silver moon gliding through drifting masses of fleecy clouds, until sleep spread a dark veil over the scene. Soon the low ripple of the water upon the rocky shore of the lake alone broke the drowsy stillness which prevailed.

"Fire! fire! fire!" suddenly shouted the sentinels in wild alarm; and every one, starting from his sleep, sprang to his feet, and grasped his weapons, with a dim sense of impending danger.

Some rushed for water from the lake; others seized green twigs and beat the burning grass in frantic haste, to master the flames which were spreading rapidly. Others, fearing that the misfortune was the work of prowling Indians, who were preparing to stampede our mules in the confusion, hurried to protect the animals.

One poor man, while rushing about distractedly, stepped into a hole, and fell across a rock with great violence; but his groans were unnoticed and unheard in the tumult.

Knowing that the fire, if not checked, would consume our goods, stampede our mules, and perhaps ruin the expedition, every man worked with all his might; and at last success crowned our efforts. The flames were mastered, and we had leisure to investigate their cause. We now found that the Indians had played no part in the scene, but that the cook's fire had spread by some dead roots to a clump of dry grass and bushes in the vicinity, and thus kindled a conflagration which the united exertions of more than a hundred men had nearly failed to extinguish.

We crawled back to our blankets to dream of burning cities and yelling Indians, until the morning light dispelled all illusions, and brought us back to our wild mountain lake surrounded by an unexplored wilderness.

We chanced one night to encamp near a little village on the Western frontier. The few houses were roughly built of whatever materials had been most convenient at the time of their construction, and there appeared to be but one remarkable peculiarity of the place. This was *the pigs*. Great pigs, little pigs, medium-sized pigs, black pigs, white pigs, speckled pigs, swarmed on every side; and we concluded that pig-raising must be the only business of the town.

They rooted our packs; they ate the grain which we gave our mules; and they perseveringly tried to do the same by the very food on our plates, as we sat on the ground at supper. We tried chasing them off; we tried pelting them with sticks and stones; but their name was legion, and for every one that we sent squealing away, two more came up, attracted by the noise.

At length it began to grow dark, and we decided to give up the contest in despair. We piled our eatables together, protected them with the largest and heaviest articles we could find, and lay down to sleep. But the brutes seemed to think that their turn had come; and they "carried the war into Africa," by now and then unceremoniously rooting us over as we lay rolled in our blankets. Riding all day on the back of a mule makes one feel drowsy at night; and we all dropped asleep, while still devising plans for our defence against the enemy. The slumbers of one man, however, having been interrupted two or three times by the curiosity of the pigs to discover what he was lying upon, he loaded his double-barrelled shot-gun in a towering rage, determined to give the next intruder a charge of small shot.

Again awakened from sleep by the same cause, he jumped up, and, half blind with fury, rapidly fired both barrels at an animal which the dim light of the moon revealed only a few feet from him. The pig hastily jumped up, exclaiming, in an agitated voice, "What in nature are you shooting at, Mr. Blake?"

It was our cook, who, while quietly sleeping curled up in his blanket, had received the charge of one

barrel in his hat, and that of the other in his boots. No harm was done; but the poor fellow who had fired the gun never heard the last of the joke.

H. L. A.

THE LITTLE DOLL.

A READING LESSON.

I AM only a little doll, dear children. I do not know even as much as you do. I have no brains in my little pate. But perhaps you will love me, when I have told you my story. Sometimes, when I stood in a shop-window with a great many other dolls, little girls would stop, and look at us, and talk about us. I could not take a step, you know, by myself, and had to wait there till some one should take a fancy to me. But no one took me, for a long, long time. One day, I was jarred by something passing in the street, and went heels over head down a precipice. The master of the shop picked me up, and looked to see if I was hurt. Then he brushed me a little, and set me up where I was before.

At last a lady came in, and looked at us all. She seemed to like me, and took me away with her. When she got home, she said, "You are not half dressed, little dolly. I shall make you some nice clothes, for you are to see the world now." So she dressed me in a little blue flannel gown, which was just the color of my eyes. She made me some nice little shoes, too. Then she set me upon a table.

People who came in laughed to see me there, standing alone. They said I looked funny in my little woollen dress. I stood very still, and without blushing, while they gazed at me.

The time came when I was to go out to see the world. I was laid in a basket, among pincushions, picture-books, boxes, and many other pretty things. I was the only doll in the basket. It was carried to a large hall, in which there was a green tree. Ladies were hanging gifts for children on the branches. I saw dolls there much like myself; all were more gayly dressed than I, not one so comfortably. They fastened me near the top of the tree. When the time came for lighting the candles, I had a fine view of everything that was going on.

Ladies and gentlemen and children were crowding into the hall, and all came to look at the tree. I looked down into the upturned faces of the children; I knew one of them was to take me. Some looked happy and pleased, and others looked anxious. I saw one smiling little girl, whom I would have chosen to go home with. But, you know, I could do nothing about it. I could not even fall. A gentleman took me down when my turn came, and said, "Here is a nice little doll! What little girl is to have her?" I could have wished to stay with the kind gentleman, who spoke so pleasantly. But he could not want a doll for himself, you know, and I rather think he had no little girls at home, for he gave me to a lady who had a group of children around her, and was giving each a gift. She smiled very sweetly when she took me up, and offered me to a little girl. "There is something I

know will please you," said she. But the little girl put her hand behind her. She did not want me, she said; she had seen something she liked better. I did not care to go with the pouting little damsel. The beautiful lady put me under her cloak, and it would have been a very happy thing for me could I have staid there. The child did not get the thing she desired. So she came again to the lady, and, with tears in her eyes, said she was sorry, and would take the little doll. I did not feel that she loved me, as some little girls love their dolls; she had no love to spare. But when she carried me home, the baby stretched out its little hands and cried to take me. She was all ready to love me. But the little girl held me back. When it came night, I was a very lonely little doll, not kindly put to bed, and cared for by my little owner. I was tossed aside. I had my pretty blue flannel gown, and, being a doll, could not really suffer, you know, with cold, at any rate. It would have been pleasant to sleep with the baby, though. However, when baby took me next day, she squeezed and pulled me so hard that the mother took me away. Her moist kisses would have spoiled me. So I am laid by. Now and then, my little owner looks at me, but not with a happy, loving smile; she never talks to me, and calls me her little girl, nor makes me any little garments with her own little hands. I hope those dolls, so finely dressed, who were near me upon the Christmas-tree, have found good homes, and somebody to care for them. Good by, little children; do you pity me? Do you love me, now?

A LETTER ON GLUE-MAKING.

NEW YORK, May 3, 1857.

YESTERDAY I visited the glue-factory belonging to Mr. Peter Cooper,* situated in Williamsburgh, on Long Island. It is an immense establishment, as you will judge when I tell you that one of the buildings, six hundred feet in length and several stories high, is capable of holding about three acres of the nets on which the glue is dried, and that four hundred and fifty large vats are required to prepare the stock. Everything else is on the same large scale. The principal material of which glue is made is the refuse from tanneries and leather-dressing establishments, the parings of thick raw hides from slaughter-houses, and other waste scraps of a similar nature. These are prepared with lime, and washed with water till free from all impurities. They are then placed in large boilers filled with water, which dissolves the gelatinous matter, and forms a jelly,

* This gentleman has almost the monopoly of the glue business in this country, and his name will doubtless be familiar to you from his munificent donation to the public known as the Cooper Institute. The cost of the building and land has been nearly or quite half a million of dollars. The first and second stories are arranged for stores and offices, the rents to be applied for the support of the establishment. In the basement is a large lecture-room 125 feet long by 82 wide and 21 high. The "Exhibition Room," in the third story, is a splendid hall, 125 feet long, 82 wide, and 30 high. In the fifth story are two large lecture-rooms, and the library, consisting of five rooms, connected with each other and with the lecture-rooms. There are also rooms for experiments, for instruments, and for the use of artists.

which upon cooling assumes about the same hardness as the jelly of the confectioners. In this state it is cut up, first into pieces about the size of a common house-brick, and afterwards sliced by means of a wire knife into thin slips. These are laid upon a netting of twine, and then placed in a free circulation of air. The water goes off by evaporation, leaving the glue in a state for market.

Imagine a boiler, as large, perhaps, as your parlor, filled with jelly; watch the workmen drawing off the liquid (for it is quite thin while hot) into a tank on wheels, which is afterwards emptied into long, narrow vats arranged in galleries. Here it is left to cool, and then removed to the cutting-room, to be thence transferred to the drying-room, and afterwards packed for market. From this account you would say glue-making was a very easy and simple matter; but upon examination you would find that this is far from being the case. Great skill is required in every part of the operation, to insure a good result; and sometimes, with the utmost care, and with no fault of the workmen, a large quantity, when nearly finished, has to be again put into the boiler and worked over. The jelly cannot be dried by heat, because any degree of heat above 70° will melt it; therefore a hot day, when the glue is on the frames and almost ready for market, may spoil it, and cause it to run down like molasses. A damp, cold rain is nearly or quite as bad, as it will cause mould, and thus make the redissolving and going through the whole operation a second time necessary. A period of bad weather sometimes causes a

loss of a thousand dollars per day. Most of the glue is made in winter; in summer, during the hottest weather, none at all. Some kinds of glue cannot possibly be made except in winter; for instance, the white gelatine, for *blanc-manger*, jellies, &c., &c. This is only a nicer kind of glue, and is frozen dry.

A new substance from which to manufacture glue has lately been introduced into Mr. Cooper's establishment by Mr. Rich, formerly of Cambridge, Mass. He has invented a process of making glue from old leather boots,* shoes, scraps from the book-binders, &c., &c. He first removes the tannin (which can be used to tan fresh hides again), and then treats the gelatine in the way already described.

A. H. E.

THE DONKEYS.†

"The day will turn out fine after all, but it will be night before they are half-way down the mountain, starting so late," said Antoine (more properly Antón) to José, as, sitting sideways, they were riding and leading donkeys to Fredonia, for the proposed party to the Caldeira.

"The American lady who has Marie's stockings is going but half-way. I hope she will have one of

* This, with the use of old leather in making prussiate of potash (the basis of the beautiful pigment called Prussian blue), explains the late importunate inquiries for old boots at our doors.

† Continuation of "Marie" in the February number.

our jacks. Here is Marineiro, a good, easy-paced fellow."

"Laranjinha will do better. He is old, and cannot be trusted for a long day's work. His knees will fail in coming down, when he is tired. She shall have *him*; and as for jolting, she will say he is like a swing."

"There are steep, dangerous places she would have to come down on him, and besides, now I think of it, Francische has engaged Little-Orange for a lady who will be brought down from the crater in the net."

"Were I a lady, I would trust a donkey's feet sooner than a man's, coming down mountain-paths after rain. If the net-bearers slip down, the pole falls directly upon the lady's head. And the stones are so slippery with mud, only a donkey's hoof could stick to them."

The avenue to the Consul's estate was the rendezvous of the party. The mounting and other preparations for starting occasioned a deal of merry bustle. A babel of sweet voices, raised to their highest pitch, with peals of laughter, the vociferation of guides and donkey-men, and the shouts of the children who were looking on, or running here and there through the throng, filled the air.

There were some donkeys of established character for the use of the invalids. Jeannotte (Jenny), Laranja, and Laranjinha, and two or three more, were known to be sedate, sure-footed, and easy. But the distinguishing traits of the other donkeys, gray, black, and brown or buff-colored, were not

generally known, and were to be found out by experiment, and not at all by the recommendations given them by those who brought them.

José espied the American lady, whose donkey-boy he was desirous to be, at a critical moment. She was about to hang her wallet and umbrella upon the saddle of a small black donkey she had chosen. She looked round, as he gently touched her arm, but poor José could not speak a word of English. He could only point at a gray and white beast of unusual size, with a very rough coat, a pair of ears of ludicrous length in perpetual motion, large prominent eyes, a nose extravagantly Roman, and a hanging lip. She laughed heartily, and shook her head. The black jack looked meek, as well he might; for he bore the marks of cruelty, hard work, and scanty fare. She was about to take possession of him, when a young lady came running up, exclaiming, "Have mercy upon yourself, my dear aunt! Such a shaking as you would get, coming down the hills on this wooden-jointed brute! The poor thing has been too much abused to have any spring left, I am certain."

"Then, if any one is to have him, why not I, who can turn back as soon as I am tired?"

José, meanwhile, had brought up his long-eared favorite, and the black jack had independently sauntered to the end of the avenue, perhaps to get a nibble of a geranium, or something else better than common fare, when nobody was looking. So Anne Berkeley, the Bay State lady, spread her Bay State shawl over Marineiro's saddle, hung her umbrella on one

of its horns, her wallet on another, over which the bridle was hitched, and finally deposited herself on the well-stuffed cushion between them, facing sideways, her feet swinging without stirrup or foot-board. This was a safer position than that of a lady on horseback, as there was no danger of being entangled in slipping off, an accident pretty sure to happen to an inexperienced rider upon mountain-paths.

All being mounted at last, the party came out into the principal street of the city of Horta in a squadron, several riding abreast. This arrangement did not last many rods. The party being large, the donkeys were from more than one stable, and soon an inconvenient emulation of the various studs began to show itself. Marineiro was accustomed to take the lead in his own circle of acquaintance,—the working class, which were oftener in a train with panniers and packs than honored with a saddle and rider. But plebeian as he was, his spirit rose when he saw a well-groomed, glossy, full-fed, mettlesome jackass from the Consul's stables presuming to lead the whole cavalcade. The consular bidet, it is true, was taking airs upon himself. Being sometimes employed in company with the horses used in shorter excursions, he was now aping their lofty carriage, and showing himself off, a caricature of the noble and graceful steed Pomposity. His long ears stood pertly erect, and close together; his short neck was arched as much as was possible; his upraised tail wanted only the long, flowing hair to be graceful and imposing; and his fair rider was not a

little disturbed by his prancing and rearing, and sonorous braying. A whack from the club of the groom that followed close behind, and a flourish of his rider's parasol about his ears, where his wild eye could get a glimpse of it, quelled his music and dancing for the time, but not till Marineiro's indignation was fully aroused.

A seasonable thump, and a tweak of the tail, checked for a moment or two his demonstrations of spirit, and the unsuspicious rider went on chatting with her nearest neighbor, not attending to a sullen, ominous grunting sound that seemed to begin under the very saddle. Presently it rose to a loud roar, ending in an alternate shriek and bellow. No wonder John Gilpin's horse took fright at the braying of an ass, if he had such a voice as Marineiro. And as if he had frightened his very self, off he set, still braying, at a gallop, so suddenly that poor José, plying his light, unencumbered feet at his utmost speed, could not come within club's length of him. He stopped of his own accord, the moment he arrived at the post of honor. His ambition being quite satisfied, he took advantage of José's breathless condition to browse a little upon the briers by the roadside.

"José! mind your business!" cried Anton, angrily. "What do you let him race for? See, he has set the whole train out for a frolic. Beat him!"

The donkeys seemed to share the merry excitement of their laughing riders. Some of them were inclined to zigzag across the path, as if, by occupying the whole of the narrow way, to balk the emulous designs of those behind them.

José was sufficiently disposed to inflict punishment upon the runaway, but the lady would not allow it. He would have wilfully misunderstood her gestures, but that they plainly signified that he would thereby lose the usual gratuity of a *pataca* (a copper coin worth about five cents) at the end of the journey.

Meanwhile Marineiro took the uncommon forbearance of his driver as a hint to continue his prickly refreshment. One by one the donkeys ambled by, and left him in the rear. The bridle had hitherto been a superfluous appendage; it now served to twitch up the clumsy head to a view of the departing cavalcade. Immediately the huge ears erected themselves, and through the expanded nostrils came the first note of a bass solo, preparatory to another rush.

"Eeeeeh!" shrieked José, catching hold of the tuft of coarse hairs at the end of the outstretched tail, and twisting them round his hands.

"Is it to be thus all the way? Dear me! It is well he is not a hard trotter, however," said poor Anne Berkeley, as she overtook her young friend, whose humble-minded bearer still plodded in the rear of the party.

"Ah, Sailor!* how could you behave so! Pray don't repeat the joke!"

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" answered Marineiro, and away he dashed, leaving José ready to cry with vexation. A blow from Anton's club

* English for Marineiro.

fell upon Marineiro's nose, as it was going by, high in the air. It brought him to a stop so suddenly that the lady nearly lost her balance, and quite her patience.

"I must turn back; there is no pleasure in this," said she, as the party came to a halt. "This abominable, self-willed brute is the plague of everybody!"

It was arranged that Marineiro should be kept ahead of all the donkeys but the spirited leader, and that Francische, the groom, should assist José to keep him in subjection. A rap upon the nose to begin with, and the sight of a tall, strong man walking by his head on one side, and José with his club on the other, taught the unmannerly beast his place, and for a few miles he ambled along without starting or braying.

The Caldeira (or chaldron) is an extinct volcano in the centre of the island. It is more than three thousand feet high, but the ascent is so gradual that it appears neither lofty nor distant. The road winds among and over the hills, presenting a surprising variety of landscapes; and even where it stretched away between two high walls, excluding the enchanting prospect, there was something original and romantic in the long prospective lines, broken here and there by a graceful acacia, or tall, dark-green, poplar-like fayas, peeping over, and the stones, when not plastered and whitewashed, have a coloring, and an embroidery of ferns, mosses, and wall-plants, that are a continual feast to the eye. The buildings, too, with their odd, foreign look, their

tilled, chimneyless roofs, and, grouped at the windows and doors, curious faces, often handsome and interesting, looking out, excite the imagination of a stranger.

(To be continued.)

LILLIE WELLS'S LETTER.

A FAIR, drooping lily was Lillie Wells, beautiful, but so fragile, that her father (pastor of a village in New England) feared that his Lillie would soon fade and pass away for ever. The eldest of seven children, she had overtaken her strength endeavoring to relieve her mother in her arduous duties and cares. A kind uncle and aunt, seeing the necessity of change, took Lillie with them to Europe, where they purposed remaining some time. I shall now present some of her letters to her sisters and brothers.

Marseilles, France.

DEAR SOPHIE,— You will think your sister is a birdie on the wing when you get this letter, dated so far away in the South of France. We are stopping for a short time only in Marseilles. I do not like it very much, it is so dusty. I have to eat and drink dust, and inhale it with every breath. Uncle George took me yesterday to the fortifications. They are on a lofty eminence in the south part of the town, and there was a splendid view of the whole place, the gray rocky mountains which surround it, the harbor, with all the vessels going in and out, and then, beyond, the beautiful blue Mediterranean Sea. O, you cannot imagine how blue

and beautiful it is, and dotted with lovely islands and rocks. It was so clean, sweet, clear, and pleasant up there, I enjoyed it much. I see a great many funny-looking people in the streets, — sailors from all nations, and wearing such odd-looking, bright-colored caps. Some have red shirts, some blue, and others orange and buff. Now and then passes a Turkish turban, then an English hat; the latter seems quite home-like. The people here sit in groups out upon the pavement, and walk and sit on the tops of their houses. We went to a Protestant church last Sabbath; the services were in French. I could not understand it very well, though I am gaining daily in my knowledge of the French language. My dear Aunt Mary says we must not stay here any longer, the climate is so disagreeable for me. There are strong winds from the mountains. We are going to Algiers, and I shall write to Claudine from there. Good night, dear Sophie; do not let mamma miss me too much. Tell Eddie, Willie, Frankie, and Claudine, that this letter contains a large portion of love for each, and a thousand kisses for baby, from

SISTER LILLIE.

IF you would triumph over the ills of life, you must enter into an alliance with the Christian faith.

A benefit conferred without love or kindness deserves no gratitude; that sentiment can never be bought.

THE HAPPY ISLES.

Now loose at last the clasping hand,
The last farewell is o'er,
And the favoring breeze blows off the land
As the vessel leaves the shore.

Now look your last on the lessening sail
Through the mist of the starting tear ;
And gladden the hearts of the outward bound
With a merry parting cheer.

For the hour shall come when they sigh in vain
For a voice from their native shore,
And many a day shall be yours, to weep
For the friends that return no more.

But the ship sails on o'er the quiet sea, —
None dream of danger there ;
The blue waves shine in the summer light
And the breeze blows strong and fair.

But for hours of light shall be days of gloom,
And for mirth the tempests' wail ;
With the thundering crash of the broken spar,
And the burst of the rending sail.

From the flying prow of the hunted ship
The flashing billows flee,
As, drifting through darkness and night and storm,
She enters the unknown sea.

Lo! the glad dawn ; the winds are still ;
The waves are lulled asleep,
And soft clouds float with crimson wings
O'er the tranced and silent deep.

And out of the depths of the azure west,
And out of the golden air,
Come the rich scents of the tropic woods,
And dreams of their flowers fair.

The breezes murmur the low, sweet song
They sing to the rustling sedge,
As they guide the ship to the land which shines
On the far horizon's edge.

Ere daylight waned from the sunny deep,
They reached the happy shore ;
And the mariners sang as they furled the sails,
For they knew that their toils were o'er.

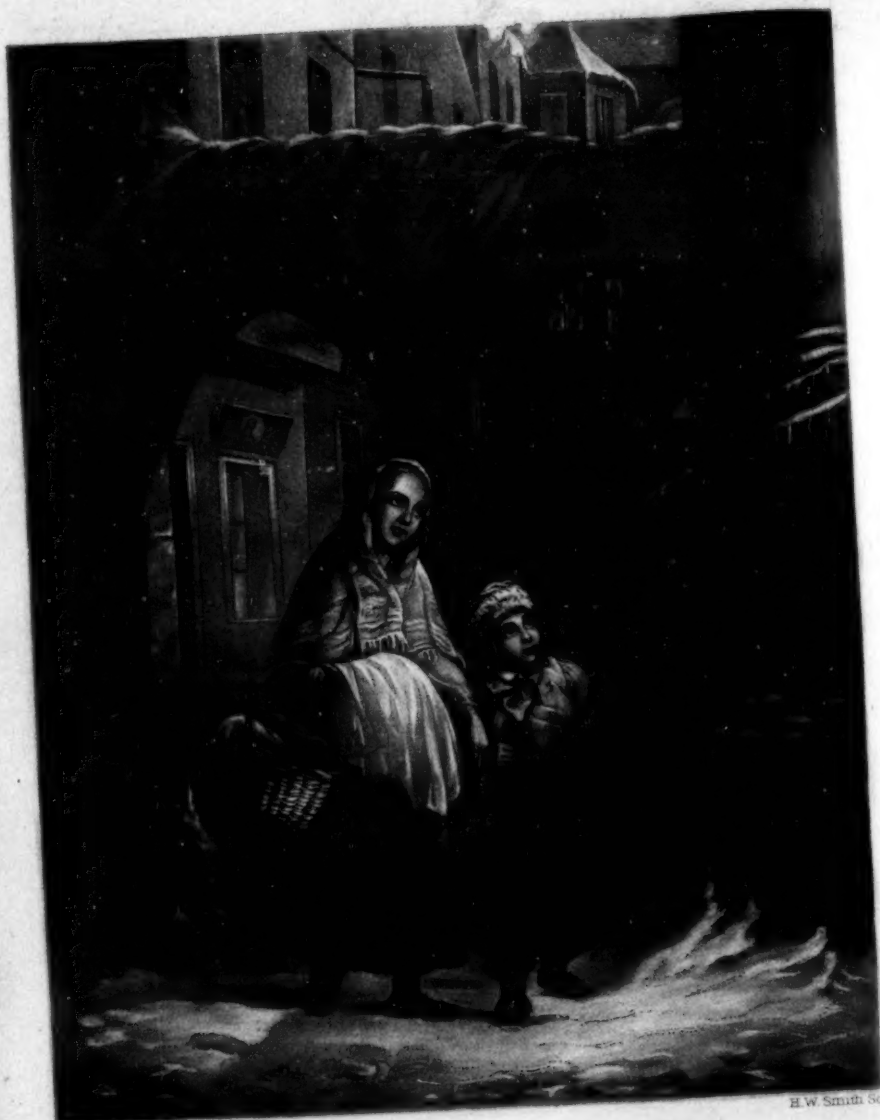
And beautiful forms came down the strand
In the light of the setting sun ;
They welcomed the wanderers to land,
And they crowned them every one.

There were roses kissed by the lips of dawn,
And angel lilies fair,
And the poppy that weeps its pitying dew
O'er the heart that aches with care.

There were laurels and palms for the victors' brow,
And, dripping from sparkling streams,
The lotus poured from her night-blue cup
The balm that brings happy dreams.

Glad voices soared through the tranquil air
That touched each heart to smiles ;
" Welcome ! " they sang, " from the troubled main,
To your rest in the Happy Isles."

L. A. S.



Barraud Pinet.

H. W. Smith sc.

THE ORPHANS.

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